

## LITTLE WALTER.

BY H. STEWART, M. D.

"SOPHY dear," said I, to my wife, "this giddy child, Annie, insists on knowing how I fell in love. Shall I tell her?"

My wife looked up with a smile and blush; then a tear came into her eye.

"If Annie insists on it," she said.

"Oh, now you must," cried the wild girl, "tell us all about it, uncle."

"When I first came to Russelville," I said, looking kindly at my wife, "Sophy's father was the pastor of the Episcopal Church. If ever there was a true successor of the apostles, at least in holy living, Mr. Howell was one."

Sophy looked up, as I thus spoke, and fervently pressed my hand. I smiled lovingly on her, and proceeded.

"Sophy herself was not at home, being on a visit to New York; but I was often at the parsonage; for little Walter, her brother, was a great favorite with me. He used to be praising Sophy, in his lisping accents, all the time, till I half began to love her, from sympathy with him.

"One night, about twelve o'clock, I was roused from my sleep, by a messenger from the parsonage.

"'Little Walter,' said the servant, 'has the croup; and Mr. Howell is from home. Dr. Morgan, too, has been summoned into the country.'

"Dr. Morgan, the oldest practitioner of the place, was the family physician, as I knew. 'I will be there in five minutes,' I said, alarmed for my little favorite. 'There is no competent person with him, since his father is away—is there?'

"'Miss Sophy has come back,' was the reply, 'and told me to run for you, when I found Dr. Morgan was out.'

"I soon reached the parsonage. There was a light burning up stairs, in what I knew to be the nursery: the only light visible in the whole village street. The instant I knocked, the door was opened. The servant was crying sadly, and could hardly answer my inquiries as I went up stairs, two steps at a time, to see my little favorite.

"The nursery was a great large room. At the farther end it was lighted by a common candle, which left the other end, where the door was, in shade, so I suppose the nurse did not see me come in, for she was speaking very crossly.

"'Miss Sophy!' said she, 'I told you over and over again it was not fit for him to go walking to-day, with the hoarseness that he had, and you

would take him. It will break your papa's heart, I know; but it's none of my doing.'

"Whatever Sophy felt, she did not speak in answer to this. I could not see her face, for she was on her knees by the warm bath, in which the little fellow was struggling to get his breath, with a look of terror on his face that I have often noticed in young children when smitten by a sudden and violent illness. It seems as if they recognize something infinite and invisible, at whose bidding the pain and the anguish come, from which no love can shield them. It is a very heart-rending look to observe, because it comes on the faces of those who are too young to receive comfort from the words of faith, or the promises of religion. Walter had his arms round Sophy's neck, as if she, hitherto his Paradise-angel, could save him from the dread shadow of death. Yes! of death! I knelt down by him on the other side, and examined him. The very robustness of his little frame gave violence to the disease, which is always one of the most fearful by which children of his age can be attacked

"'Don't tremble, Watty,' said Sophy, in a soothing tone; 'it's the doctor, darling, who let you ride on his horse.' I could detect the quivering in the voice, which she tried to make so calm and soft to quiet the little fellow's fears. We took him out of the bath, and I went for leeches. While I was away, Dr. Morgan came. He loved the pastor's children as if he were their uncle; but he stood still and aghast at the sight of Walter—so lately bright and strong—and now hurrying alone to the awful change—to the silent mysterious land, where, tended and cared for as he had been on earth, he must go—alone. The little fellow! the darling!

"We applied the leeches to his throat. He resisted at first; but Sophy, God bless her, put the agony of her grief on one side, and thought only of him, and began to sing the little songs he loved. We were all still. The gardener had gone to fetch Mr. Howell; but he was twelve miles off, and we doubted if he would come in time. I don't know if they had any hope; but the first moment Dr. Morgan's eyes met mine, I saw that he, like me, had none. The ticking of the house-clock sounded through the dark, quiet house. Walter was sleeping now, with the black leeches yet hanging to his fair, white throat. Still Sophy went on singing little lullabies, which

she had sung under far different and happier circumstances. I remember one verse, because it struck me at the time as strangely applicable.

'Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy rest shall angels keep;  
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,  
And never suffer want or need.  
Sleep, baby, sleep.'

The tears were in Dr. Morgan's eyes. I do not think either he or I could have spoken in our natural tones; but the brave girl went on, clear though low. She stopped at last, and looked up.

"He is better, is he not, Dr. Morgan?"

"No, my dear. He is—ahem!—he could not speak all at once. Then he said—'my dear! he will be better soon. Think of your mamma, my dear Miss Sophy. She will be very thankful to have one of her darlings safe with her, where she is.'

"Still Sophy did not cry. But she bent her head down on the little face, and kissed it long, and tenderly.

"I will go for my sisters—for Helen and Lizzie. They will be sorry not to see him again.' She rose up and went for them. Poor girls, they entered in their dressing-gowns, with eyes dilated with sudden emotion, pale with terror, stealing softly along, as if sound could disturb him. Sophy comforted them by gentle caresses. It was over soon.

"Dr. Morgan was fairly crying like a child. But he thought it necessary to apologize to me, for what I honored him for. 'I am a little overdone by yesterday's work, sir. I have had one

or two bad nights, and they rather upset me. When I was your age I was as strong and manly as any one, and would have scorned to shed tears.'

"Sophy came up to where we stood.

"Dr. Morgan! I am sorry for papa. How shall I tell him?" She was struggling against her own grief for her father's sake. Dr. Morgan offered to await his coming home; and she seemed thankful for the proposal. I, new friend, almost stranger, might stay no longer. The street was as quiet as ever; not a shadow was changed; for it was not yet four o'clock. But during the night a soul had departed.

"It was many days before I saw Sophy again, except once at the funeral. When we did meet, it was like old friends; for we had both loved little Walter, which seemed to make a holy tie between us.

"I had never thought, on that fatal night, whether she was beautiful, or not: at least in the ordinary sense of that term. She rose before my memory as a ministering angel, forgetting her own sorrow in anxiety for the little sufferer, and, when all was over, thinking only of her father. She seemed an angel still, and gifted with supernal beauty."

I paused awhile. Sophy was looking up again, her eyes now brimful of tears.

"And I think her an angel still, Annie," I said, as I stooped to kiss the tears from those eyes, "an angel sent to lead me up to heaven."

Annie was crying, too: and, for the rest of the evening, she was giddy no more.

## FIRST VIEW OF THE ALHAMBRA.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

We had been riding all night, in a carriage so close and so small, that it was with the greatest difficulty room was found in the bottom for our feet, to say nothing of the possibility of moving them when they were once down. This cramped position, together with the incessant clatter of the Spanish driver, who coaxed, wheedled, scolded and swore at his mules all night long, was enough to frighten sleep from anything on earth. Now and then we had a glimpse of the rocky, and at times picturesque scenery which lies between Bylan and Grenada. I remember one gorge in the hills, through which we went full gallop, across a stream that must have been both deep and wide, for our mules made a terrible commotion in the water, and the post-boy sent up a cry half of fear half of defiance, as if they had been in danger of a fall from the saddle, during some of the many plunges which his leaders made.

I fancy few people, who have courage to travel night and day, in Spain, will find cause of fear in anything that might happen. After one or two nights in a diligence, you obtain a sort of desperate harum-scarum courage, which makes danger only exciting and privation picturesque. With any kinds of provisions you can command, packed away in the pockets of your conveyance, a bottle of wine, and plenty of blanket shawls, you bid defiance to circumstance, and plunge into adventures, if they arise, with a relish that nothing can allay. A sensible man or woman never trusts to the hopes of a decent hotel, except in the principal towns, but seeks the softest possible corner of a crowded carriage for his or her repose, and takes his or her meals as he or she can, thanking Providence that there is no method of introducing garlic into boiled eggs, without breaking the shells. If one is sensitive about eating rancid butter or oil, a great deal stronger than the Spanish constitution that Christina was forced to acknowledge, boiled eggs must be the chief dependance on the road—hard boiled, remember—for those which epicures call “done to a second,” would be very inconvenient after crashing together all night.

The day broke, finding us near a post-house of somewhat promising appearance, and while our panting mules were being exchanged for fresh ones, one of our party proposed that we should take the opportunity to refresh ourselves with breakfast. I had a misgiving, and my heart fell

when the subject was mentioned, for after a desperate plunge of the mules sometime in the night, I had felt a crash, and a yielding of the pocket on my side the carriage, followed by a deluge of wine down the side of my travelling dress, which promised badly for our meal in that particular.

On starting from the last stopping place, I had dropped a beautiful plump little fowl in a napkin, and placed it tenderly in the same pocket with the wine, with two or three rolls nicely stowed, to keep them from intruding upon each other. I am not a vain woman, at least it is my privilege to think so, but I confess it to you, confidentially, our travelling stores was a point upon which I was disposed to pique myself. It was so pleasant, after a hard night's drive, to have a snow white napkin ready to spread upon our laps, to lay a bit of white paper full of salt on one corner, a buttered roll on the other, to draw out one egg after another from its hiding-place, and then triumphantly place a roasted fowl in the centre, the result of a private conversation with Henry, that prince of couriers; I say it was pleasant, and thoroughly gratifying, to see all this, and know that it was the result of your own forethought, an effort of genius developing itself in something tangible and easily appreciated.

It was rather hard, just when we had a guest, as it were, for Mr. T——, a New York gentleman whom we all delighted to honor, had the fourth corner of the carriage, and we were particularly anxious to have everything in style; it was hard to open that carriage pocket, there in the broad daylight, with all those longing eyes striving to penetrate its depth, and to know in your heart what devastation was to be exposed.

I unbuttoned the pocket reluctantly enough, put my hand gently down with proper reference to the splintered glass, and drew up the neck of a wine bottle: another cautious plunge brought up a roll saturated with blood red fluid: then came the capon. On this our last hope rested, for the air was bracing and our appetites keen. It came forth, wrapped daintily in its napkin, without stain or blemish, plump, fresh and savory: not a touch of garlic, not a drop of oil had been allowed to contaminate its delicacy. The rolls were spoiled, the wine was gone, but there was consolation in the plump chicken, that cheered us still with hopes of breakfast. Besides there

was a hard boiled egg or two left, and all things considered, we might have managed admirably, but for a mournful deficiency of salt, our supply having been saturated and floated off with the wine.

There was a little shantie, back of the post-house, and some cooking utensils about the door gave indications that it was inhabited. One of our gentlemen sprang out, and was soon knocking vigorously at the door. A strangely picturesque head answered this appeal, thrusting itself through the partially opened door, with long grey hair streaming around it, the wild glittering eyes, black as night, and vivid with that fire which seems absolute lightning, proclaimed the gipsy of that unmixed blood which is seldom found out of Spain.

She answered the petition for a little salt, in a language neither Spanish, English, nor anything else known to civilized life, and after arousing two or three men, who were couched on the shantie floor, she brought forth a table spoonful of greyish salt, her entire supply, and magnanimously divided it with us, only taking in exchange enough to pay for at least half a peck of the same doubtful material.

But fastidious people have nothing to do with Spain. We were very grateful for the salt, such as it was, and made a breakfast that an epicure might have prayed for in vain. Talk of appetites! Wait till you have travelled all night, and feel yourself aroused by the bright morning air sweeping through your carriage windows, with the invigorating freshness of a shower bath!

It was almost mid-day when we came in sight of Grenada. Breathless with expectation, we leaned from the windows, to catch a first glimpse of the Alhambra. There was the quaint old city, sleeping—all these inland towns of Spain seem asleep compared to those of our own country—sleeping, as I say, in the repose of its own antiquity, crowded up to the semicircle of hills that curve round one extremity of the beautiful plain, that undulate away in the distance in wavy softness, green as emerald, and softened by the voluptuous atmosphere into something more

beautiful than verdure. There lay the quaint old city, half Moorish, half Christian, with its beautiful little river gliding around it, like a silver scarf, and the snow-capped mountains looking down upon it from the distance. The spire of the Cathedral rose up before us from its bosom. Still we saw no Alhambra. Here and there an old Moorish tower cheated us for a moment, but there was nothing yet to satisfy the eagerness with which we looked forth, for a first glimpse of the Moorish ruin. A sudden curve in the road, however, revealed a mountain crest feathered to the top with fine old trees, sheltered by the snow-capped mountains looming against the horizon, and divided from the city by that little belt of a river, that had chimed softly among the old trees, even while the terrors of the Catholic army thundered in Grenada, and that still chimed on.

The Alhambra crested this hill. The towers, the arches, the half built and half ruined palace of the Christian monarch, mingled together in one grand and imposing object.

We had no words then. Each was busy with such thoughts as crowd to the heart, when the wish of a life-time is gratified!

There it was, the Alhambra! Grand in its ruin, softened but not concealed by the beautiful old woods, with the balmy atmosphere floating over it like a veil. There it was, and to me it seemed a dream, yet one of those beautiful visions that float through the fancy forever, an expectation or a memory.

I cannot go on, nor take you, reader, to the Moorish ruins just now. In the story which I have commenced in this number, we will wander in those gorgeous halls, and view the delicate tracery of the arches as they gleam in the soft moonlight. With the gipsy girl, whose home was in the caves opposite, we will loiter through those shadowy grounds, and haunt the rose thickets of those noble gardens. For your gratification, I must people those gorgeous old woods, throw life into those ruined halls. Have patience! and you shall have something better than my own impressions, overflowing and beautiful as those impressions were.

## THE REPRIMAND.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

LISETTE ARMAND was the pride of the village as well as the delight of her parents, for she was as beautiful as she was good. All the young men of the neighborhood aspired for her hand, but she cared for only one, who had been her playmate from childhood, and to whom she was plighted in marriage.

The first sorrow that Lisette experienced was when Louis, her betrothed, wishing to earn something for plenishing, set out for Paris, where he intended to stay a year. His father, though a wealthy farmer, was famed for his penuriousness, and though he gave his consent to the marriage of Louis, he refused to assist the young couple in the least. Lisette's parents promised to do all they could, but they had a large family, and Louis could not expect them to be at the entire charge of furnishing the new household: besides he had a high spirit, and would not have consented to it even if their means had been greater.

About six months after Louis had been gone, a fresh sorrow assailed Lisette, and one that made her forget, for awhile, even her lover's absence. Her father sickened and died, and, when his affairs came to be settled, it was found that he was insolvent, instead of being in the comfortable circumstances that common report had asserted and even his own family believed. To add to Lisette's distress, her mother, overcome by this double blow, sickened, and the young girl was left alone, to provide for the wants of her little brothers and sisters.

For several weeks she struggled on, nursing her mother half the night, and working assiduously the entire day. Often she denied herself more than half her meals, in order to satisfy the craving appetites of her little household. Little by little she parted with such articles of furniture as could be spared, that she might obtain means to purchase food or medicines; and, at last, actually sold her own personal trinkets. Yet she never complained. "My troubles come from heaven," she would say, "and for some beneficial purpose, though, as yet, I cannot recognize it. But God will make all manifest, by-and-bye: and in him I trust." Ah! would that in sorrow, every one might thus speak.

With all her economy and self-denial, however, she had been unable to provide for the rent of their dwelling, which she knew would soon be due. But this gave her comparatively little

uneasiness, for her landlord was the father of Louis, and parsimonious as he was, she did not suppose that he would harass her, under her present complication of miseries. How was she astonished, therefore, when, one morning a bailiff came into the house, and demanded the rent, which, he said gruffly, had been due two entire days.

In vain Lisette informed him of her present inability to liquidate the debt. In vain she asked for delay. The officer told her that his orders were peremptory, and that, unless the money was forthcoming, the whole family was to be turned into the street, and the household goods sold by the public orier.

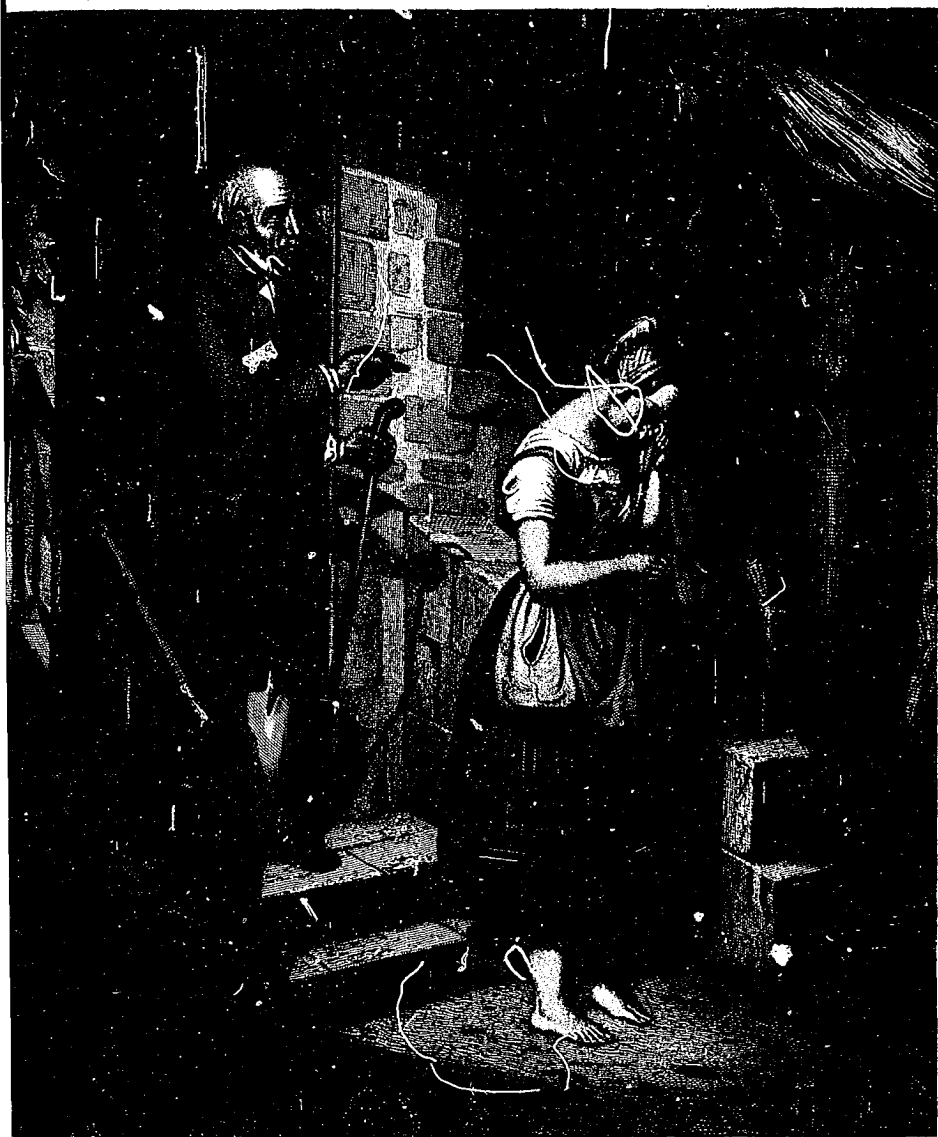
In this terrible emergency, Lisette resolved to appeal personally to her future father-in-law. She shrank, indeed, from an act so mortifying to her maidenly pride, but one look at her bed-ridden mother overcame every scruple, and, having first obtained a pledge from the bailiff that he would wait till she returned, she hurried away, not even waiting to put on her gala day attire.

Farmer Rodin had just concluded his dinner, and was computing the probable value of his crops, when Lisette, pale and agitated, appeared before him. Notwithstanding her rustic dress she looked unspeakably lovely, and her embarrassment, which dyed even her neck with blushes, increased this beauty. But a miser's soul is impervious to everything but the clink of gold, as poor Lisette discovered the moment she began to tell her errand.

"What," cried the old man, rising in anger "have you come here for no purpose but to tell me that you don't intend to pay me? You had better have spared yourself the walk."

"We would pay you if we could," sobbed Lisette, clasping her hands in entreaty, "we mean to pay you, some day; it is only for delay that we ask. Mother is sick, and cannot work: we are honest, indeed we are; if you turn us out into the street what will become of us!"

But neither her tears, nor her supplicating voice moved the hard-hearted miser. Ever since he had discovered that Lisette's father died insolvent, and that she would consequently not have the fortune which had been promised with her, Farmer Rodin had determined to break off the match between his son and her. He thought



THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.



the present opportunity, a good one to effect his purpose. If he could drive the family from the village, they would, probably, he reflected, go to some distant neighborhood to hide their disgrace: and, in that event, they would be beyond the inquiry of his son, even if Louis, as the old man feared, should seek to trace them out. Accordingly his naturally relentless breast was now more steeled to pity than ever.

"Honest people have something else to do than to support beggars," said he, with a frown. "I'm astonished at your impudence, too, in coming here: your boldness disgraces you. I suppose you think that because Louis is my son I am going to keep you, and yours, in idleness, and allow you to cheat me out of my hard earnings; but I'd have you know that my boy casts off such a shame-faced piece as yourself: he'll marry no beggar's child. You needn't think your crying is going to move me," continued the old miser, warming into additional rage to excuse his brutality to himself, "I'm used to such tricks."

Broken-hearted at what he said about Louis, and which she now began to fear might be true; tortured by the prospect of a houseless family to feed, and outraged in every maidenly feeling, Lisette still ventured a last plea.

"Dear, dear Mr. Rodin," she said, "only consent to wait till mother gets well; till we can look about us; and I will surrender all claim to the hand of Louis, if that——"

But Farmer Rodin did not allow her to conclude the sentence. Seizing his cane, he thundered forth, black with passion,

"Out of my house, you baggage, pack, troop at once. You talk of surrendering my son! I would cut him off without a sous if ever he looked at you again." And as the affrighted girl, who momentarily expected to be struck, hurried forth, still sobbing, he followed her, and, standing on the steps, cried after her. "Never let me see your face in the village again. If I find you about, to-morrow, and there's any balance still due me, I'll have your mother in jail before noon: so take good advice and be off, all of you."

Poor Lisette hastened down the garden walk, sobbing till her whole frame shook. Mechanically she pursued her way, for her apron was at her eye to check her tears, and so she did not see that, right before her, stood a well-known form, just within the gate. A minute more, however, and she was in the arms of Louis.

"What ails my pretty Lisette?" he cried. "Weeping, and here? There is some mystery in all this, of which I know nothing. I heard of your father's death in Paris, dear one, and knowing that you would need the consolation of affection now, if ever, I left all, and hastened

hither. But the loss of a parent cannot explain these tears and the angry words I heard but now from my father. Ah! a suspicion crosses me. My parent has been cruel to you: he is parsimonious, I know; and he has been telling you that he withdraws his consent. But fear not, sweet Lisette; I will be your true love still."

At last the poor girl found words to speak, for heretofore she had only been able to cling helplessly to Louis, and sob afresh.

"No, no," she cried, hiding her head on her lover's shoulder, to conceal her blushes, "it is not that—or not all that. You must think of me no more. We are poor now, very poor," and, as she spoke, she moved away from her lover, as if he no longer belonged to her, and looking him in the face steadily, but oh! how mournfully, continued, "and your father is going to turn us into the street because we cannot pay our rent. You cannot marry a beggar, Louis, and I am one now. So farewell—for—ever."

She spoke the last word with difficulty, making an effort to pass Louis as she uttered it, and gain the highway. But his arms were around her, in a moment; and he pressed her closer to his heart than ever.

"Now may God forget me, if I desert thee, Lisette, from this hour out. Your words annoyed me for a moment, for even I, who know my father's miserliness so well, did not believe he could be so cruel. But I will not curse him, for he is my parent still. Yet his house can be my home no longer. My lot is thine henceforth, and while I have hands to labor, we shall not want, dear one. I have money with me, earned in Paris, and, instead of buying new furniture for us, as we intended, little wife," he said, cheerfully, "it shall purchase back the old; and then, with thy mother, and thy brothers and sisters, now mine also, we will be happy in spite of the past. Cheer up, therefore, and smile again, as of old."

But suddenly a shriek was heard from the house, which arrested the departing steps of Louis. Again and again the shriek rent the air, and immediately the servant of Farmer Rodin, the sole female occupant of the house, for his wife had been long dead, appeared at the door, crying out that her master was dying.

Instantly everything was forgotten, by both Louis and Lisette, except the peril of the old man. Simultaneously they turned, and, side by side, entered the dwelling. There, on the floor, entirely senseless, lay Farmer Rodin, the victim of a stroke of apoplexy.

To send for the village surgeon in order to have a vein opened, and, when this proved ineffectual, to summon the priest, was but the work of a few moments. All, however, was in

vain. The miser never recovered his consciousness. Before the sun went down Louis was without a surviving parent, and the undisputed heir of what was, to him, vast wealth.

The rage of the cruel landlord, it was evident, had brought on the fit, and thus his own wickedness had been the cause of his death. Everybody regarded the stroke of apoplexy, indeed, as a visitation of Providence.

What more have we to tell, which the reader cannot imagine? The marriage of Louis and

Lisette took place, in due season, to the great joy of the village. The felicity which the happy couple had hoped for, was fully realized, during a long life of mutual devotion.

Lisette was often heard to say that, at last, she discerned the purpose of Providence, in having visited upon her little family death and poverty: "It was to prove to me the strength of Louis' love," she would add, "which, but for these sorrows, I should never have known for what it was."



## MR. PERIWINKLE'S PARTY.

BY MRS. PETER PERIWINKLE.

MEN have been accustomed so long to monopolize literature, and have agreed so unanimously to caricature women, that it is high time the sex took up their own cause. From Mrs. Caudle down to Mrs. Smith Jones, their foibles have been held up to create amusement. As an aggrieved female, and a married one, I desire to paint the other side of the picture, and to sketch "the lords of the creation," not as they seem to their satisfied selves, but as they really are.

Mr. Periwinkle is as worthy, I have no doubt, as most of his sex; but as I often tell him, he is "neither inspired nor infallible." He seems to think, for instance, that all the troubles of the matrimonial connection are concentrated on his head, and that consequently he alone has the right to grumble, or be cross. No matter how much the servants have worried me during the day, no matter how vexatious the baby has been, Periwinkle expects me to greet him with smiles when he comes home, and, if he is in a bad humor, to talk him into a good one. I am not, I believe, naturally unamiable, but he often makes my blood boil, I own, by such behavior. I thank heaven, I tell him, at these times, that this is not Turkey, and that women are not slaves.

There is nothing Periwinkle hates so much as an evening party. He is always cross when he has to accompany me to one, and would never allow me to receive my friends in this way, if I was not duly sensible of what I owe to society, and therefore firm. He tells me that he is tired out at night, that he don't care for dancing, and that we women do nothing but chatter idle gossip all the evening. But I reply that wives, who are kept at home all day occupied in domestic duties, need some recreation; and that they rarely obtain it except at a tea-party or a ball: and I add that if our sex talks gossip, his talks politics, which is worse.

Last winter I tried to get Periwinkle's consent;  
Vol. XXI.—12

for once, to give a party. Always before I had issued invitations on my own responsibility, and, when everything was arranged, had told him what I had done. But wishing to see if it was possible for a man to be anything but a bit of concentrated selfishness, I determined to make the experiment of obtaining his consent. It was, however, in vain. And all I got for my pains was the general laugh of my female acquaintance, to whom I had told my plan, and who triumphed over its failure, for they predicted it.

To these, however, there was one exception. Kate Krazee, a wild slip of a thing, and own niece to Periwinkle, resolutely maintained that we did injustice to her uncle, that he was only plaguing me, and that he would give a dashing party before the season was over. She went so far as to bet me a pair of gloves that she was right, and I wrong. As if she knew Periwinkle better than I did! I to whom every cranny of his mind and corner of his character was as visible as specks of dust on my parlor carpet. Conceited thing! But conceit runs in the Periwinkles.

One night, as Periwinkle and I sat in the dining-room, he reading, and I sewing, I thought I would make a last effort, quite forgetting that if I succeeded, I should lose a pair of gloves.

"Periwinkle," I said, "about this party—when shall it be?"

"Hang the party," he retorted, throwing down the newspaper. "Am I never to hear the last of it? I thought I told you, long ago, I wouldn't consent to any such thing."

I flared up, as a woman should, at such language. He had been testy all the evening, and I had borne it meekly: but this passed the bounds of endurance.

"You needn't make such a fuss," I said, "and lose your temper, nor will I allow anybody to talk to me in that way—let me tell you that, Mr. Periwinkle."

"Hoity, toity," he began, but stopped abruptly, for, at that instant, the bell was rung with a violence that threatened to pull down the house, and directly I heard feet running up the staircase, and the voices of several of my acquaintance.

I stepped to the door of the dining-room, just in time to meet my friends. They nodded, and went up to the chamber, as if all was right, I following them in amazement, for I noticed that they were dressed in ball attire. When they saw my plain gown they seemed a little disconcerted, and, a moment after, noticing that no lights were lit in the chambers, they appeared more so: however Kate, who was one of them, said, "I thought I'd come early, and bring Jane and Harriet with me; there, I'll light the gas, if you'll help the girls off with their hoods and things."

She took it so naturally that I saw all at once. The little vixen had evidently made a plot with Periwinkle, and together they had got up a party, keeping me in the dark about it till the scheme was actually executed. I had half a mind to be angry, but I thought better of it, determining to receive the company as if I had been at the bottom of it all, for this, I knew, would be the best way to annoy Kate. Only I resolved that, after the guests were gone, Periwinkle should hear a bit of my mind.

And now carriages began to dash to the door; the bell was rung incessantly: visitors arrived in a continuous stream. Hurrying into a spare chamber, I hastily changed my dress; then ordered a room to be arranged for the gentlemen; and, in five minutes all told, ran breathlessly down to receive my company. Periwinkle was already there, in earnest conversation with Kate, but pretending, as soon as he saw me, to be more ill-humored than ever. I took no notice of him, however, but devoted myself to my guests. It was hard work, for there was no music. And when the refreshments were brought in, I saw how little men know of such things, for Periwinkle hadn't ordered half enough ice-cream, and had bought twice enough oysters.

I held in, firm to my resolution, till the last guest had departed. It was Kate, who bade

Periwinkle and me "good night," with a demure look, as she tripped from the door with her lover, Harry Cousins. Then my indignation burst forth. Turning to Periwinkle, I pushed him in, and slammed the door violently.

"I hope you're satisfied now," I said, "and a pretty mess you've made of it, to be sure. Little you know about giving a party. The next time, I think, it would be better to tell me, sir; and not make a fool of yourself, when you fancy you're fooling me."

"Give a party—not tell you—fooling you," stammered Periwinkle. "I don't know what you mean. Its you, madam, that's deceiving——"

"What," I cried, amazed at such effrontery, "didn't you and Kate make up a plot between you?—didn't she issue the invitations and you order the entertainment——?"

"You astonish me," he cried, starting back, "didn't *you*, let me ask, issue the cards, and leave me to get the eatables at the eleventh hour? Kate as good as told me so."

I did not believe a word he said, and was about to reply tartly, when the door-bell rang again, and supposing somebody had forgotten something, I turned to open it before I answered.

It was Kate who had returned. She did not enter, however, though my eyes asked her, as plainly as eyes could, to make haste and get what she had left behind; but standing on the door step, she looked past me at Periwinkle, and said demurely,

"Uncle—by-the-bye—I had forgotten. What's the day of the month?"

The day of the month. The first of April to be sure! It flashed on me and Periwinkle simultaneously. Kate had invited the guests in our name to make April-fools of both of us. I looked at him: he looked at me; we both had half a mind to be angry; but Kate's ringing merriment, as she tripped off again, was infectious, and we stood there laughing at each other till the tears ran down our cheeks.

To this day Kate teases both of us about Mr. Periwinkle's party, and says its the only one we have never quarreled over.

## THE HAUNTED STREAM.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

In one of the interior counties of Pennsylvania, there lies, embosomed in wooded uplands, a sinuous and lovely river, which, from time immemorial, has been known as the Haunted Stream. The Indians accounted for this name, by a tradition that, ages before, a maiden of their race, who had been crossed in love, had cast herself into its waters, and that, ever since, her spirit might occasionally be seen, haunting its sylvan shores.

Such, at least, was the legend that a bold and handsome young borderer heard, one bright morning about a century ago, as he stood on the banks of this picturesque river with an Indian companion. The old French war had then just broken out, and as the frontier settlements were disturbed with rumors that the hitherto friendly savages were about to assume arms, Lieutenant Rochester, for our hero bore a commission in the provincial army, had been despatched on a scouting expedition, in company with a friendly Delaware.

"Its a pretty story, War-Eagle, whether it be true or not," said the borderer. "I never saw a lovelier landscape. But hist, what is that?"

As he spoke, the faint dip of a paddle was heard, and hardly had the two companions concealed themselves, when a light canoe shot into sight around a bend of the river. In a few minutes this fairy craft was near enough for Rochester to discern that it was tenanted by a young and beautiful female, richly attired in a picturesque Indian costume. When the canoe was nearly opposite where the young man lay concealed, a dexterous stroke of the paddle turned its prow shoreward, and immediately after, with a light and graceful step, its fair occupant leaped ashore.

Rochester was, for a moment, struck dumb with amazement and admiration. He had never, in his whole life, seen anything so beautiful as the vision that now dawned upon him; and, for awhile, he almost believed that he saw, not a living creature, but the airy spirit that haunted the spot. This idea was sustained by the extreme fairness of her complexion, which scarcely betokened Indian blood. But the illusion, for such it was, soon faded. Scarcely had the mysterious visitant advanced half a dozen steps, when she started and slightly screamed; and Rochester, following the direction of her eyes,

saw that his companion had emerged from his covert, and was creeping stealthily toward her with evidently hostile intentions.

At hearing her shriek, the savage leaped to his feet, and drawing his tomahawk, rushed upon her. Rochester dashed forward, but would have been too late, if the Indian beauty had not fled from her assailant, and, by a fortunate chance, taken the direction toward our hero. Thus the savage dared not hurl his weapon lest he should injure his friend. The fugitive, in her terror, did not see Rochester at first, but when she did, the instinct of safety caused her to rush unreflecting into his arms, where she lay like a frightened dove, helpless and panting.

"Put up your hatchet, Delaware," cried Rochester. "This is my prisoner, and I make no war on woman: much less," he added, internally, as he gazed on the lovely face silently pleading for protection, "much less on anything so lovely."

"My brother speaks well," replied the savage chief, reluctantly. "But the squaw is an enemy, and her people are, perhaps, even now on our trail."

"What you say is true enough, no doubt," answered Rochester, "but I would rather run a dozen risks of being scalped than do harm to such a pretty, timid bird as this. By my faith, War-Eagle, she is lovelier than any girl of the settlements. I didn't think your race could show anything so handsome. Who can she be?"

"The War Eagle has heard of her, for she is the child of his ancient foe. She is called the White Fawn, and is a chieftain's daughter. But the wigwams of her tribe are far from this, and her presence here betokens no good, for, where she goes, a hundred warriors follow. There will be, or has been, bloody work further down the Susquehannah. The White Fawn is in the rear, not in the front of the war-path."

"You reason rightly, Delaware," said the frank borderer, "but nevertheless we Christians hold it an article of faith not to harm a woman. So, come life or death, I shall free this pretty bird. But first speak to her, if you think she can understand your lingo. Tell her she can go where she lists, and that all Jack Rochester asks is that she shall promise not to betray us to her people."

During this colloquy the large, dark eyes of the Indian girl, lustrous as those of an antelope, had been turned from Rochester to War-Eagle,

and from the latter back to the former. Once or twice, when the chief was speaking, she clung closer to our hero, as if she comprehended that the Indian was her foe, and the borderer her friend. When Rochester finally announced his intention to set her free, her eyes beamed with indescribable thankfulness, and anticipating War-Eagle's speech, she pledged herself, in broken English, to conceal the vicinity of the scouts from her people, and, at the same time, expressed, in what Rochester thought the most liquid tones he had ever heard, her gratitude to him as her preserver.

"White man will go away—will forget the Indian girl—but she will never—never forget him," she said, with tears in her eyes, and, as she spoke, she seized his hand, by a sudden impulse, and kissed it. Then blushing at herself, she continued with dignity, moving toward her canoe. "The young Yenghese brave has saved the White Fawn's life, and night and morning she will pray to the Great Spirit for him."

With these words she turned away, and with a quick, light step gained her canoe, which, in another moment, shot into the centre of the stream, propelled by her skilful hand. Rochester watched her, with a sigh, till he heard the click of a rifle beside him. Turning quickly he beheld War-Eagle about to raise the deadly weapon and take aim at the fugitive. It was but the work of a moment to strike down the barrel; but the savage, who mistrusted the Indian girl, expostulated; and when the half angry discussion was over, and Rochester looked again at the canoe, the fair fugitive was disappearing behind the bend of the river. She passed from sight, and then the landscape seemed to lose half its charm.

"The War-Eagle yields his opinion to that of his brother, because he loves the young man as a son," said the chief. "But, since the squaw was allowed to escape, not a moment is to be lost. Before the sun is an hour older a hundred warriors will be on our trail. Let us go."

"There you speak wisely," said Rochester. "Not that I believe, Delaware, yonder girl will betray us, but, since she is here, it is clear that plenty of red skins are nigh also, and, be sure, they'll scent us out like wolves do dead deer in winter. Come, bear no malice," and he frankly extended his hand. "You Indians kill women as well as men, but we Christians don't: and, as you are serving the commonwealth now, and not the commonwealth you, why, chief, you must e'en fight in its fashion."

If not convinced by the borderer's logic, the Indian was mollified by his friendly manner; and accordingly he accepted the proffered hand. Immediately after, with a last look at that lovely landscape, Rochester followed his companion,

who had struck out, on a swinging trot, toward the settlements.

All that day the two scouts travelled, without resting, taking a south-easterly direction. When darkness set in, they halted, and arranged their camp for the night; but did not dare to strike a fire, fearing the propinquity of hostile Indians. A little jerked venison, which they carried for such emergencies, was their frugal supper; and then they lay down to sleep, intending, when the moon rose, to prosecute their journey again.

It seemed to Rochester as if he had just sunk into slumber, when he was suddenly aroused by finding his arms pinioned in a hostile grasp. He was awake in an instant, and would have sprung to his feet, if the person, or persons who held him, had not kept him down. He struggled desperately, for a moment, but in vain, and was finally forced to sink back, when his captors, for there were two, proceeded to tie his hands behind him with green withes.

He now, for the first time, looked around him. A little space off he saw War-Eagle, in the same plight as himself. But instead of the angry, flushed look of Rochester, the face of the Delaware wore an expression of imperturbable calm.

"They have stolen on us unheard, we slept so soundly," reflected Rochester. "Not very flattering to us, who thought ourselves such good backwoodsmen. I suppose the bloody devils intend to burn us at the stake, else they would have taken our scalps while asleep. The redskins, too, are of the same tribe as that lovely girl—cursed witch I should rather call her, for she betrayed us;—but no! I will never believe it—she is too innocent and true for that—its fate, I suppose, or pre-ordination as my old father, God bless him, used to say. At any rate, if the worst comes to the worst, these red-devils shall find that a white man can die as bravely as one of themselves."

While these not very comfortable reflections were being made, the Indians, who appeared to be about twenty in number, had pinioned their two captives, and now, by words and signs, intimated to the prisoners that they were to retrace their steps. Accordingly, in a few moments, Rochester and War-Eagle were threading the mazes of the forest, in the centre of their captors, some going before in single file, and others following in the same manner.

Four days severe travelling brought the band to the vicinity of what Rochester supposed to be their native village, for a halt was ordered, and, after consultation, the savages proceeded to paint himself and companion partially black. This, he knew, was a sign that they were to die, and he began to prepare himself, mentally, for the approaching torture. This ceremony being

concluded, the march was resumed, and, in a few minutes, our hero's expectation that the village was near was realized, for suddenly, as if a troop of demons had been let loose, the air was filled with shouts, and instantaneously the woods, all around, appeared alive with women, boys and children, who having been apprized by runners of the return of the war-party, had come out to escort the prisoners in.

We will not tire our readers with a narrative of the scene that ensued. The prisoners endured the buffetings, and other indignities with which they were greeted, the one with savage stoicism, the other with Christian heroism. Instead of being led immediately to the stake, however, their sentence was deferred until the morrow. It seems that another war-party was expected, during the night, and the cruel sacrifice was delayed in order that the new-comers might participate in it. Meantime, after the women and children of the camp had tired of gazing at, and insulting Rochester and War-Eagle, the two captives, bound hand and foot, were left in a wigwam, in the centre of the village, to find solace, if they could, in slumber. As an additional precaution, however, several braves watched about the door.

Till nearly midnight Rochester lay in silence. The reprieve for the night would have been unwelcome, but that it afforded him time to prepare for death; for he was too sensible of his condition to indulge hopes of escape. He had spent several hours in meditation and prayer, when, turning to his companion, he said, in a whisper,

"Are you awake, War-Eagle?"

"Ugh," answered the chief, in guttural tones. "What would my brother have?"

"I would ask your forgiveness, Delaware, for having brought you into this strait. Had I taken your advice, perhaps we should not have been captured. But yet I could not but do so again," continued Rochester, as if reasoning with himself. "Murder a woman! Never!"

To this burst the chief replied by coolly saying. "The White Fawn is in the village, for I saw her, so there can be no doubt of her treachery. But my brother knows best."

Rochester answered only by a groan. Not having himself seen the Indian girl, he had persuaded himself she was absent, and that accident, not treachery had led to his arrest, and that of his companion. But this evidence was conclusive. For since the White Fawn was really present in the camp, yet had made no intercession for them, it was plain that she had been false to her promise.

"Are you quite sure, Delaware?" said Rochester, at last, clinging, with a strange tenacity, to his desire of exculpating the Indian girl.

"Haven't you confounded some other person with her?"

"The War-Eagle has a keen eye, and the White Fawn's step is not to be mistaken," replied the chief. "To-morrow my brother will see her; perhaps she will even light his pile."

Again our hero groaned, and then burst forth,

"Now may God forgive me, and curse——"

But here a hand was suddenly laid on his mouth, so that he could not proceed, and immediately a low, sweet voice whispered, "hush—lie still—I will cut your bands," and, even as it spoke, the withes parted, and Rochester felt both arms and legs free.

He would have sprung at once to his feet, but the same gentle hand held him down, while the voice continued, "do not move till I have freed your companion, and then creep silently after me—all depends on caution."

Our hero, all this time, had vainly striven to recognize the speaker, but the cabin was so dark that only a shadowy form was visible, crouched on the ground. He felt, certain, however, from the voice, and from the soft, warm little hand, that their unknown friend was a female; and his heart throbbed with strange delight at the conviction, for, if a woman, who could it be but the White Fawn herself?

"Now," whispered the voice again, and he saw the chief, at the same moment, rise from his recumbent attitude, and assume a creeping position, "follow me—cautiously—for if so much as a dry leaf crackles, we are lost."

With the words the speaker's shadowy form disappeared through the back of the wigwam, and was immediately followed by that of War-Eagle. Rochester lost not a moment in imitating the example thus set, and found that the egress was through an aperture, which had apparently either been lately made, or had escaped the eyes of the guard. Though now outside the cabin, his guide still continued in a creeping posture, but the night was so dark that our hero could not, even yet, distinguish the sex of his preserver. He followed in silence, therefore, noticing that whenever a wigwam was approached, in which the slightest sounds were heard, both she and War-Eagle crouched flat on the ground, and there remained, an undistinguishable shadow, until the voice entirely ceased. Moving in this cautious, but tardy manner, quite half an hour elapsed before they cleared the camp, and gained the shelter of the neighboring forest. During this interval, which seemed an age to Rochester, his heart beat with strange agitation. Every instant he expected to hear the shout which should announce that their flight was discovered; and he knew that if this happened before the woods were gained, there was no hope.

At last, however, they found themselves within the covert of the forest; and now, for the first time, the unknown guide turned to Rochester. He started back. It was the White Fawn that stood before him. Then, falling on one knee, as a knight of ancient romance might have done, he took her unresisting hand and began to pour forth his thanks.

But the Indian girl drew it quickly away, and in some embarrassment: then hurriedly said,

"White brother, farewell. The forest maiden has only done for you what you have already done for her; and in saving your life she but pays back the debt she owes for hers. But you have not a moment to lose," she continued, earnestly. "The young braves of my tribe are quick of foot, and, before long, they will be on your trail."

She had scarcely spoken, when a shout rose on the night air, from the direction of the village.

"We are discovered," cried the Indian girl, "all is lost."

"Then fly, and leave us to our fate," answered Rochester, starting to his feet, "you can gain the village undetected. As for us we must take our chance."

"No," cried the Indian maid, with generous self-devotion. "If I desert you, you are sure to be recaptured, and it shall never be said that the chief's daughter left any one in extremity." She seemed to reflect a moment, and then cried, "follow me, that is if you still trust me."

"Lead on," cried Rochester, "I believe in you as in my mother's purity. War-Eagle will come also." And he looked toward the savage, who had remained silent during this rapid conversation, and who now nodding followed the White Fawn and our hero with rapid strides.

A few steps brought the fugitives to a brook of running water, into which the Indian girl rapidly led the way. The shouts had, meantime, increased, but were leaving the village, showing that the trail had been struck and that the pursuit was begun. After moving down the brook for a considerable distance, the chief's daughter suddenly stepped on a shelf of a bare rock, and running rapidly along, for about a hundred yards, drew aside some bushes, disclosing the entrance to a narrow cave.

"Enter," she said, quickly. "No one knows of this refuge but myself, and, as our trail is lost, we can lie here safely concealed." Rochester and his companion entered, as she spoke: and then, closing the bushes, she hurried after them.

The cave was profoundly dark, but our hero knew, from the quick breathing of the Indian girl, that she was greatly agitated. Nor was it without cause, for the cries of the angry pursuers were fast approaching. In a few minutes

shouts were heard, apparently directly overhead, answering back the wild whoops from the other side of the stream. It was clear, from this, that the trail had been lost, at the point where the Indian girl had entered the brook, and that the savages were beating the shores, on either side, to recover the traces of the fugitives. The suspense was long intolerable, for the young braves, instead of hurrying onward, returned again and again, like baffled hounds, to the vicinity of the cave's mouth, until at last Rochester began to fear that the hiding-place was known to some of them, and that they were searching for it. The chief's daughter appeared to dread a similar result, for unconsciously she crept closer to our hero's side, laying her hand timidly on his arm as if appealing for protection; her woman's nature, for the time, triumphing over the heroism to which she had nerved herself during the earlier part of the pursuit. The veins of Rochester thrilled at that gentle touch; and seizing the soft, warm little hand, he pressed it to his heart. It was done without thought, nor could he have helped it, if his life had paid the forfeit; but the Indian girl started, like a frightened dove, withdrew her hand from his, and noiselessly moved to the other side of the cavern.

At last the sounds of pursuit died wholly away. As yet the cave was undiscovered.

"Had we not better pursue our journey now?" said Rochester, addressing the old chief.

"No, no," eagerly interrupted the Indian maid. "My white brother will be sure to fall in with some of my father's warriors. We must wait here till the sun comes and goes: and then, but not till then will it be safe to pursue our journey."

"The White Fawn speaks like a sage warrior, not like a giddy squaw," answered War-Eagle, interrupting the exclamation that was on Rochester's lips. "If we go forth now, our trail will be certain to be discovered; but if we wait till to-morrow night, by which time the hunt will be abandoned, we may escape."

"But what if we are discovered in the meantime? They may burn us out, like foxes in a hole," said Rochester, impetuously. "I don't care for myself, but only for the White Fawn; and I'd rather be roasted to death a dozen times than that a hair of her head should come to harm. If we leave the cave now, she can get back in safety to the village; and that is the great point, after all."

"My brother's heart is good, but he knows not of what he talks. The White Fawn has been missed before now; and it is more dangerous for her to return than to go on. We must stay here. And when we go, she must accompany us. But War-Eagle will make her his daughter," he added,

chivalrously, "and she shall never know she had another father."

Rochester said no more. The words of the old chief, in truth, had given him a strange pleasure. He had not thought before of the necessity of the White Fawn becoming a fugitive also; but he saw now that War-Eagle was right: and vague, yet happy visions began to float before him. He gave himself up unconsciously to these dreams. How long he indulged in them he never knew; they gradually faded into a deep sleep, however, from which he was finally aroused by hearing the sounds of weeping at his side. The grey light of morning was stealing into the cave, through an aperture in the bushes, and by it he discovered the Indian girl sitting dissolved in tears, while War-Eagle, like a bronze statue, gazed immovably at the mouth of the cave.

Rochester drew toward the weeping girl, and, after gazing a moment in silence, said, in a kind, gentle voice. "What ails my sister? Does she repent of what she has done? If so, say the word, and the white brave will deliver himself up at once."

The face of the White Fawn had been covered with her hands, from the first moment she had attracted Rochester's attention; but now she hastily withdrew them, and clasping him by the arm as he attempted to rise, forcibly held him.

"No, no, no," she said, rapidly, "the White Fawn repents not. But her father loved her, and she loved the old chief"—she spoke in a broken voice, "and it is but natural that she should weep. But her brother shall behold her tears no more."

Nor did he. All through that day, whose hours seemed protracted into ages, and whose unceasing suspense fretted the nerves of even Rochester nearly past endurance, she maintained her composure. A score of times, during that interval, the fugitives thought their hiding-place was on the point of being discovered; for scouting parties were continually abroad in search of the lost trail, and frequently approached almost to the

mouth of the cavern. But night, at last, delivered the three from their anxiety: the shouts of the savage hunters ceased; and now the eager fugitives were at liberty to go abroad.

All that night the little party hurried forward, War-Eagle leading the van, the White Fawn following, and Rochester bringing up the rear. Their safety depended on the number of leagues placed between them and their foes before morning; for their trail would be certain to be discovered soon after daylight, when a pursuit would be commenced. The number of miles traversed, that night, by the three fugitives, would be considered incredible by any one not familiar with the frontier. Their speed, however, saved their lives: they never heard more of their pursuers; but, on the third day reached the border fort from which they had set out, and where they were now welcomed with joy, having been given up for lost.

The Indian maid did not long remain the adopted daughter of War-Eagle, but, after a few months, took on herself a nearer and holier tie, by becoming Rochester's bride. The wedding took place at the close of the campaign, during which interval the White Fawn had continued in the fort, where the commandant's lady had taken charge of her education, so that, when our hero came back to claim her, she was able to add the charm of civilized accomplishments to the native graces of the forest. When attired in proper costume, she was scarcely recognizable as a child of the wilderness, so delicate was her complexion. Indeed, a lovelier bride was never given away, before or since, in all that beautiful region.

In later years, when the settlements had advanced westward, Rochester purchased a large tract of land on the shores of the Haunted Stream, and erected a stately mansion close to the spot where he had first seen the Indian maid. And there, to this day, his and her descendants live, prouder of their heroic ancestress, and deservedly so, than many an English duke of his Norman sires.

## WHAT THE SCHOOLMASTER TAUGHT FANNY HOWARD.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

"Do you intend sending Fanny to the new school?" said Mrs. Danvers, the lawyer's wife, to the widow of the principal physician at Mapleville.

"I do not know," replied Mrs. Howard, "I had thought of sending her to the city for six months or a year, but I cannot make up my mind to part with her. She is all I have left now," and tears dimmed the mother's eyes. "I am not capable of giving her the instruction in music and French she so much wishes, but our library is a valuable one, and if she applies herself to reading she will have as good an English education as she requires. As to music, I think I will apply to Mrs. Morris, and see if she will give her lessons. She is a most accomplished musician, and if I put it in the light of a favor to myself, will perhaps be glad to add to her small income in that way."

"Mr. Danvers says he thinks Mr. Livingston quite capable of teaching all the higher branches, but that he is rather young. My husband knew him when we lived in New York, and speaks in the highest terms of him. I intend sending Ellen, and I suppose she will rebel without Fanny goes too."

The door of Mrs. Howard's pleasant little sitting-room was suddenly thrown open by a beautiful girl of nearly seventeen, with the exclamation of "mother, dear mother, do let me go to the new school. Ellen is going, and Mrs. Anderson says that she hears lessons in French will be given to those who wish it. Won't you let me go? Now, Mrs. Danvers, do plead for me. Mamma wants to put me right down to puddings and prudence; she is determined I shall not only be a good housewife, but a regular dornas; a kind of maternal virgin for all the poor of the place. The only use I see in making up red flannel shirts, is that the reflection improves one's complexion. Why, Mrs. Danvers, I know Miss Leslie's one thousand receipts, as well as my alphabet, and am as good a judge of muslins as a Lowell cotton-spinner."

Mrs. Danvers laughed, and Mrs. Howard smiled kindly on her daughter, for well she knew the last new book would be laid aside without regret, if poor old Mrs. Jones' "rattatiz" required one of the red flannel shirts: or the Widow Baker's consumptive son thought he could take a little of Miss Fanny's nice broth.

A few days after, on a bright May morning,

Fanny Howard and Ellen Danvers walked together to the school-house. It was one after Fanny's own heart. She hated new things, she said. New dresses, new houses, new faces, new music; every thing new, in short, but new books.

The school-house was situated on a beautiful green in a grove of old oaks, and Fanny vowed it was of the age of Methuselah, though rheumatic Mrs. Jones had distinct recollections of its being built. It had been rejuvenated for the city Mr. Livingston; a few coats of white-wash, several buckets of water, and cherry-stained desks, taking the place of the sketches on the wall done by embryo Hogarths; of dirt and leaves of mice-gnawn books on the floor; and of desks which gave undeniable evidence of Yankee whittling and Yankee scribbling.

Fanny had in vain endeavored to catch a glimpse of the new master at church the day before, and felt some disgust, when by the time the sermon commenced, she was obliged to conclude that he was not an Episcopalian. "He must have gone to the Presbyterian meeting," thought she, and though Fanny was no sectarian, she held a person's taste light who did not unconditionally admire the Episcopal service.

"I shan't like him, I am sure," said Fanny to Ellen, as she tore off a branch of apple-blossoms, and was sprinkled by the flowery flakes from above. The girls soon joined the laughing group around the door, all eager to profit by the superior instruction promised; for except two or three primary schools, Mapleville was badly off in the educational way, and most of the young ladies were sent to boarding-schools in the city.

The old school-house had been empty some time, and here was a teacher who would instruct no one but girls. No boys to take profiles on their slates. No young gentlemen in roundabouts to write love-letters, which offended the dignity of young ladies of sixteen! How delightful! Just like a city school!

The girls still stood laughing and whispering around the door, each wishing the other to enter first, because the master was there; and finally all agreed with Fanny, that he should come and invite them in. Now Fanny always had the lead accorded to her in all that was going on, so she must certainly take it here. "Well, there is nothing to be afraid of," said she, so she smoothed down the black sick apron over the pink gingham



dress, and taking the white sun-bonnet in her hand, she boldly entered. Fanny intended to have bowed very coldly, but she was rather disconcerted by a certain conscious smile on the schoolmaster's face. "He knew very well how awkwardly we must feel in introducing ourselves, and now to laugh at us," thought she; this added very much to the disgust she felt for his anti-Episcopal views, as about a dozen or fifteen of her friends trooped in behind her.

Poor Fanny had a keen sense of ridicule, and where a great principle was not involved, could be jested out of a thing where reason would fail. The young ladies looked in surprise at the new teacher. He could not have been more than twenty-five, and was decidedly handsome; "except that he wants a moustache," thought Ellen Danvers. The girls took their seats awkwardly, as school girls will do, but said not a word.

"I shall be obliged to you for your names, young ladies," said the teacher. "Yours, Miss, if you please," nodding to Fanny.

"Fanny Howard, an you please sir," said she, with a decided brogue.

"Irish! what a pity," thought the master.

First a smile, then a decided titter passed around the room at Fanny's impromptu Hibernicism.

"As pretty a set of rebels as ever I saw. I fancy I am in a sort of hornet's nest though," soliloquized Harry Livingston.

The morning was passed in examining the girls in their studies. The teacher pronounced to himself Fanny to be the quickest there, but decidedly deficient in the more solid branches. She hated chemistry, natural philosophy, and arithmetic, and she said there were but two dates she could ever remember, 1492 and 1776. But in history, rhetoric, and all studies, when the imagination could be fed, Fanny came off brilliantly.

"Well, Fanny, how do you like Mr. Livingston?" said Mrs. Howard, at dinner, to her daughter.

"He has a much greater opinion of his own knowledge than of ours, I fancy," was the reply, "but I rather think he is not accustomed to teaching school. He is remarkably thorough, though," continued she, as she remembered the catechism she had undergone in the morning, in studies as dry as bones.

"And still my wonder grows

That one small head can carry all he knows,"

parodied Fanny.

"Mr. Danvers told me this morning," said Mrs. Howard, "that he had been adopted by an uncle immensely wealthy, but somewhat despotic. He gave Mr. Livingston a splendid education, but

would never let him enter a profession. The uncle, it seems, is a violent politician, and the nephew has dared to differ from him, so the old gentleman has disinherited him. Poor Mr. Livingston's own estate is very small, and he is obliged to do something to support himself whilst he is studying law with Mr. Danvers."

"Well, I rather like him for disagreeing with the Grand Lama," said Fanny.

The spring advanced. The apple bloom had fallen. Starry anemones were springing up at the roots of old trees, and catching the sunshine as it gleamed down between the young emerald leaves. Blue violets, and yellow virginics were dotting the green moss by the rivalet's side, and all nature was gay and beautiful; "too beautiful," thought Fanny Howard. Now Miss Fanny had a deal of romance stored away in the far depths of her little heart, which she would have been very unwilling for any one to suspect.

Day after day this pleasant spring weather would find Fanny mounted on her white pony, with Beauty, her silver colored grey ground, by her side, scouring the country far and near. There was not a nook or corner, for ten miles around, which she did not know.

"Mr. Livingston, Fanny says we ought to study botany," said little Annie Morrison, a blue-eyed girl of fourteen.

"And pray, is Miss Fanny always right?" asked the teacher.

"As infallible as the Pope," said Fanny, gravely.

Now Fanny loved flowers too well to pull them to pieces to see what "andrias and gynias" they belonged to, as she termed it; but she began to dislike the confinement of the school-house. Gay, wild trills were constantly on her lips, smiles ever on her face, and with it all, a delicious unrest about her heart, which made it feel very much like a rose with a honey bee in it. Mazeppa was galloped now, where he was cantered before, and Beauty began to think he was illustrating perpetual motion for Fanny's philosophy. Well, the lessons in botany were decided upon, and the flower gatherings in the woods, and by the brooks pronounced delightful.

Meanwhile Fanny wondered if Mr. Livingston studied law very hard in Mr. Danvers' office. She often met Ellen and himself in her rides, sometimes they would accompany her. He was always at hand to sing a duett with Ellen or herself, if she happened to be there; he was engaged every day till one o'clock in the school. When *did* he find time to study, if he was with Ellen so much?

Poor Fanny! she conjugated the verb "amor" with an earnestness that startled the girls. The delicious unrest was getting painful; the bee was beginning to sting. All music was now decidedly

in the minor key. "Love not" was always on her lips. Mazeppa was oftener walked than cantered, and Beauty wondered what new turn his mistress' philosophy was taking. Alas! poor Fanny! she had heretofore enjoyed excellent health, but headaches began to prevent her joining the botanical excursions, for she took but little pleasure in them now; the flowers were not so bright as they used to be, and the gay sunlight sickened her.

Fanny's desk stood by an open window, and she sat listlessly gazing out, one warm July morning, wondering what there was in life to make one so happy.

The hot air was boiling over the yellow wheat fields opposite; the bees hummed drowsily past the window; the yellow-jacket perseveringly added partition after partition to his mud palace; and a huge blue-bottle fly bounced stupidly against the pane. It was one of those enervating days in which it seems body and soul can scarcely keep together. Fanny gazed out of the window through gathering tears, and devoutly wished a terrific thunder-storm would arise; the strife of nature would be a relief to her.

"Are you ill, Miss Fanny?" said a voice at her elbow.

"My head aches slightly, sir," was the reply, with a quivering lip; "I believe I will go home."

"You had better let me send for the carriage. I fear you are *very* ill," continued Mr. Livingston, as Fanny's head sank upon her arms, and she burst into an hysterical weeping. The girls gathered around her, and Ellen Danvers brought a glass of water to offer her; but Fanny repulsed her almost savagely, saying she was only a little nervous.

Fanny went home; and now Mrs. Howard became alarmed for her daughter's health. The confinement, she reasoned, was too great for her child; and accordingly she withdrew her from school, and concluded to accept an invitation for her daughter and herself, to join a party of friends in New York, who were going to Newport.

It was a brilliant scene that greeted the eyes of Fanny Howard, the evening after her arrival at the Ocean House. *The* ball of the season was to take place that night. Black haired matrons from the South; blue-eyed girls of New England; beauties of every style, from every part of the Union; sweet voices, rich dresses; bright lights and gay music; were all there, forming a glorious *tout-ensemble*, to fascinate a young girl on her first entrance into the gay world.

"Pray, Dr. Gray, can you tell me the name of that lady standing by the south window?—the one in blue," said a middle-aged gentleman, remarkable for the scrupulous whiteness of his linen.

"The original of Dickens' Cleopatra, do you mean? That is Mrs. Allen, the wife of——"

"Pshaw, no! I mean the young girl with chesnut hair; with a dress on her that looks like a blue cloud; she is talking with a lady in white."

"Oh, *that* is Cousin Fan. Fanny Howard, sir, a cousin of mine. As mischievous a little Hourri as ever bewitched the dreams of a Turk."

"I think there is something more than mischief in her face. If I mistake not, there is a deal of soul there." And the gentleman gave a sigh, for dreams long since shattered, and hopes buried in the grave.

"Well, Fan! how have you enjoyed your first ball?" said Dr. Gray, as the gentlemen approached the group of which they had been speaking.

"Oh, it is delightful! I do so love dancing," was the reply.

"And so, Miss Howard, this is your first ball," said Mr. Armstrong, after an introduction had taken place.

"Yes, sir, and I determined to be very dignified to-night, for I suppose I am entering into young ladyhood now; but I think there must be some spiritual rappers in the room, for my feet *will* go in spite of me."

"I am glad of it," said Dr. Gray, "for I thought when you came to New York you had very much altered from the gay girl you used to be."

The small mouth quivered, and the blue-veined lids closed for a moment over her eyes, then Fanny answered with a laugh, "I am changed, Louis; more so than yourself, for you gave quack medicines when you were a boy, and continue the practice yet"

"I think I know who was assistant apothecary," said Marion Gray. "Do you remember Neptune, the huge Newfoundland dog, Fanny, which you dressed in cook's shawl and night-cap, then gave him some molasses with a spoon to keep him from taking cold, after you had sent him into the pond?"

"And pray, Dr. Gray, do you remember the pills of bread crumbs and cinnamon which you gave poor, nervous Mrs. Akins, and told her they were infallible in her disease; and that a few few days after she asked for more, saying they had taken away all that queer feeling completely? But tell it not in Mapleville, Louis, or you will never doctor a cat there again."

"Mapleville! Are you from Mapleville, Miss Howard?" said the stranger, as Louis and Marion waltzed away.

"Yes, sir! Have you friends there?" asked Fanny.

"Oh, yes! I know Mr. Danvers very well. Do you know a Mr. Livingston, who is studying law with him?"

A shadow passed over her face, as Fanny answered,

"Oh! I went to school to Mr. Livingston. He——"

"To school? why I thought he was studying law with Mr. Danvers."

"So he is, sir, but he was obliged to live as well as study; and this reading law without bread and butter to make it digest, I should think rather hard work. The Great Mogul, his uncle, disinherited him, I believe, for liking cold roast beef better than warm, or something equal to it. I believe they could not agree as to the exact amount of knavery in their two different parties. It is a pity, for Mr. Livingston is very much attached to his uncle. However, he has found compensation for all his troubles, in Mapleville," and an hysterical laugh ended Fanny's sentence.

Mr. Armstrong talked absently to his companion, for a while, and as soon as he saw Dr. Gray approaching, he bowed and walked away.

"Why, Fan! have you refused Armstrong, he looks so serious?"

"No, we were talking about Mr. Danvers, and——"

"Oh, yes! he is Harry Livingston's uncle."

"What?" almost shrieked Fanny.

"Why, he is Harry Livingston's uncle. He adopted Harry, then disinherited him because of some difference in politics."

"Bless my heart! I repeated the whole story to him with marginal references, and called him the Great Mogul to his face. What shall I do?" asked Fanny, in the greatest distress.

"Not very pleasant, to be sure," laughed Louis, "but probably a little plain truth won't hurt him; for Harry is the best fellow in the world, and he used him abominably."

Fanny searched the ball-room in vain that night. Mr. Armstrong had disappeared. But the next morning, as she and Marion promenaded the piazza, she espied him seated at one end reading. Relinquishing her cousin's arm, she walked up to him and said frankly, but with a blush,

"Mr. Armstrong, will you pardon my seeming impertinence last evening? Indeed I did not know who you were. You do not think I intended insulting you, do you?" asked poor Fanny, with tears starting to her eyes.

"Not at all, my dear young lady. You had a right to an opinion, and it seemed honest at least. The 'Great Mogul' forgives you," he added, laughing, "I suppose you have not changed your mind with regard to the facts, though!"

Fanny laughed too, but said, "no, sir. Mr. Livingston's uncle is a much more agreeable man than I suspected, but at the same time I fear he would rather have his own way than retain affection, which is too valuable a thing to be cast

aside for a trifle; and——Mr. Livingston was poor," said she, proudly. "The *dependant* should never sue. But you forgive me, do you not?"

Fanny's health certainly improved. The invigorating sea breeze restored the tone to her nerves, but it was no place for a troubled heart. She would walk alone by the beach when she could, but she found no sympathy in the murmuring sea. It was too vast, too restless. Its voices would steal up into her heart, but leave no quiet there; its thousand tongued waves surged up too constantly, with murmurings of a name she fain would forget, and then roll mockingly back again, to show her it had no sympathy for so weak a thing as human love. And the stars, too, troubled her. They looked on her with their quiet gaze, coldly and steadily; they demanded of her her most secret thoughts, and gave no comfort or strength to the wearied heart in return.

Ah! to the happy the sea and the stars whisper of emotions too holy, and thoughts too vast for earth; they come upon the heart with magnetic soothings, and make it long for the more perfect love, which is found only with the Great Father. But oh! weary hearted, go not to the great sea for rest.

And Fanny's belleship brought her no pleasure either. With many her beauty and brilliant manners made her a favorite; a few liked her for her warm heart, and intense scorn of all that was mean or ignoble; but far the greater portion sought Fanny's society for her *golden charms*. Ah, yes, the secret of Fanny's belleship, after all, was her reputed wealth.

The "*season*" was now fast drawing to a close, and Mrs. Howard's party were to leave on the morrow. They were discussing the feasibility of a trip to Lake George, &c., about which Fanny remained perfectly silent. A servant entered and handed her a letter, which she retired to her own room to read. It was from Ellen Danvers, and a portion of it ran thus:—"I am so glad that there is a prospect of seeing you soon, I am overflowing with news which I cannot write, and, moreover, I have a secret to tell you. But one thing you must know! Mr. Livingston's uncle has destroyed his last will, and reinstated Master Harry in his good graces, insisting upon his going home immediately. But Harry intends remaining here till the last of October, as that is the term, you know, for which he engaged. He went to see his uncle, but only staid a day or so. Do Marion Gray and her brother return with you? I shall be so glad to see Marion again. Give my best love to her." A little village gossip and the letter was completed. A few moments of painful thought, then Fanny returned to the parlor. The Lake George trip

was still under discussion, when Fanny's voice decided the matter. "Oh, yes, do let us go, the weather is quite warm yet, and one does not feel like settling down quietly at home, after such terrible dissipation as we have had."

Now came a task which Fanny in her heroism had determined to perform. She suspected her cousin was attached to Ellen Danvers, and had wished to tell him she thought Ellen was engaged to Mr. Livingston, but the consciousness of the pain which the fact caused her, made her shrink from speaking to Dr. Gray about it. Now, however, it must be done; "it is my duty," thought she; so, in the evening, she asked Louis to walk with her.

"Oh, I had a letter from Nelly, to-day," said Fanny.

"Well, what does Ellen say? any quantity of scandal, I suspect."

"Some news. For one thing, Mr. Armstrong has forgiven Mr. Livingston for having an opinion of his own. Ellen says she has a secret to tell me when I get home, but she need not wait for that, for I know it already; that—why, Beauty, pretty fellow, you here?—that is her engagement to Mr. Livingston." Fanny breathed freer, but her cousin noticed the trembling of her voice in spite of the conversation with Beauty.

"Are you sure of this, Fanny?" asked Dr. Gray; and he thought "more than myself suffers if it is so."

"As sure as I can be, without Ellen having told me so in words. I saw it before I left home, and what else is her secret?"

The early part of October found Mrs. Howard and Fanny settled in Mapleville again, with Mrs. Gray, her son and daughter as their guests. Fanny waited in vain for Ellen's secret, and she was too proud to ask a confidence not freely given. She seemed gayer than ever. Riding parties, driving parties, nut gatherings, and picnics, tea companies and dances, kept Mapleville in a whirl of unusual gayety; for the Grays were universal favorites. The secret which Dr. Gray and Fanny, mutually suspected, produced a wonderful sympathy between them, and in a short time Fanny had waltzed herself into quite a cousinly flirtation with Louis. The village gossips all declared it an engagement. Harry Livingston visited less at Mrs. Howard's than ever, and Ellen Danvers' duties at home were wonderfully increased.

"What a glorious day for a gallop," said Fanny, one morning. "Suppose we make up a party to go to H—; take supper there and return by moonlight. Marion, you shall have Mazeppa if you prefer him, and I will take Black Jim."

"Fanny, I wish you would get a more quiet

horse," said Mrs. Howard. "You know, my dear, Jim is used so little. I should not object if you returned before dark, but——"

"Oh, mamma, you know I am the second Die Vernon. I can hold on like a leech; never fear for me."

And so the party was formed. Whatever misgivings Mrs. Howard felt, they were soon quieted as Fanny sprang upon Black Jim, and firmly kept her seat in spite of his prancing and pawing. She was a most accomplished *equestrienne*, and seemed to manage her horse by magnetism. She was prepared as if by instinct for any change of temper or position.

It was a gay party that left Mapleville that sunny afternoon. The weather was glorious, and the trees looked as jeweled as those discovered by Aladdin with his wonderful lamp. Black Jim seemed to enjoy it amazingly. With his beautiful neck arched, and his nostrils distended, he pranced along first on one side of the road, then on the other, snorting as though he snuffed the air of a battle-field.

"Miss Howard, watch for the locomotive. I hear it coming, and Jim will not bear it, I think," said Harry Livingston, as they approached the rail-road track.

"Perhaps we had better stop till the cars have passed," said Fanny; for though she was very courageous, she was not fool-hardy. In an instant the huge locomotive was thundering toward them. Fanny seated herself firmly, and grasped the curb-rein with a firm but light hand. "So, Jim, pretty fellow, quiet, sir," said she, patting her horse. Not a motion of Fanny's hand betrayed the slightest alarm, but Jim plunged and reared, and would have turned and run if possible.

The train at length passed, and Fanny walked her horse quietly along, soothing him till his excitement should be over; when a shrill whistle from a small way-train coming up, came on the air like the shriek of a demoniac. Black Jim's beautiful ears were laid close to his small head, and like a flash of lightning he was off.

"Oh, heavens! she will be killed," said Dr. Gray, as he was preparing to follow Fanny.

"She dies if you attempt to catch her. I know a short cut and will go across and meet her," said Harry Livingston, putting spurs into his favorite, which he had brought from New York. A fence was cleared at a leap, and his horse nearly equalled the one he pursued in speed. On and on Black Jim sped, but Fanny's self-possession was beginning to tell upon him, when another shriek, louder than the first, served to start him afresh. Yet Fanny never wavered. She knew she must retain her courage and be able to guide him, or most probably death would be the consequence. Well, on and on Black Jim

still sped, and she was beginning to grow weak, when she looked up and saw Mr. Livingston coming toward her.

"Turn him into the next lane, if you can guide him; it is up to his hocks in mud, and he cannot run far," shouted he.

In an instant Fanny's whip hand was on the curb-rein, and Black Jim, solely unprepared for a change in that direction, gave a plunge which nearly unseated his courageous rider, then raced on again. It was hard work, however, and Jim had a kindly regard for his ankles, which were remarkably beautiful, and in a very short time the heavy mud had totally subdued him.

"Thank heaven! you are safe, Fanny," said Mr. Livingston, riding up. "Will you be able to go on to the hotel, you tremble so?"

"Oh, yes," said Fanny, with quivering lip, for the reaction had already commenced, and her tersely strong nerves were beginning to give way. "I feel better in motion. Let us canter on, sir. I suppose the rest of the party will not be up for some time."

"A private parlor immediately, and a glass of wine," said Mr. Livingston, to the landlord of H—, as he lifted Fanny out of the saddle, and carried rather than supported her into the house.

Fanny threw herself on a sofa and burst into a flood of tears. Riding-hat and gauntlets were removed by Mr. Livingston, and some wine forced upon her; but poor Fanny laughed and cried in the most hysterical manner. "I am a perfect baby now it is over," said she. "It is a pity but what the horse had run on. But you have saved my life, Mr. Livingston; how can I thank you." And another burst of weeping, harder than the first, ensued.

"You can thank me, Fanny, by loving me, if possible; that is if your affections are not already engaged, as I sometimes fear."

A look of astonishment passed over Fanny's face.

"Are you not already engaged to Ellen?" said she.

"Ellen! no. Why, I have loved you, Fanny, since the first moment I knew you; but then the want of fortune, and since your return your reserve to me and intimacy with your cousin, made me think the report of your engagement to him might be true. Will you be my wife, Fanny?"

But Fanny's head was turned away; she could not answer, although her hand still remained in that of Mr. Livingston. Tears again filled her eyes, till she felt an arm stealing around her waist.

"I must ask Louis first. Here they all are," said the lady, endeavoring to escape.

"Do you love me, Fanny?"

"Yes, yes, I suppose I must. Now let me go." The rest of the party now dismounted, and

Fanny's John Gilpin ride easily accounted for her excited manner.

"Had I better not go back and get the carriage for you, Miss Fanny?" said Harry Livingston. "I fear you will not be able to ride Black Jim home."

"Oh, no, I have no fear now, he is pretty well subdued, and I shall feel quite invigorated after tea."

But Master Harry seemed to think there was still danger, as he never left Fanny's bridle-rein till she dismounted at her own door.

Somehow she could not sleep that night. She got up, looked out of the window; went to bed again, turned and returned her pillow; threw off the spread; looked at her watch by the moonlight, and disturbed Marion, who occupied part of her room, till near daylight. Then Fanny fell into such a sweet slumber, with a smile on her beautiful lips, that Marion had not the heart to awaken her when the bell rung.

"Why, where is Fanny this morning?" said Mrs. Howard, for she had retired when the party returned the night before.

"Oh! she had quite an adventure," replied Marion, "and it made her so nervous she could not sleep last night. I left her in bed."

Here Fanny's wild huntsman gallop was narrated, and her mother declared she should never get on a horse again; which vow was broken in less than a week.

Fanny now made her appearance, and had nearly finished her breakfast, when she put the damask table-cloth, cup and saucer in considerable jeopardy, by starting at the ring of the front door bell.

"I have not fed my birds yet. It is too bad—it is so late," said she, going up stairs.

The visitor was Mr. Livingston; and in the course of the day Marion began to suspect that Fanny's restlessness, the night before, did not altogether arise from Black Jim running away.

Love making about that time seemed to be quite epidemic, for Mrs. Danvers was heard to say there was no one in the world she would as soon Ellen should marry as Dr. Gray.

"Lou, that moustache did the business," was Fanny's laughing comment, when he informed her that Ellen had consented to take him "for better, for worse."

Fanny now discovered that Ellen's secret was the refusal of a young gentleman, who had offered himself to all the richest girls in the place, beginning with Fanny herself.

Mr. Armstrong made his appearance in Maple-ville, in the course of a week or so, and declared he had intended offering himself to Miss Howard, if Henry had not had the impertinence to pick her up first.

"It is to you, Miss Chatterbox, that he owes his restoration to my favor. Not that I changed my opinion of his ingratitude, you know; but I found you were breaking your heart for him," said the old gentleman. "But God bless you, darling. I love you already as well as if you were my own child."

The cold winter months passed, and June had come around again. The glad summer weather made even the sick-hearted rejoice; for who could feel sad with the yellow sunshine on the fresh young grass, and the birds trying to outrival each other in their songs.

One bright morning all Mapleville was astir by times. Two weddings were to take place in the old church that day; and then the happy young brides, Mrs. Henry Livingston and Mrs. Dr. Gray, were to be steamed off on a bridal tour.

The church was crowded in every corner.

Whispers as to the beauty of the brides and their dresses went around. Many differed as to the superiority of the ladies, but all agreed that their dresses were perfect; and both were alike. Of the two Fanny's voice was rather the firmer, but both of the gentlemen seemed to think there was no reason why they should not be heard distinctly, as they were certainly proud of what they were doing.

"Fanny has one merit, Henry, she is not long at her toilet," said Mr. Armstrong, as the lady appeared, after having exchanged the white satin and lace for a travelling dress. "Well, after all, I am rather glad I disinherited you, for you taught school here to some purpose."

"And what did I teach you, Fanny?" whispered her husband.

But Fanny never told any one but the teacher all that Master Henry Livingston had taught her.

## KATE CAMP; OR, THE HAPPY OLD MAID.

BY JULINA J. NORTON.

I WAS a giddy girl of sixteen, when I first saw Kate Camp. I met her while on a visit to a dear friend and schoolmate, whose home was in a beautiful village situated on the banks of one of the most wild and romantic rivers in our dear New England.

That sweet village now rises before me; its low, white cottages, half hid with flowering vines and shaded by noble trees; its green valleys; its wild hills; its winding river, now smooth and gentle, now wild and boisterous—all, all have a bright, warm place in my heart, and will continue to hold it fresh and pure until I cease to love everything lovely and beautiful: but far dearer, lovelier than all these, is the memory of my sweet friend, Annette Tompson, of whose hospitality I was the recipient. It was impossible to be long in C— without hearing of Kate. Everybody loved her and claimed her as a friend. She seemed to be possessed of the mystic pass-word that enabled her to enter all hearts. She rejoiced in the cognomen of the "Happy Old Maid," which title she sustained with perfect dignity and good-humor. She was absent from the village when I first visited it; and with my usual wilful propensity to dislike general favorites, I was determined not to like her. But Annette shook her pretty head as I expressed this determination.

One bright, sunny morning, as Annette and myself were sitting in the back parlor, intently discussing the merits and demerits of two worsted patterns, a bright-faced little woman slipped into the room, with the frank, easy familiarity of a country friend, and, throwing her arms around my friend, kissed her. In the joy of meeting they for one moment forgot me. Annette soon turned and introduced us, but her voice was so inarticulate as she pronounced the stranger's name, that I did not understand it. As Annette and she were engaged in earnest conversation, and almost entirely absorbed in each other, I had an opportunity to observe her closely. I was first attracted by her dark expressive eyes; they were brimming full of the love-light we do not often see except in dreams. Her deep sun-bonnet was thrown back, and displayed her glossy black hair, which would curl though she might try ever so much to smooth it, and lay in glossy waves on

her finely-shaped head, as she extended her hand and bade me welcome to C—. I felt truly that my heart met her more than half way. I really envied Annette the kiss that was bestowed upon her as the stranger took her leave.

"What a beautiful woman," I exclaimed, as soon as the stranger disappeared.

"Do you think so?" replied my friend, indifferently.

"Think so," replied I; "I know so. There can be but one voice on the subject."

"Had you not better suspend your judgment till you are more fully acquainted?" was the quiet reply; "a beautiful face alone soon ceases to charm."

"Annette," said I, indignantly, "if I did not know you too well, I should say envy or jealousy prompted your reply. There is something in each look and word of hers that goes right home to the heart, and carries the conviction of truth and sincerity along with it. You know there is, Annette."

"If you were a gentleman, I would declare you were dead in love. Wouldn't it be capital, a youth of sixteen falling in love with an old maid of thirty?"

"She is not an old maid," I replied, my indignation roused to anger. "It is a shame to call her so; an outrageous libel. I am now convinced no one is perfect. Even you are envious, and I had almost said malicious. I have hitherto considered you as something bordering on the celestial. I think some of your angel pinions are fallen already, and I am hereafter only to see a common, erring being like myself."

My anger increased as I saw it only amused Annette. As soon as her laughter would permit her she said, "you have seen Kate, our oracle; the happy old maid!"

Here was a pretty mess! But I could not help seeing my ridiculous position, and laughing also.

"It cannot be," said I, at last, "that she is thirty!"

"She *is* thirty," retorted Annette, "though she might pass for twenty-five, or even twenty when animated as you saw her this morning. She insists she is an old maid; and says she is going to demonstrate to the world that there *can* be a happy one."

"Well," said I, "old maid or young maid, wife or widow, I like her hugely."

"Now you please me; and in consideration of your having acknowledged yourself mutable as well as the rest of the world, I will give you, if you wish, a slight sketch of her life."

"Do, Netty, dear, I am all attention," said I, humbly.

"The father of Kate was a merchant in affluent circumstances. Her mother died when Kate was an infant. Long and bitterly did the husband mourn her death. Kate was treading on the roses of her tenth summer, when her father again united himself to a beautiful widow, the mother of one child, a daughter then entering her fifth year. Mrs. Camp was a beauty of the most frail and delicate stamp. That shadowy kind of beauty that you fear will vanish in air while you gaze upon it. Her hair was the sunniest brown; her eyes of soft dreamy blue; her complexion of the purest white, with the softest possible rose tint on her cheek. Her form was slight and extremely graceful; she would have passed for a school-girl of seventeen rather than a widow of twenty-four. Clara, her daughter, was her mother in miniature; sensible, pleasant, and never boisterous. Justice compels me to state that Mrs. Camp was constitutionally a helpless, spiritless and inactive being. Clara, like a dutiful child, was the exact copy of her mother in mind as well as person. Mr. Camp was a man of strong mind and exalted principle. He found Mrs. Allyn in a distant city; she was the sister and dependant of a man with whom he had extensive business transactions. He saw and loved the beautiful widow, proposed, and was accepted; without any unnecessary delay they were married, and the mourning widower returned to his fine old home a happy bridegroom. It was sometimes suspected he wearied of the fair flower he had so hastily gathered, but he tended it carefully, and never suffered

"The winds of Heaven to visit it too roughly."

"Time passed on. Kate loved her mother and sister dearly. She soon began to assume the care of Clara. The nursery maid was finally dismissed, and she became to all intents and purposes the waiting-maid of her sister. She washed, dressed, and combed her shiny hair, beside directing and instructing her. All this she did so silently, so naturally that neither the father or mother seemed to notice it. Mrs. Camp never interfered, for she was too much at ease, too happy to act; she had, however, an impression, vague and indistinct it is true, that she was favored with two of the most lovely, affectionate, and well-behaved daughters in the world.

"At the age of twelve Kate was sent away to

school. Even Mrs. Camp, who seldom exhibited signs of violent emotion, wept as she pressed her to her heart, and kissed her again and again. Clara clung to her dress with affectionate childish obstinacy, insisting they should not take 'dear sister away.' The father stood by with a blessing on his lip, and a tear in his full, dark eye. He had seen day by day unfolding before him the image, personal and mental of his former wife, and he believed beside the dear one laid in the grave, there never had and never would exist so perfect a mortal.

"A sorry day indeed it was for the Camps when Kate left home. She had been to that home as refreshing dew, silently brightening everything. The merry laugh no longer greeted Mr. Camp as he entered his parlor. The evenings were dull and cheerless. Clara came to the table in soiled aprons, and sometimes even with dirty fingers, and tangled hair. Dinner was often delayed beyond the usual time, and as Mr. Camp was very systematic, his face would occasionally become a shade darker than usual, and he would partake of the repast silently. Mrs. Camp did occasionally express her surprise in a quiet manner that dinner was not served as early as usual, but it never seemed to occur to her that it *could* be any particular concern of her own; she was in no hurry, not she; and she saw no reason why others should be. A secret spring had affected the whole domestic machinery, that neither Mr. Camp nor his wife had suspected. This now became perfectly apparent to the husband, and the wife knew at least that everything 'went wrong,' that she was less at ease, less happy than formerly. She often complained to her husband that Clara had become a great trial to her.

"Three months passed away; and it was found that positively Kate could not be spared from home. She was recalled, and pursued her studies under a governess. Order and cheerfulness were once more restored to the household. No one could tell precisely how this was done; but it seemed to come as naturally and spontaneously in Kate's presence, as light and warmth in the sunshine.

"Kate was sixteen when her step-mother died. A cold terminated in consumption. Her illness was protracted, but not exceedingly painful. Kate watched beside her like a guardian spirit; soothing at once both mind and body. I well remember the morning she died. A message arrived in great haste requesting my mother's presence at Mr. Camp's, as his wife was dying. I followed and crept cautiously into the room. Kate supported her dying mother, while one of her hands lay in that of her husband, and the other clasped that of her child. She spoke very faintly, 'adieu, my precious one; and you. Kate, my own, yet



not my own, I have not oftener thanked God for Clara than for you. Will you pardon me, as I trust God has, if I have not fulfilled all a mother's duties toward you. I feel on my dying bed that it is not sufficient to have done no wilful wrong; and I can hardly recollect an instance in my life where I have done actual good. I seem to have been sleeping, dreaming, all my life. It is too late to atone, though not, I trust, too late to repent. You, dear Kate, have been one of my greatest earthly blessings. Your hand pointed out to me the tree of life, and bade me eat thereof ere I died. If the gratitude of a dying woman is any thing, you have your reward.' All were silent for some time, when she again spoke. 'Clara, my poor, weak child, cannot stand alone, will—you—dear Kate—be to her—as a mother?' 'I will love her; I will do what I can for her,' sobbed the step-daughter; 'but I too am young; I need a mother, a guide, a counsellor.' 'Though young you possess the wisdom of mature years, which my poor Clara does not. Will you not promise, dearest Kate?' Kate in a low, but firm tone replied, 'I will.' The mother with an effort of which she was deemed incapable, threw her arms around Kate's neck. One faint kiss and her arms fell back, a smile lingered one moment around her lips, her eyes remained fixed on Kate, but the light of love and of soul, that had for the last few moments of her life rendered them more brilliant than in the bloom of health and beauty, was extinguished forever. Her last breath was breathed upon the lips of her step-daughter!

"Faithfully did that daughter perform her promises. Clara was a gentle, pleasant child, who never seemed to have thought or wish but for the present. Her sister's wish was to her law. Kate bore patiently with her weakness, her incapacity, and helplessness. She was never heard to allude to them, and concealed them as far as possible from others. But oh! how often, how very often were her efforts vain.

"Clara was scarcely sixteen when a young and talented stranger visited the village. It was at first rumored he was in love with Kate. But this report was silenced by the announcement of his engagement with Clara, after a short acquaintance of two weeks. The father opposed the match, and it was only on the intercession of the sister that he consented. I have often heard this was the only unwise thing Kate was ever known to do. Dearly has she suffered for it. I never saw her look so beautiful as at her sister's wedding. She was bridesmaid. There was a spirituality in her face that contrasted strangely with the childish happiness that was written in that of Clara. She was the star of the evening. Everywhere the centre of attraction, without the least effort on her part to be so. She was

attentive to the happiness of every one, and forgot nothing that could add to the pleasure of the company. Clara was *never* animated, not even on that evening. She had always moved among us as a child, and I, though several years her junior, was her classmate and playmate. It did not seem to me possible that she could be the wife of the tall, dark-looking man beside her. Mr. Merwin was then twenty-eight, a proud, haughty, handsome-looking man. He seemed still more cold and proud than ever before on the eve of his marriage, and this coldness has since increased until it has ended in complete misanthropy.

"Clara had scarcely returned from her bridal tour, when Mr. Camp was thrown from his carriage, and his skull fractured. He was conveyed to his house senseless, and nearly lifeless. Kate met him on the threshold, and made every necessary preparation with precision and alacrity. No hope of life was left: but she knelt beside her father, and with agony and tears, prayed that reason might again dawn upon him ere the faint flickering lamp of life quite expired, that she might hear again his voice and receive his blessing. Clara retired; but Kate, Mr. Merwin, and my father watched beside him in sleepless anxiety one long, painful night. The afflicted daughter forgot nothing for the comfort of others. Refreshments were ordered; the pillows arranged in the best possible manner on the sofa that the doctor might rest. The son-in-law seemed the greater sufferer; this could not have been so much from affection for the father as sympathy with the daughter. As daylight was breaking the object of their care ceased to breathe. Kate gave one deep, low moan, like the dying wail of a breaking heart, and fell senseless beside him. In an instant all was confusion; even the cold, dignified Mr. Merwin was wild with grief and terror. Seizing his sister in his arms, he ran round the room like a madman, exclaiming frantically, 'she is dead—the dearest, best.' Pushing the doctor rudely away as he approached her, he said, 'none shall touch her now!' Then laying her on the sofa, he grew more calm, and kneeling beside her covered his face with his hands, while the big tears trickled through his fingers.

"The body of the father was consigned to earth when reason again dawned upon the daughter. Long she vacillated between life and death. Her brother-in-law constantly and silently watched beside her. Her sister was gloomy and sorrowful; she was incapable of powerful exertion, either of body or mind. She had hardly an idea of existence independently of Kate; and she often wished from her heart that she might die with her.

"It was many, many weeks, and long, sad

weeks they were to us all, before Kate again appeared among us, and when she did at last appear she looked but the shadow of her former self, she was so thin and pale. She often spoke of her father in a calm, pleasant tone of voice; of her sufferings never. She neither laughed as often nor as loud as formerly: yet there remained a sweet smile on her lips, and her whole face was almost angelic with an expression of love, charity and good-will; gradually that expression brightened into one of chastened, but deep happiness. Merwin lingered about the village for a few months after her recovery; darkening by his gloomy presence each circle he entered. Even the children, when they met him in the street, would creep tremblingly to the side opposite him, and walk on with hushed voices and frightened looks. Not that he had ever spoken harshly to them; but there was something in his silent presence that inspired awe. When he left he invited, though he did not urge his wife to accompany him. She chose to remain with her sister. He has only returned at distant intervals, and now for several years has not visited his family at all; he sometimes writes, and regularly sends remittances for their support; I say their, for his wife is the mother of two children. The oldest is a boy, and the perfect type of his father; the younger a very pretty common-place girl. Kate, who has an extensive circle of friends, and is loved and sought after wherever she is known, has for these long years devoted a large portion of her time to her sister, and sister's children. She has the entire care of them, Clara being as useless as ever. Now tell me, Lina, after hearing her story so eloquently told, have you not additional reason for loving her?"

I bowed very low, but did not speak.

At this moment Mrs. Tompson entered, and perceiving our unfinished, almost untouched worsted patterns, said, smiling, "so this is the end of your industrious freak, is it? I thought as much." Soberly, quietly we resumed our work, each silent and thoughtful, each, perhaps, weaving out in our own minds the future with regard to the persons of whom we had been conversing; or filling up with a young and ardent fancy what was lacking of the past.

Kate and I soon became great friends. My sweet friend Annette pouted her little red lips, and pretended to be quite jealous of our intimacy. She often reminded me in her pretty teasing way of my determination to dislike her. How we three rambled together over the wild hills and through the deep woods of C—. How quaint and comical Kate was, and yet how sensible and earnest. Though she never sermonized, each word seemed to convey some useful lesson; some thought to make you better or happier. In our

walks we were often accompanied by Horace Merwin, her beautiful nephew. I never saw a more noble or talented child. The love of this boy for his aunt seemed boundless, while Kate regarded him as a dear child. Mary, his sister, was as much the object of her care as he, but he could not have been so much the object of interest or love.

I left C— with much regret; but that regret was brightened by the promise of meeting Kate and Annette at my home the next year. Next year! how we, short-sighted mortals, presume upon its pleasures and its joys! That year was fraught with fearful changes to many dear to me. Annette! my sweet friend! thy face rises before me as I last saw it, glowing with youth and beauty. One bright tear sparkles in thine eye, but the light of hope and love illuminates it. Thus let it ever be. I would not think of thee with the cold white of death on thy brow. Thy warm, red lips, icy and colorless, thy loving eyes closed forever, thy soft voice silenced by the seal of the great destroyer death! Thy light form flits before me as I was wont to behold it joyous and buoyant. I would not think of it as straightened for the dark and silent grave. Stiffened and chilled, and pulseless forever!

One bleak day the following December, I received a letter from Annette; it said, "I have sad, sad news for you. Our dear Horace is dead. I am too weary and too much excited to relate to you the particulars of his sickness and death. Kate moves about like a statue; she neither smiles nor weeps, and utters no word either of encouragement or despair. She performs every duty mechanically, without any seeming life or soul. With Clara neither joy nor grief is a violent feeling, and I had not believed her capable of as deep feeling as she has manifested on this occasion. Neither the mother nor aunt could summon strength to communicate the intelligence to the father; and I have to-day done so at their request. I have spoken plainly to him, and am almost surprised at my own boldness, for I always feared the man, and he is the last person in the world I should have dared to reprove face to face. I reminded him of his duty as a husband and father. I besought him that if his love of his family would not prompt him to his duty toward them, at least in common justice to have some compassion on Kate. I spoke freely of the sacrifices she has made, and is still making for them. I told him of her love for Horace, and her deep grief. May the blessing of God attend the words it has cost me such a violent effort to write. Excuse this brief letter, I am not quite well to-day. I will do better next time."

"Next time!" how the mind is ever anticipating it. Something brighter, better, happier then.

That was the last time Annette ever wrote. In two short weeks I received a letter from her sorrowing mother announcing her death. "She was the only daughter of her mother, and she was a widow."

At the earnest solicitation of the mother of Annette I visited her the next spring. I arrived at her house in the afternoon, and, as she was an invalid, and unable to accompany me, took a walk alone, just before sunset to the church-yard. At the foot of the grave of my friend lay that of the fair boy, whose death she had announced to me so short a time previous to her own. There was an oppressive stillness in the air that almost stopped the beating of my heart. I had often wished to stand alone by the grave of my friend, to give free vent to my own feelings unrestrained by the presence of any; but now I felt I had calculated too much on my own strength and powers of endurance when I wished it. How the stricken heart is strengthened by human sympathy. I longed to feel the soft pressure of a warm hand, to see a living, loving human form, to hear a gentle voice, to lean on an arm that was stronger than mine, or to mingle my tears with one who was as afflicted as myself. It is often thus in life; we turn proudly, coldly from human sympathy, but there is and ever must be an intense longing for it in the soul.

A light footstep startled me; and, turning, I saw Kate approaching. She dropped the beautiful bouquets she held and extended both hands to embrace me. Not one word was spoken, but locked in each others arms we wept long and freely. We at last spoke low words of consolation, of the love of the departed. As we placed the flowers on the graves, Kate said, "I have searched hill and dale for the fairest, sweetest ones; and I thought as I singled them out first to wither, so God does first take the dearest and best. Oh, my God, why was it not I?"

"Speak not so sadly, dearest Kate; God does let some bright gladdening flowers remain to shed beauty and fragrance, else you had not been spared to earth. You cannot tell how your coming relieved me. I had often wished to stand here alone, yet I could not bear it alone. I longed for some loving soul to mingle tears with mine, some kind voice to respond to my own. The grave cannot answer the heart's call; it is all voiceless and silent. How powerful is human sympathy."

"Weep, my young friend," said Kate, with an energy bordering on wildness, "thank God that your sorrow is natural, just; sorrow in which you can claim human sympathy, human tears. God spare your young heart the bitterness it is a sin to feel: the tears that must flow unseen; the sorrow that is only endurable where you alone

have knowledge of it. Better by far that you lie down in death's quiet sleep, like our fair young friend, than that."

"Dear Kate, your happy face never revealed such a tale; your cheerful heart cannot feel it."

"Your words have touched a secret spring in my heart. How powerful is human sympathy. It may be something even to me, and I feel my heart is breaking without it. Promise you will not hate me!"

"Hate you, Kate!" I said, reproachfully, pressing her throbbing heart still closer to mine; "impossible!"

She did not speak at once, but lay on my bosom like a weary, grieved child, sobbing bitterly. At length having sobbed herself into quietude, she began with a weak and trembling voice. "Until I saw Edward Merwin the warmest affections of my heart had been devoted to my father, who was the best, the kindest of parents. I saw in Edward the living, breathing image I had long worshipped in dreams, waking and sleeping. I need not tell you how entirely, how devotedly I loved him. Though he never spoke to me of his love, his soul seemed mirrored in his eyes, and I no more doubted his love for me than my own existence. For weeks he lingered beside me, directing my mind in the walks of literature and science, and alas! too surely teaching my heart the science of love; my days passed in a wild, blissful dream of delight. But ah! that dream was brief as bright, and yet poor weak being as I am, I think I would suffer all to live those days over again. Clara, who was absent on a visit when I first formed his acquaintance, returned. I perceived with joy that she was a favorite of his, and endeavored to place her in the most favorable light. He praised her beauty, brought her flowers, but all his conversation he addressed to me, and not the slightest pang of jealousy entered my heart. Indeed it did not occur to me that he could view her in any light than as a child, a pet.

"One evening while I was engaged in some domestic duty, Clara and Merwin walked in the garden; he did not again enter the house, but sent me a 'good night' by her. Clara seated herself on the divan beside me, and said childishly, 'guess what I've got to tell you, Kate?' 'I don't know,' I answered, carelessly, supposing it to be some childish secret. 'It's the drollest thing,' said she, laughing, 'I never thought of it before. But as I must marry some time, I suppose it may as well be now as ever. Now guess.' 'I am not good at guessing,' I stammered; my heart began to beat faster than usual, but even then I did not realize the truth. 'You know that is not true, for who puzzles out all the charades and enigmas when no one else can? But I'll tell

you see; you won't guess. Mr. Merwin has asked me to marry him. I was surprised, for I always thought he intended to marry you, Kate; I said yes, for I knew you liked him, don't you?"

"I know not what reply I made. It was to me as an earthquake's shock on a clear day; a peal of thunder on a bright spring morning. I was stunned, and as I think almost killed by the blow. It was rather dark in the recess where we were seated, and Clara could not see my face distinctly, or I fear even her unskilful eyes would have read my soul's workings in my face. Clara soon retired; and at the sound of my father's footsteps some time after I too sought my chamber. My sister was asleep; her lips slightly parted with a smile that provoked a dimple on her rosy cheek. Her small white hands were clasped on her breast, while her soft hair floated like a golden cloud over her pillow. I fear I did almost envy her the beauty that could win his love. I said in my bitterness woman can possess no other so powerful charm. I felt I would barter all the wealth of mind I might possess for that frail, fading beauty. She, my weak child, whose frailties I had often lamented with tears, had supplanted me in the affection of the only man I had ever loved. I shrunk from the soft pillow beside her as I would have shrunk from a bed of thorns. I stole cautiously down stairs, sought the garden, and threw myself on the ground among the thick shrubbery. I felt all was wrong within, and I prayed God to subdue my bad heart. I prayed for strength to endure, for a cheerful heart. I prayed and wept, and grew calm.

"A silvery voice broke on my ear. I well knew that voice, for I had oft listened to its tones with a heart swelling with joy, now its melody seemed to ring within my aching ear—alone, alone. Merwin was addressing his lady-love in a beautiful song. The music was familiar, but the poetry new, original. As he concluded, the shutters in the chamber above him moved, and a soft voice said, 'Edward, is it you?' 'Yes, dearest; I hope you are pleased with my song.' 'It sounds very pretty; but I like a flute better.' 'But a flute cannot speak, love,' replied Merwin, in rather a crest-fallen tone. 'Oh, I never care for the words; I wonder how people will ever puzzle their heads to write them. Kate is always scribbling something of that sort. I am sure I never shall.' 'So am I,' muttered Merwin, between his teeth; my ear alone caught the sounds, being but a short distance from him in the shrubbery. 'I am alarmed about Kate,' said Clara, 'she is not here.' 'Have you told her of our engagement?' he asked. 'Yes: I tried to make her guess what I had to tell her, but she could not; and when I told her she said I had better retire, as she was tired and sleepy, and she would talk with me in

the morning. So I did retire, and soon fell asleep, thinking how strange it was that I should be married before Kate.'

"Merwin groaned aloud. 'You had better go and tell your father that your sister is not with you—if she is not to be found in the house I will assist you in the search.' Seeing no way of escape I emerged from the shrubbery, where I had remained almost breathless for fear of discovery. On seeing me, Merwin sprang toward me, and said, 'Kate are you here and alone; and your hair,' continued he, placing his hand upon my curls, 'is wet with the cold dew; Kate, dear Kate, how could you expose yourself so?' The last part of this sentence was lowered to a whisper, and spoken in a tone that at once restored my self-possession. He guess my secret! He compassionate my sufferings! The thought was agony. I was enabled by a powerful effort to reply in my usual tone. 'I thought the night too fine to waste in sleep, so I took a stroll in the garden. I hope you will excuse me, as I could not possibly run away without exposing myself, and I had no thought of annoying you by remaining. I consider myself quite fortunate, as I have lost none of your fine music.'

"He accompanied me to the door; as I was entering he seized my hand and detained me. 'Stop one moment,' said he, 'for meroy's sweet sake; hear what I have to tell you.' 'Oh, not to-night,' I replied, 'you say truly, I have been in the night air too long already, beside I am tired; and you lovers are intolerably tedious; to-morrow I will listen as long and patiently as you wish. Good night.'

"When he visited us next morning, I received him with every appearance of cordiality and cheerfulness, and welcomed him as a brother. A new spirit had been born within me in the few last hours. I resolved that my own sorrows should never interfere with the happiness of others. I was determined to study the happiness and good of others more, my own less. And think you I have led a life of misery? Oh, no! I strove to be happy in appearance, and at length became really so in heart. I knew it was folly, ingratitude to turn aside from every other joy of earth because one had eluded my grasp. To trample on every flower that sprang up beside my pathway, because one had ceased to shed its fragrance for me alone. I have never for one moment willingly yielded to sadness even when alone. I have prayed and wrestled against this love; yet you can know something of its strength when you learn that it lives, and has power to produce the suffering you have to-night witnessed. When I first saw the bright boy who is buried here, I rejoiced that there was something I might love for his sake without sin. He rose like a bright

star on my path; I loved him deeply, passionately. It seemed that love and hope died along with him. I was again beginning to forget those things that are 'behind, and look forward to things that are before,' when a letter arrived from Merwin, saying that he should soon be with us. We are expecting him hourly. Oh, God, strengthen me for this one trial!"

I could only say, "As thy day is so shall thy strength be!" I pressed her closely to my heart, and wept more violently than she.

The full moon which had just risen in cloudless majesty, cast a tall, dark shadow across the grave. We sprang to our feet. "Kate!" "Edward!" and the new-comer wound his arms around Kate and kissed her, saying, "dear Kate," to which she gently replied, "Brother Edward."

Few words were spoken. Kate leaned against the head-stone, pale as the fair marble itself. I held her hand, it did not tremble, but it was very cold. Her eyes were upturned to heaven. She seemed like an angel keeping watch by the dead, and holding communion with spirits in her native skies. The recent violence of her grief had left no visible trace behind. So placid, so heavenly was her face, it seemed that no earthly sorrow had ever held sway there.

What a striking contrast she presented to the strange, dark-looking man beside her. His arms were firmly folded on his breast; his eyes down-cast, alternately resting on the face of my friend, and the small green mound at his feet. Every muscle of his face was fixed and rigid; and one deep groan that seemed wrung from his strong heart in drops of blood, betrayed his sorrow, and I thought his remorse. Slowly and silently we wended our way homeward. Kate bade me "good night!" with a gentle smile, and a faint pressure of the hand, that seemed to say "God be thanked—the crisis is past—as thy day is so shall thy strength be!"

My stay in C—— was short. In distant and different scenes I struggled with this "working day world." From a giddy girl I suddenly emerged into a thinking, working woman. That is as "thinking" as my nature would permit, and as "working" as necessity compelled. Still I did not forget Kate. I often wished, prayed that she might yet be truly happy. I sometimes trembled lest I was committing murder in my heart while I did so.

The next winter my eye fell on the following paragraph in a newspaper: "Died, in C——, after a short illness, Mrs. Clara Allyn, wife of Edward Merwin, Esq."

Strongly conflicting emotions rose in my mind. I cannot in sincerity say grief predominated. Just like a real novel, thought I, as I went on weaving a golden thread in Kate's destiny. I

quickly checked myself and made a serious effort to feel guilty and unhappy. I could not succeed. The predominating feeling was Kate, the happy old maid, will be a really happy wife after all.

Jaded in body and mind, I in the sultry month of August sought to recruit my failing strength in a delightful, retired retreat by the sea-shore. As I was passing through the hall, the day after my arrival, I encountered Mr. Merwin. My first inquiry was for Kate. He only replied, "dead," dropping both hands hopelessly, and looking as though he had been her executioner. We both stood looking at each other a moment without speaking. I had no power to inquire more; I no strength to relate. What a reversion of feeling. How much the mind can picture in one moment. I had painted a life-time of happiness for my friend, and very selfishly, no doubt, weeks of enjoyment for myself during the first glance at Mr. Merwin. Kate too, I thought, was there. We would be so happy. I should have a delightful sequel to the tale so sadly commenced. All my bright dreams vanished with his one word "dead." I turned away, sought my room, and wept.

I could only learn from the boarders, that Merwin was a haughty, gloomy man, who never exchanged words with any one if he could possibly avoid it. His air and manners were so dignified and forbidding that no one dared approach him. He avoided others; I was neither avoided nor sought; he conversed mechanically when I approached him; but I often thought seemed rather to endure than enjoy my presence. I longed to speak of the past, but dared not. He seemed only to wish to converse on indifferent and common-place topics.

Several weeks passed by. Merwin and myself met often, yet our acquaintance did not seem to progress. I felt fettered, chained in his presence, I feared to give expression to a genuine feeling. I scarce knew why. The evening previous to my departure he wished me to take a walk with him; I was too much surprised to refuse, indeed he was one of those whom we never dare refuse what he might condescend to ask. He alluded to the past. I spoke of Kate. As I ceased he said, "speak on, I would not hear her spoken of by one who loved her less."

"Every one loved her," I replied.

"Yes," he almost groaned, "everybody loved her; but I—I worshipped her; and I—murdered her."

I will abridge his narration as much as possible, and hasten to the conclusion of this sad tale.

"I cannot tell you, indeed, neither you nor any other female can be made to understand how ardently I loved Kate Camp. Women never love deeply, enduringly, unless it be in a tale of

romance. I trembled lest my affection was not returned. True, she was kind and affectionate toward me, attentive to my happiness. So she was to all others. I sought in vain to read in word, look, or action that exclusiveness for which I longed. As my mind was vacillating between hope and fear, her sister who had been absent from home returned. I was intoxicated, bewildered by her beauty. She said little, very little, which in my eyes gave her the additional charm of modesty; but in fact she had nothing to say. I soon fancied my love for Kate only an intellectual, brotherly sort of attachment, and congratulated myself that I had not proposed to her. I was very romantic, and a great novel reader. In my vision of domestic happiness I had ever pictured a young, a *very* young wife. I had considered Kate young until the return of her sister, when she appeared to me much older than before. I lingered for days conversing indeed with Kate, but looking at her beautiful sister. I thought how proud I should be of such a beautiful, gentle, loving wife as Clara, and such a noble, intelligent, affectionate sister as Kate. Clara's childish ways struck my fancy. I did not stop to consider that a beautiful form might be the tenement of an inferior mind. I knew she was beautiful, and believed her possessed of every qualification that could render me happy. The first convenient opportunity I proposed and was accepted."

He now gave me an account of the serenade, as Kate had done before, and added, "I had never heard her speak so many sentences in connexion before. It now occurred to me for the first time that I actually knew nothing of her; and from the first glimpse I had had of her character, I felt convinced there was little to discover. I gnashed my teeth in agony. I mentally cursed my folly: my love for Kate returned with redoubled power. When she appeared in the garden I for one moment believed she loved me. I determined to risk all, and confess my folly. Had she answered me coldly it would have given me hope, but her light, careless voice fell on my ear the death-knell of happiness. Alone I wandered through the long, long hours of that fearful night in a state bordering on insanity. Early next morning I repaired to Mr. Camp's house determined to recall all; but Kate met me so kindly, welcomed me so cordially, and was now even more attentive than ever, claiming the right of a sister to be so, that my soul sank within me, and my lips were sealed. I felt if I removed the present engagement she could not be mine. And if she could not, what did I care? Only once did I see a prospect of honorable escape from that unfortunate engagement. The father opposed it; but Kate interposed, gained his consent, thus riveting, with her own hand,

the chain that bound me. I thought it to be my destiny, and resigned myself to it sullenly, gloomily. I resolved to hate everything, but I found it impossible to hate *her*. Clara would not be separated from her, and, oh, to live by her from day to day was more than I had power to endure. I gazed upon her happy face, and thanked God she loved me not, and was spared the agony I suffered. I fled from C—— and became a wanderer, aimless, purposeless. I traversed both the old and new world, vainly seeking to flee from the sorrows of the past. On receiving Miss Thompson's letter, I resolved to relieve Kate of the care of my wife and child; but Clara would not leave her sister, she seemed to have no idea of existence without her. So we lived together till Clara died. I wept that she was united to one who had so little heart to love her, or appreciate her amiable qualities. She expired gently and peacefully in the arms of her sister.

"Kate's behavior toward me was unchanged. She was the same kind sister, the same agreeable companion; and her eyes, you know, were always brimming full of love for all, so their expression was not to be depended upon in this case. I lingered beside her, dreading to declare my love lest she should drive me from her. At length an event occurred that almost forced me to speak.

"One evening, a few months after the death of Clara, as Kate and myself were sitting in an arbor in the garden, my little daughter brought us each a bouquet; as she presented Kate's, she said very artlessly, 'let me kiss you, mamma.' The tears started in Kate's eyes. 'Did I make you feel bad?' continued the child, climbing on Kate's lap, and smoothing her hair with her little white hand; 'I'm very sorry, aunty; but Addy Brown told me you were to be my mamma, and be married to papa; she said too everybody was sorry, for papa was such a cross man. But you needn't be my mamma, so don't cry; for as I told Addy, if you were mamma, who would be aunty?' As the shades of twilight deepened the little prattler returned to the house. Kate would have followed her, but I detained her, and poured forth to her the long-concealed feelings of my heart. I told her everything, and as I proceeded my heart felt lighter than it had done for years, I told her that one word from her lips would make me again a lonely wanderer, or the happiest of mortals. I pressed her to my heart, kissed her passionately, and implored her to answer me. She did not shrink from my embrace, but only replied in a faint voice, 'I implore you say no more to-night; to-morrow you shall know all; but I cannot bear it to-night.'

"As we entered the house, I reminded her how she once sent me despairing from that door, and

again entreated her to answer me. She turned, threw her arms around my neck, pressed her lips to mine, and quickly and silently exchanging our bouquets, ascended the stairs. I watched her, heard her chamber door close, and (the strong man's frame bowed almost to earth) I never saw her living face again!"

After a pause of some minutes, Mr. Merwin proceeded: "I retired, but was too happy to sleep. No thought of death or the grave marred my joy. The clouds that had so long enveloped me seemed to clear away, and a bright and glorious day presented itself. I rose early and waited rather impatiently for Kate. As the breakfast bell did not bring her to us, my little girl ran up to her room, but soon returned, saying, 'aunt was dressed, but would not speak to her.' A scream from a servant now summoned us to Kate's room. She sat leaning back in a large easy-chair, her feet resting on an ottoman. Her dress was unchanged since the preceding night, her couch undisturbed; her cold, white hands lay on her lap, and one still clasped the flowers she had taken from me. And those slender fingers still press those withered flowers—they were never taken from that icy grasp. And this," continued he, taking a small gold box from his pocket, "contains the flowers she gave me, dried, withered, and faded, like my heart's affections and hopes!"

A silence, broken only by my sobs, ensued; his eyes were glazed and tearless. He continued: "If the deepest contrition can atone, I have atoned. Gladly would I have yielded my cheerless, useless life to have brought back hers. I had asked too much. Kate's life had been one of sacrifice: but her heart broke in sacrificing herself. Her spirit escaped from bondage. Yet so true and loving did seem that last kiss, that I, vain fool, believed she loved me; when I knew she was only a fit companion for the angels."

Kate had guarded her secret well. Even he had never guessed it. Should I tell him? Yes—it could not harm the dead, and it might teach a lesson of patient endurance to the living. He listened. Tears, the first I had ever known him to shed, rolled down his cheeks, and child-like sobs burst from his bosom.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, as I finished, "how have I mistaken a true woman's nature.

While I have been shedding mildew and blight on all around me, she, equally loving, equally suffering, has showered roses on the paths of all who knew her. I thought only of myself; lived for myself; she for others. I yielded to destiny sullenly, despondingly, she endured cheerfully, patiently. I have been supremely selfish; I have suffered like a proud, haughty man; she like a gentle, loving, forgiving woman; or rather like a Christian. The angels have snatched her from me. They knew her purity, her worth. I never could have known it had she lived. I have been a dark spot on God's creation. Henceforth the whole purpose of my life is changed. I will strive by penitence, and deeds of love and charity to atone for the past, and lay up a blessed hope for the future!"

From the depths of a full heart I responded "amen!"

In the busy city of — resides a man in the meridian of his days. His dark locks are prematurely "silvered over with grey," but his full beaming eye has lost none of its brilliancy and expression. His face wears an expression of chastened sorrow, softened by the heavenly pencillings of hope, love, and good-will. His time is passed in instructing an only daughter, and in deeds of charity and goodness. He is ever first in every good word and work. The poor follow him with a blessing. He visits the abodes of vice and misery, and speaks words of warning, encouragement, hope. Rich, intellectual, talented, his society is sought by all. He sometimes mingles in the society of the gay and fashionable; in their follies never. He is there as everywhere an object of interest; to the young his conversation is entertaining and instructive; to the old cheering and profitable. He is a widower; and though manoeuvring mammas encourage, and pretty daughters smile, he is invulnerable to all their arts.

He delights to move in the humble walks of life, bringing "joy to the comfortless; light to the straying." That man is Edward Merwin. May his last days be his best days. May the seed of love and charity he is sowing spring up and bear fruit an hundred fold. And as the evening of his life approaches may the star of faith "go before him," to guide him to a home of rest!

## THE SECOND LOVE.

### A SEQUEL TO "CAROLINE BRADSHAW."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BUSY L—'S DIARY."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156.

*The 24th.*

A LETTER from Augustus lies open before me—not more than twenty lines, and as sad as a dirge. He thanks me for my expressions of interest in him; but he utters none in return. Still a sort of thrilling tenderness runs through the whole. I can hardly detect it; I should fail if I were to attempt to tell just where, and in just what I find it; but I feel that it is there, nevertheless. With regard to my measure of assisting the doctor, he has only a few words. He will be pleased, he says, with the steps that I, or any other may take, toward making the misfortune fall lightly on him. He must beg me to do as I wish in this and all things. This, I must confess, falls coldly on my heart. I fear he does not so well like being consulted and referred to by me, as I do by him. There are no plans in the last—only this one; he will be here, God willing, next Monday evening.

Until next Monday evening I will wait, then. There shall be no more of this hurried, distracted feeling, as if I must move heaven and earth, rather than endure the suspense until then; ah, even for an hour it seems intolerable. May God give me strength and patience. I have none of myself.

*The 25th.*

I had a wretched night. If I fell asleep, it was only to wake almost immediately, with a startled, feverish feeling, as if something horrible had happened, which I could not at first recollect. And when I succeeded in recalling it all, in the darkness and solitude of the night, it was scarcely less intolerable than the first, awakening impressions.

I should feel better if I were to tell Aunt Agnes all about it, or, all I know. This is so little, however, I shall wait until I know more. Meantime, she sees that something is wrong, and is kinder than ever to me. She has proposed that we all go over to grandfather's this afternoon. I am glad to go; it is so oppressive in the close room; and perhaps I can swallow a few mouthfuls at the table where so many hungry ones are together, and where the victuals are always so good.

*Evening.*

No; I could not eat. I might perhaps; but Aunt

Agnes said something as we were surrounding the table, about my not having ate anything in the last twenty-four hours; and grandfather fell to rallying me, saying that Augustus must come. I thought how far his conjectures were from the true cause, and how when he does come, they may still see that I cannot eat; and the tears came into my eyes. I dreaded a shower, that would spoil the supper for them all. But I hid my eyes as well as I could with my cup, and swallowed the tears with my tea; laughing with the rest, although somewhat convulsively, as they must have been aware; but it was not so bad as the tears would have been. Grandmother was troubled. She watched me subsequently; said pleasant things about Augusta's being up so soon, and about having so good a man for my husband as Augustus; then, finding that the tears still kept coming, she sighed often, and told Aunt Agnes what roots she had, that she would give her when we came away; she thought a drink made of those would give me an appetite. We brought the roots.

*The 27th.*

Will Monday never, never come? The days are so long, and the nights so unbearable! I dread them whenever I think of them through the day. It rains, and the wind blows, and the rose-bushes go scraping along the clapboards, and the dark, driving clouds, and the long, long night!

These are days when beautiful, enlivening words, a line of poetry, or of the Scriptures, come to us unbidden; the same words with the same flow and cadence going through the mind, like a voice from heaven, every hour, every half hour in the day. This is when we are at rest. To-day this tremendous thing of Dickens has haunted me—"the monotony of bells and wheels, and horse's feet, and no rest." I tried awhile to separate my mind from it; but not long; for gloomy as it was, in fact, because it was gloomy, it had fascination for me. Aunt Agnes was not a little struck to see me bring the book to the table, and sit down to copy that grand picture of Carker—"On the Dark Road."

I should turn my heart upward; and I strive to, but in vain. I can only look forward to Monday.



I can only hope and trust—so far as I hope and trust at all—in Augustus. If I find peace in him, it will not be difficult for me to think of heaven and to be grateful. If I do not, my hopes can no longer rest on him. I shall go to the sure support.

*Monday, the 29th.*

He is here; but so still and pale, at the same time so considerate and kind, I know not what to make of it.

He plead fatigue, and retired early, almost as soon as the doctor and Laura, who were here when he came, and spent the evening with us, left, so that I did not see him one moment alone. And if it had been otherwise, there could have been no explanations, probably. His letter was brief and restrained; but I cannot complain of that. His manner when we met, and through the evening, was calm and reserved for the lover who is so soon to be a husband; but neither can I complain of that. He cannot surely complain of me. If he said anything condemning me, it must be—"you were too forward for the bride of so reserved a man; quite too overwhelming!" and whatever he may think, he will hardly say this, I fancy. It must go on, therefore. I must be careful to give him no shocks in future. I think now, decidedly, that it was my letter that disturbed him. The doubts that Augusta's narration raised on this head, are confirmed, by the candor and satisfaction with which he talked of his affairs with uncle and the doctor. He has been hurried, he says, and has had perplexing details to attend to; but he has seen his way from the beginning. He has seen that he will begin life for himself, free from debt, but possessing nothing, except his profession, his library, and his wardrobe.

"Still," added he, "for myself, I have had no fear, if I may have health."

I felt that his eyes were on my face, and that the tell-tale blush was there also; for I was thinking of the warm things I had written of my own feelings with regard to the loss.

Well, whatever he may feel for me, I am sure it is not indifference. His eyes were on me when I spoke, and when I did not speak. Whenever I looked up to him from my sewing, I met his steady, warm glance. My eyes fell speedily, in every instance; but not until the glow entered, and went down into my heart.

At leave-taking for the night, he held my hand no longer than he did aunt's; but I felt a slight tremor, a little, scarcely perceptible tightening of the fingers, which, perhaps, she did not feel.

And I heard all these poor tokens of interest, finding comfort in them! Verily, I am not an exacting bride. I am a happier one than I was last night, at this hour. I feel that I can sleep, now

that he is near; now that I see that he has not become an ogre, or any frightful being whatever.

*The 30th.*

I was like a new creature this morning. I had slept, and had dreams that seemed like realities, of a beautiful home, which was our own, and where Augustus and I sat together in love and contentment. I was still under its influences when I went into the parlor, where he already sat reading. I am sure his face kindled at sight of me. I am no less sure that I longed to be rid of all reserve, to spring to him, and lay my lips on his forehead, and whisper it to him that I loved him dearly. But instantaneously the impulse was checked. I sighed; there was a choking sensation about my heart; I only gave him my hand mechanically, asking him if he had seen Aunt Agnes this morning.

"No," sighed he, in reply; and, dropping my hand, he turned and crossed the room to the sofa-table, as if to look for another book.

Aunt came in; and in a moment uncle, leading Jemmy; and then he came forward with cordial words, yet with a cloud on his features. It was gone directly, however, as he drew Jemmy into his arms, and listened to his good-natured prattle, and prattled with him.

"Are you—I should like to know if you are just as good as Cousin Carry is," said Jemmy, after a little pause, during which his eyes had been steadily fixed on the fire in the grate. He tipped his fine head a little on one side, and looked naively in Augustus' face while speaking.

"I don't know," replied Augustus, smiling. "How good is Cousin Carry?"

"Ah—she is better than anybody else, except father and mother. She's as good as they be. Don't you think she is? don't you love her as well as you do them?" Still the same earnest look and voice.

"Well, yes; I think I do." He took the boy closer to him as he spoke.

"Do you better?" pursued the child.

"Yes, I think I do." Uncle and aunt laughed; but he did not. He kissed the boy as he finished speaking; and then put him gently from him, to obey the call to the breakfast-table.

Again I felt the genial comfort creeping over me, at the sound of his good voice, and at the concession—forced upon him, although it was—that he loves me better than others, who, I know, are so dear to him. But I reflected at the next moment that I was, in truth, more comfortable than I had any reason to be; and I dared not look up, lest I should again betray, unasked of him, all the good thoughts of him that are stored in my heart.

We all rode over to grandfather's this morning, and staid to dinner.

Again grandfather bantered me; rather cautiously at first; but when he saw that no tears came, and that I still ate the baked beans with a lively relish, he ventured farther and farther, until Augustus had the whole story, grandmother's recommendation of dandelion-root tea and all. Grandfather would not be quiet until he knew whether I had been drinking the decoction; nor yet, when I confessed that I had not tasted it, until he had his laugh out.

The grand-parents returned with us, to spend the afternoon and evening with us at the doctor's.

It is wonderful to see how Laura, unassisted, save in little things by the children, carries every thing through with the order of clock-work. Grandmother feels not a little pride in her success; especially in her white and porous bread. She reckons it a great achievement, when a young housekeeper *invariably* has "good luck," as she calls it, in making white bread.

We sat up late after our return consulting each other, and uncle and aunt whom we kept from going, as they several times attempted, by asking them what it will be best to do about this, and what they would do about that, if they were in our places, in the arrangements for housekeeping, and in housekeeping of itself, after the arrangements are made.

I said little; but uncle and aunt spoke for and with me, advising with the same freedom that parents would do.

"I advise you to do in one thing as we did," said uncle, with a business-like air.

"What is that?" asked Augustus.

"Why my education had swallowed all my part of the patrimony, so that I was as poor a dog as you will find. But Agnes had brought me a few snug hundreds——"

"Only two hundred and fifty, Harrison," interrupted aunt, laughing.

"Well, this was quite a help then. I had little to do with briefs, at first; little for my hands to do; but my head worked all the harder, and I was glad to do as Agnes proposed, leave the housekeeping business all to her. She did better than I could have done. She always knew what was wanted and when it was wanted, and could get it, and not be plagued to death waiting, as she sometimes is, since I hold the purse more in my own hands. She got along more economically than I do. I know it didn't cost us near so much to live then as it does now, and we had one more in the family too."

Augustus looked at me. "But it was a great care for your wife," said he. "Perhaps Caroline——"

"Caroline will like it as well as Agnes did; and Agnes was delighted with the wonderfully cheap purchases she made."

"Yes; I *know* you will like it, Caroline," said aunt, speaking with lively enthusiasm. "Don't you think you will?"

"Yes, I do—yes, I would like it."

"You will find it much easier at Billerica, where almost everything will be brought to your door, than it was here, so far away in the country," said uncle, with an air as if he considered the matter settled.

I felt unspeakable relief in having it settled in this summary way. I had been many times perplexed, trying to conceive how I should manage so as to defray our household expenses, for the present, that is; and not wound his delicacy by the offer. With such a man as Uncle Harrison one would have little difficulty; but Augustus is constitutionally different; and, besides, he holds himself afar off from me. He is—and yet, no more of this to-night. He thinks he must return to Boston to-morrow; and after he is gone there will be time.

*The 31st.*

He is gone; and now I must finish my story; and after that, I see I must tuck my diary away. It takes too much of my time. I have many things to do; and two weeks from this day, God permitting, I shall take upon myself new duties, which will leave me little time for the comparatively idle pursuits that hitherto have engrossed me so far. It was agreed last night that I am to find a domestic here; and I have determined who it shall be. Mrs. Cheever has a niece of twelve, a good-natured, capable girl, who is very destitute in her poor home; who already is attached to me, and will be the happiest creature alive if I will take her home to live with me. She shall be my sole help; that is, if in my inexperience, I find she and I together can make the home comfortable and orderly. One can know, then, that pen and pencils will be in light demand.

We were talking last evening of the quality and quantity of furniture that we will need for our house, when a bright thought suddenly struck Uncle Harrison, and he exclaimed—"I will tell you! Gracious! how lucky I am in expedients, to-night! Don't buy one article, Caroline, so far as that you have already will go. Augusta despised it; and for her home in the city it was well enough to have new, if she preferred it. But from what you tell me of Billerica, and of the parsonage, I can see that this rich old furniture is just what you should have."

"It is!" responded aunt, turning to me with lively eyes. "Why didn't we think of it before? You can have it polished handsomely, and it will be splendid; won't it?"

"Yes; and if Augustus would like it, I prefer it to any other," I replied, and poor child that I

was! I couldn't bring myself to look at Augustus when I spoke. My eyes were still on aunt, who sat between me and uncle, with one hand lying on his knee, and the other holding one of mine, and anon sliding caressingly about my waist. Augustus sat in an arm-chair away on the other side of the table.

"He shall see it," replied uncle, quickly; and, starting to his feet, he seized a lamp. "Come! let's go and see it."

The north parlor, the rooms on the second and third floors directly over it, and my chamber, all have the best part of the furniture that was my parents'. It is all of it more than twenty years old; but was purchased in New York, and is very rich and elegant. Augustus admired it.

"You would like it because it was your mother's, dear, if for no other reason," said aunt, turning her kind eyes to me.

"Yes," replied I. My eyes filled; and I became so chilled between the cold air of the rooms and the painful recollections which crowded upon me, that I could scarcely stand.

"We will have it at Billerica then, my Caroline," said Augustus, approaching me, and speaking in the kindest voice one ever heard.

Uncle crossed the passage and led us into my chamber, still talking of the richness, the suitability of sofa, chairs, tables and mirrors. But on reaching my room, although uncle and aunt still expatiated, Augustus was silent. He came and stood near me, and I heard him draw one long, long sigh. He was overlooking my table, whereon were my books, writing materials and my diary, open, as I had left it for the ink to dry, when uncle and aunt reached the door for a return to the parlor. He turned his eyes from the table to me, just as aunt said something to uncle of its being so cold there. She set the lamp down, and by the light of the hall lamp, ran to the parlor, telling us, as she went, not to stay there in the cold, uncle ran after her, making a great racket.

Augustus smiled to hear the noise and aunt's merry laughter; but was serious again in a moment; and, half reproachful he looked when his eyes, having made a hasty review of writing apparatus and the Highland shawl hanging over the arm-chair before the table, turned to mine.

"Do you write every evening?" he asked, with his hand hiding itself in the folds of my shawl as it hung on the chair.

"Almost every evening."

"And in this cold room?"

"Ah, it isn't very cold. I am very comfortable in this warm shawl."

How I loved that look of mingled concern and reproof! How it remains with me and comforts me still!

"But it will never do!" said he, going to the

table. "You must write below. Let me carry your things down, now." He helped me slip diary, pen and pen-wiper into my port-folio, and brought that and the standish down, saying to aunt, as he deposited them on the table—"don't let Caroline carry these back to her chamber, Mrs. Quincy. It is quite too cold there on such an evening as this." Again the dear, albeit, half scolding look in my face.

"I will see that she don't," readily promised aunt, suppressing a yawn.

"Yes, you'll see that she don't," said uncle, in tones which evinced very little respect for her matronly cares. "I'll see that she don't, Mr. Cummings. As for Agnes, she would have been in her grave ten times before this day, if I hadn't—" but he laughed so immoderately with us all, over the odd thing he had begun to say, that we did not hear the end of it. He started, however, bade us "good night! good night!" hastily taking aunt out of the room in the midst of her salutations. I was about following them, when Augustus said—"one moment, Caroline!" and I turned back. He stood with an elbow on the mantel-piece, slipping his pencil back and forth in his fingers, and seemed not to know how to begin. I leaned on a chair, trembling, apprehensive, and unable to help him by a single word.

"Caroline, I have thought," he began, but again hesitated. "We must both think it right and best," resumed he, "to be sincere with each other—that there be no concealment of the real feelings." Again he paused as if for me to reply. But I could not, I was so far from being able to conjecture what his meaning was, to what he was tending.

"There is a great change in my circumstances since you accepted me," he added, with tones that chilled me to hear, although they certainly were not harsh. "If the—if you feel any hesitancy about entering upon the life that must be so different from that you anticipated, if you would turn back, or wait—" He paused, looking inquiringly in my face; but not with a glance that could encourage me to speak, even if I had not already spoken too plainly by letter. One instant I thought that he might not have received my letter; in the next, however, I knew that he had; for he had replied definitely to its several points. The next thought that struck me was, that he wished to "turn back, or to wait." But I could not know, although reflection was so rapid in that moment that seemed an hour; I could not acquiesce in his proposition, or whatever it was, for the dread of wounding him in some way. Besides, cold as he was, distant as he kept himself from me in that trying moment, when I was ready to sink, I did not

wish to turn back; or to wait. I will speak the truth, thought I, in conclusion, and leave the rest with God. But I was grieved and ready to weep, as I answered faintly—"no—no; I have no wish to turn back, or to wait."

I did not look up; but his voice was changed, as now he approached me, and held out his hand for mine.

"We will go forward then, together, my Caroline," said he. "And the God of love be with us." He was a good deal moved as he spoke, and carried my hand to his lips.

He was leaving the room, when he thought of the diary-writing, and came back to see to the fire.

"All out, and the room grows cold," said he, looking up to me, as he shut the stove-door. "But no matter. It is too late to write to-night; see!" holding his watch toward me. "You won't sit up to write to-night, will you?"

"Only a little while—only until I feel that I can sleep," plead I.

"Well, then; but I shall call you to account in the morning," said he, smiling as he left the room. And he has a smile, one of which would neutralize a dozen frowns.

He did not call me to account this morning. He did not appear until breakfast was ready; and then was grave, and looked as if he had not slept. The stage-coach came along a half hour earlier than the usual time; before we left the breakfast-table; so that only hurried words were spoken, as he gathered the books that must go into his port-manteau; and then, again, as he buttoned his overcoat. Sick and cold over the sudden departure, dreading to lose sight of him, and fearing I know not what mis-shapen ills beside, I stood near him, without speech or motion. But I met his eyes every now and then; and I felt that they grew kinder every moment.

"Be a good girl!" said he, taking my hand when all was ready. "Don't sit and write in a cold room! Good-bye—good-bye."

He kissed my forehead, shook aunt's hand, and was gone, without one word about writing to me, or hearing from me while he is gone. But why do I torment myself? He will write; I shall write. Soon we shall know each other better; the doubts, the fears will be gone, and love and confidence will be in their place.

*November 3rd.*

I must write occasionally, if it is only a dozen words. The work goes on. One would not have thought there could be so much to do preparing for such a simple bridal—and yet, I see that it is not to be very simple. Aunt Agnes sends to Concord; and to Boston, when this will not do; and finds pleasure in the fruit that comes in the beautiful loaves she ranges along the shelves.

"A sensible girl!" said grandfather, when he

heard what is to be done with the old-fashioned furniture.

"Yes," said grandmother, in her loving tones. "This is just what I told him you would do. I am glad!" Uncle Harrison stepped forward and claimed all the praise, inasmuch as it was his thought; and then went to the cabinet-shop to see how the polishing came on.

I fancy I shall hear from Augustus this evening; and from Augusta, too. I have written our plan with regard to furnishing our house. I fear she will "go into fits," as she says so often.

Grandfather, Uncle Harrison and I have advanced a sum to the doctor, in virtue of which he will retain his fields. He jokes again, and whistles, and lays his plans in peace.

Laura and I sit with flying fingers; planning, now sighing, and then smiling over our plans, always talking more or less of "the dear Henry;" letting fall tears over his memory, although we say at the same moment, that we would not call him back, if we could; since now he can suffer no more, and since he is so happy with the angels and with God.

*The 6th.*

Augusta makes herself very merry over the old-fashioned furniture. She threatens to nickname the parsonage "The Nunnery." She says, "I have already been recommending it to Nabby, who now and then haslachrymary spots, when she talks of the white veil. I had been planning to bring you orange flowers and blond for your head, and gown-sleeves, and 'bib and tucker,' you know; and so on, and so on. But, nay; better, fitter, it should be a mob-cap; and some lawn, to be worn with your grey satin. Bless you! More like the Madonna than ever will you be in the mob-cap and the grey satin! But! all bantering and jesting aside, you would look heavenly and sweet, I know. You should have been a nun, or a Quaker, any way. But I'm glad you're not; you are formidable enough as you are, habited like us ordinary mortals.

"But now, all bantering and jesting aside, I like your idea of furnishing your house. I can conceive a charming appositeness between it and the parsonage, between it and the parsonage and you—and your spouse; for—have I told you?—I think there never were two so harmoniously matched as yourself and Augustus. Seriously, I shall bring orange flowers, and blond for the grey satin; for, although you haven't told me, I know you will wear that. I will wear mine, with the satin caps and blond under sleeves. You must just wear the little blond sleeves with the rest of your arms bare down to the gloves. *Aprpos*, I will bring gloves. I will wear jewels; you the flowers; and this will make us sufficiently unlike, sufficiently like.

"Between all her suitable dresses and her varying inclinations, I fear Nabby will at last be obliged to give up the wedding, from being unable to decide what she will wear.

"For the rest, she still keeps hold of your bridegroom, thereby manifesting an unusual constancy, for which I can account only by the supposition that she perceives, as I do, that he, all the while, holds himself back. She waylaid him to-day, and brought him to dine with us. But no more, except that Otway, and Freddy, and I are all,

Yours."

Augustus wrote me a long letter, although he began with something about "writing a few lines." It was not expressed as if he were a lover; but as a brother, who had my interest and happiness infinitely at heart.

He will be as kind as mortal can be, to me; but I fear something is in the way of his ever loving me as I do him. Perhaps this is best. I shall love him as well as anything mortal should be loved, if he remain cold and reserved as now. I hardly know how I could bear it, if he were to take me to his heart with all the overflowing tenderness I feel for him. Like Christopher North's poor Scottish mourner, I have the feeling that "I should fear now to face sic happiness; sic happiness would turn my brain. But nae fear, nae fear o' its ever comin'."

*The 30th.*

We have been a fortnight in the new home; and with the help of Augusta, who has just left me, and of Mrs. Follen, who is like a good, thoughtful sister, and of my ready, little maid, Sophia—to say nothing of the lift here and there tendered by Augustus—we have things in beautiful order all through the house. No one admires the old furniture like Augusta; unless it be my—unless it be Augustus. His eyes kindle over that, and everything; not even excepting "his Caroline," as he calls me—never, "his wife." But his eyes do all the praising and admiring—of myself, I mean; his lips praise everything else freely.

It was so cheerful and good when we came, after the ride of two miles from the depot, in the cold wind! Not only was the house "swept and garnished," but good fires were in the grate and in the stoves, and the supper-table stood ready to receive us, glittering in the new cutlery and silver, the gold-ribbed porcelain and cut-glass; all, everything on the table, a gift from Otway and Augusta. The dear, good ones! Mrs. Follen took me into her long, soft arms at the door, and let fall some shining tears of joy, as she held me in the strong light, that she might be sure it was not all a dream, my coming right here to take comfort with her. Other ladies of the society, and gentlemen, also, were here. Some of the ladies I

had previously met, in visiting Mrs. Follen; but those whom I had never seen before, embraced me and kissed me with tears in their eyes, and dear words of welcome and sympathy on their lips.

We all sat down to the well-filled table, on which were myrtle and white chrysanthemums, together with a few tea-roses and geranium leaves; loaves and drops, beautifully frosted and ornamented, and some little hot biscuit. It was some minutes, however, before I could see distinctly what was on the table, for the tears that came at the sound of the good voice opposite me, asking a blessing of heaven. How my heart thrilled and responded to every word! "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord," thought I, and the words nerved my heart with strength and unutterable peace and thankfulness. But the tears would keep coming. I fear the guests would have waited long for their tea, if Augustus had not been on one side, and Mrs. Follen on the other, to help me.

Two of the ladies remained in the dining-room a few minutes after the rest of us returned to the parlor, to assist Sophia in removing things from the table, so that I did not see the inside of our pantry, until, at the call of Sophia's breakfast bell, I hurried down to the dining-room. It was touching to see how prompt and diligent the little creature had been; and yet a little laughable to see the oddly arranged breakfast things, and to read in her flushed, smiling face, how exceedingly she congratulated herself on having breakfast so early. It was not yet seven o'clock. She opened wide the pantry door for me to pass in and see what she had already found there; and lo, there were shelves full of loaves, boiled ham and tongue, and dried beef, and cheese; a little stone pot of golden butter-balls, another of preserves, and a large one of common apple-sauce; a whole row of pies, and a pan of sugar-cakes! Mrs. Follen, thought I; and again the grateful tears came into my eyes.

Presently Augusta came down yawning, and inveighing against "such an abominably early breakfast!" Sophia's wide eyes expressed a little alarm; but I reassured her, by telling her that Augusta and Mr. Cummings were not used to our early country hours, and, therefore, we would have breakfast at eight subsequently.

Augustus came in from the short walk he had been taking. He too smiled, although very good-humoredly, at the early breakfast; but he praised Sophia's fires, which he approached shuddering with cold. The morning was excessively cold; but clear and bright, like the morning of the previous, our wedding day.

Augustus comes! He has been to take Augusta to the depot. Ah! would I could believe that he

is half as glad to approach his home, his wife, as  
I am to see him come! I wonder if I will always  
be sighing for his love. I wonder if I will never  
be content with the rest that is granted so abund-  
antly, because this one boon is denied.  
(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.

## UP-TOWN AND DOWN-TOWN.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

ONE of the most beautiful airs in the deservedly favorite opera of *Lucrecia Borgia* was just speeding to the land of silence through the upper atmosphere of the Astor Place Opera House. The deep-eyed prima-donna, Parodi, was curtsying low to the showers of bouquets. The human extinguishers in the shape of would-be critics, were beginning to murmur out their guarded approval, when a young man, dressed in the height of the fashion, turned his lorgnette to the box occupied by two very elegant-looking girls. For the last half hour he had taken his cue from them, and listened to the music. Before he had been fashionably inattentive. The musical taste of the Miss Townsends had been cultivated to the highest extent, and existing in a sphere altogether above petty affectations, they had done justice by attention to the truthful and impassioned rendering by Parodi of Donizetti's fine conception. The opera-glass of Mr. Curtis was leveled long at their box, for there lay the ultima Thule of his hopes and expectations. To gain the privilege of familiar entree there, to hold the ermine-tipped cloak or vinaigrette of one of those exclusive beauties—what would he not have given? For months he had been manœuvring for that.

"I say, Tom," he whispered to his friend, as he consigned his gold-mounted lorgnette to his pocket, "when are you going to take me to the Townsends?"

"Why I told you, my dear fellow, I couldn't take you without asking them first."

"Yes, but hang it, why don't you ask them?"

"I will some day. I don't go there very often, you know, and I couldn't get a chance the last time."

Mr. Curtis planted himself against the stair-railing of the lobby, and made a most obsequious bow to the Miss Townsends as they took their departure, which was politely but distantly returned. The mortified beau jammed the diamond

on his little finger through his white glove, and reiterating his reminders to his friend Brace not to forget his promise the next time he called in Gramesey Place, made the best of his way home.

The good-natured Tom Brace was the only one of Mr. Curtis' acquaintance who visited the Townsends, and in him lay his only hope of ever seeing the inside of their father's front-door. An invitation from the young ladies themselves was as far from his reach as he was from being worthy of it—and this he knew well. The Miss Townsends were always engaged when at Newport or Saratoga he asked them to dance—the ices he offered were often refused under the pretext that their brother had gone for some—the bouquets he now and then ventured to send were never worn. Their lady-like but decided manner of distancing Mr. Joseph Curtis, often provoked a smile on the lips of those who comprehended the by-play of society.

The truth was, the fastidious and highly cultivated Kate and Adelaide Townsend moved in a circle where wealth alone was no passport of admittance. That with a handsome person was all Mr. Joe Curtis possessed. The long rows of ware-houses and heavy bank-account of Curtis & Co., made their name pass current in Wall street, but the frivolous, half educated son and heir of old Mr. Curtis was beginning to learn that there was an atmosphere where the family name needed something more to support it. Unaccompanied by cultivation, refinement, or the consideration derived from family, it would have been very much out of place in the circle of the fastidious and intellectual Miss Townsends. The family pride of their father, too, would have frowned upon any attempt at an introduction. A professional man, with none of his relations connected with trade, he rather looked down upon the "merchant aristocracy."

To do Mr. Tom Brace justice, he had done his

best to get permission to bring his friend to call upon the Miss Townsends. They had always evaded the question, or given polite answers of which no advantage could be taken, but when Mr. Brace pressed the point they courteously but decidedly refused.

"Are you acquainted with the Miss Townsends?" said Miss Julia Freeman to Mr. Curtis, the same night that heard Adelaide Townsend's slightly disdainful refusal to admit him as a visitor.

"Oh, very well, indeed," was the reply, "Mr. Brace, my most particular friend, is very intimate there."

"What's this, Tom?" said Mr. Curtis, taking up a gilt-edged note as he threw himself into an arm-chair in the rooms of his friend at the Bond Street House.

"An invitation to a party at the Miss Townsends."

"Well, now, look here, Tom, I call it rather unfair of you. If you had introduced me there as I wanted you to, I should have had an invitation to this party."

Thus apostrophized, not even Tom's good nature could keep him from repeating to the conceited fellow Adelaide Townsend's refusal to admit his calls.

"Did she—did she say that?" exclaimed he, and sank into a moody silence, dividing his angry regards between his patent-leathers and the unlucky note. At last, however, he returned to conversation pitch, and accepting the offer of a cigar, settled himself in the artistic and elegant posture so dear to the lords of creation. With feet elevated far above his head, he watched the curling smoke-wreaths.

"See here, Tom," he began, without taking his cigar from his mouth, "couldn't you get me an invite after all? Not that I care for these Townsends. Indeed, after their impertinence—but that's neither here nor there. There's some people that'll be there that I want to meet. Couldn't you manage the thing some way, my dear fellow—you might ask them if you could bring a friend with you."

"They would certainly ask who my friend was—and even if they didn't, if I brought you after their refusing to let you call, in what kind of a position should I stand with them, my boy?"

"Well, but—confound the thing—I must go. I never wanted anything so much in my life."

"I see no way, unless you'll agree to be one of the violin players, or hand around ices."

Muttering something between his teeth, poor Joe Curtis sprang up, and proceeded to call upon two or three young ladies whom he thought likely were invited to the Townsends; and after hinting and insinuating in vain, offered his services as

escort in so many words. He had the satisfaction to hear them politely declined in all three cases.

Wall street! busy, scheming Wall street!—brokers were hurrying by with compressed lips—bank clerks with thoughtful eyes, for "money was tight." In a private room in a large building near the Merchant's Exchange, sat the senior partner of the firm of Curtis & Co. He had thin lips, and a slight stoop of the head owing to long habit of sitting at the desk. Leaning half out of his chair, with his body bent toward him, was a man a little past fifty, with the beaded perspiration standing on his forehead, and his hand quivering with agitation. It was Mr. Townsend, the wealthy lawyer, for many months the daring speculator.

"Time, give me time," he said, "it is all I ask. A week may enable me to relieve all—the want of it will plunge my family into beggary."

"You should have thought of that before you ventured upon so heavy a speculation."

"Oh, sir, do not taunt me with the past. It is not much I ask—one week."

"You do not know the serious damage the delay of even one week may be to me."

"It will not be ruin. It will not be taking the daily bread from your mouth, or from the mouths of those dearer to you than yourself. My poor girls! how little they imagine anything of this kind!"

The merchant rose from his chair impatiently.

"Take care—take care what you say, Mr. Curtis. Much rests upon one word of yours. For God's sake do not urge me to despair. There is a fearful energy in desperation."

Mr. Curtis glanced hastily at his companion, and then around the vacant room.

"Do not alarm yourself, sir; I do not mean to threaten you, but God alone knows what a desperate man may be tempted to do."

"A week would do you no good," said the merchant, putting his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest. "At the end of that time you would be no more able to meet my demands upon you."

"It would give me the chance—without it I shall certainly be beggared. Once more, in the name of humanity, do not refuse me," and the unhappy man wiped his pallid brow.

"I'll—I'll let you know to-morrow whether I can make the necessary arrangements, but—mind you—I do not think I can. And—I'm a plain spoken man, Mr. Townsend, and I'll give you a piece of my mind. If you lost all your fortune I shouldn't pity those fine Misses of yours so much after all. It might be the making of them. It'll bring down some of their high notions, I'm thinking. I'll let you know to-morrow. Good morning."



Mr. Townsend puzzled himself all the way up Broadway with thinking what Mr. Curtis could possibly mean by speaking of his daughters' high notions. In the course of his cogitations there came to him an indefinite remembrance of having heard from his daughters that old Mr. Curtis had a son, and as he pursued the subject, he thought it was not likely that any son of Mr. Curtis would be willingly received into their society, and instantly decided that some repulse to this young hopeful was the origin of the old merchant's remarks, and in part, perhaps, of his obstinate refusals. That should stand in the way no longer—his daughters should immediately send young Curtis an invitation to the party, which he remembered with a sigh was coming off that night.

Old Mr. Curtis's words had been founded upon no very definite information. He knew nothing of the Miss Townsends' refusal to allow his son to visit at their house—the dandy would have cut off his finger sooner than told any one that—nor of his unsuccessful attempts to obtain an invitation to the "evening scrape," as he called it; but the old gentleman had now and then at the door of Grace Church noticed Kate Townsend's distant return to the exquisite wave of Leary's best; and one morning he had carelessly asked his son, "what sort of girls are Mr. Townsend's daughters?"

"Not very agreeable sort of girls," hastily putting another lump of sugar in his coffee.

"Why not?"

Joe Curtis was scrupulously particular in speaking everywhere in the highest terms of the Miss Townsends, lest the fable of the sour grapes might be applied to him; but with his father he thought he might give vent to his real sentiments, and "proud," "conceited," "uppish," were the lightest of the terms in which he now described the two elegant girls.

"Goodness! what airs they give themselves!" he continued. "Fellows whose fathers could almost pay the national debt of England, who live on the fat of the land, and are making more money every day too, I've seen Kate Townsend make one of her graceful courtseys to without deigning them a word."

Mr. Townsend generally threw all his downtown cares out of the omnibus window as he passed Bleeker street, or at any rate put them down in the hall with his gold-headed cane, but the day of his interview with old Mr. Curtis, he carried them up stairs with him.

"Adelaide, my dear," were his first words on entering the parlor, "there is such a person as a Mr. Curtis, whom you have seen at Newport or some place, is there not?—a young man."

"Yes, sir, he was first introduced to us at Saratoga," replied Adelaide.

"I wish you to send an invitation to him directly to come here to-night."

"Mr. Curtis! why, papa, you know he has never visited here."

"No matter, it is my wish that he be invited."

"He belongs to a different circle altogether. We have never even recognized him only distantly," said Kate.

"Never mind all that now. Send him a note. He'll excuse the late invitation."

"What can papa mean?" exclaimed Kate, as he closed the door, while Adelaide tossed her graceful head, and sat down to scented note-paper and silver wafers.

A party—yes, a glittering revel, and light laughs and merry music, and a thousand scattered luxuries in the house of the man trembling on the verge of ruin. Ay, there are many more incongruous secrets in the false world we live in. Well is it that the veil is not lifted!

Brilliant were the rooms of Mr. Townsend that night—in fullest blooms the costly exotics that turned the air of the conservatory into floating balm. And how felt the master there as he thought that on the morrow's sunset all might be doomed to the hammer of the auctioneer, and himself and his children outcasts and beggars? Just as the opening doors of the elegant supper-room disclosed the triumph of the confectioner's art, and a lively march from the finest band in New York swept through the resplendent rooms, old Mr. Curtis, extinguishing the gas-light in his bed-room, muttered to himself, "it's all nonsense to let Townsend have the week he asks for. I won't wait any longer. To-morrow must bring the crisis."

"Where were you last night, Joseph?" he said to his son, the next morning.

"At Mr. Townsend's, in Gramesey Place—and let me tell you, father, it isn't right to trust to first appearances. The Miss Townsends are the most lady-like girls in New York. They are so graceful, so kind, and have such sweet, clear, low voices."

"So you like them now?"

"Most certainly I do. There is a something about them, I can't tell what, that makes them appear different from anybody else."

"Are they affected, supercilious?" asked the merchant, for he well knew that however much affectation a man may have himself, he can see and dislike it in a woman.

"Not at all. They have none of those contemptuous, disagreeable airs some girls have. They are not at all like the generality of young ladies."

The truth was, the Miss Townsends having once invited any one to their own house, were too high bred to give him any but a most cour-

teous welcome. The surprised young man who had presented himself and his cambric ruffles, half doubting what reception he might receive, was entirely fascinated by Adelaide Townsend's unerring elegance, and Kate's polished wit. Attributing in his self-conceit, their graceful and courteous demeanor to some quality newly discovered in himself, he felt in a very different mood toward them.

"I was too harsh last night," thought old Mr. Curtis, as he proceeded down-town, "in resolving not to grant Townsend's entreaty. He shall have a week. Those girls of his are such wise girls, Joe says, (Joe was the merchant's idol) it would be a pity to have them left without a penny. Hard fate that, to be penniless," and he jingled the silver in his pockets. "He shall have the chance if it's only because Joe thinks the girls

so pleasant and pretty-behaved. True, their father might have given them a hint to be polite to Joe, but he says they were kind to every one, and unaffected. Townsend shall have the week."

And so he told him that morning.

The week sped on. The crisis passed, and success beyond his most sanguine expectations descended upon Mr. Townsend. But how little did he think that he was indebted for his escape to the trifling ball-room fop, whom his refined and lovely daughters had condescended to notice! And how little did that bewildered youth, while hugging himself in the thought that he had been an invited guest of the Miss Townsends, dream that the explanation was to be found in the inky ledger of his old father. So goes the complicated machine of society, wheel within wheel. So goes Up-Town and Down-Town.

## OUR MAY PARTY; OR, THE WEDDING IN THE GROVE

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

A CALM, holy Sabbath morning dawned upon Flowervale. There was joy throughout Nature's dominions; for smiling *May* had come again to clothe the meadows and vallies in velvet, the trees of grove and forest in their livery of green, and the heavens in their vesture of azure and gold. Beautiful *May*! the tiny rose-buds were already bursting from the climbing stems, the honeysuckle began to look fresh and bright about the low porticoes of many a white cottage, and the earliest birds were making the cool air tremble with their glad, merry notes. Yes—it was a *Sabbath* morning; and you would have known it by the deep hush that lay upon the heart of Flowervale. Not a sound had broken the silence, except the song of the fluttering birds that ushered in the pleasant light of day; no foot-fall fell upon the moss-carpeted ground; but at last through the deep, pleasant valley rang out the rich, musical tones of the church bell—peal after peal—slow, solemn, but melodious and cheering. And now from every shaded nook they poured—old men, women and children—youths and maidens—all, or nearly all, with a calm, reverential air, and a face that beamed with benevolence and kindly feeling. And yet you might have detected upon almost every countenance, a mingling of curiosity and pleasing wonder, a look of anxious hope and impatience; and they wound up the hill-side, beneath the clustering maples with steps more rapid and hurried than the usual measured tread with which they entered that holy edifice.

On this bright spring morning the pulpit in the old church was to be occupied by a new and youthful preacher, who was a candidate for the ministerial office; for dear, good Elder Bernard had grown old and infirm in his Master's service, and the few thin locks that shaded his temples were white as snow; and his voice, that had ever been like music to his flock, was tremulous and feeble. So Deacon Smith and the people at large had given Mr. Murry, a young divine who had recently graduated at R—— College, an invitation to fill the old minister's pulpit; it being understood by all concerned that if the new preacher liked Flowervale and its inhabitants, and was liked by the good people of the beautiful little village, his home would henceforward be

among them. We had nearly all assembled in the broad, spacious church; and through the closed shutters the soft light crept over the white walls, lingering among the damask curtains that swept gracefully back from the pulpit windows, and lighting many an eye with a ray of hope and joy; when Father Bernard and the young preacher walked slowly up the aisle, and ascended the pulpit stairs. Every eye was turned upon that youthful form, and every face glowed with admiration as the manly head bent a moment in silent prayer; and when those large, soft, meek eyes wandered over the mute throng, not one among the multitude but loved the new minister even then. And he had a face that would win the affection of any passing stranger—a broad, white forehead, about which clustered carelessly a mass of raven curls, and a mouth of almost infantile sweetness—then his eyes, with their holy, earnest expression, beaming with a look of unutterable tenderness on all around—no one could withstand their power. The new minister looked a moment over the congregation, and then his gaze seemed fixed upon some object at the entrance, while a pleasant glow overspread his fine countenance; and we girls, who were watching his every motion from our station in the front singer's seat, almost unconsciously leaned forward to see what could have called forth that beautiful expression.

I did not wonder at his admiration when my eyes rested upon the interesting group that had just entered. Poor, dear old Mrs. Wayland, with her pale sweet face downcast, and her steps weak and tottering, was leaning upon the arm of her beautiful child; and had just entered her own seat, which was nearly up the long, broad aisle, to the pulpit; and when Kate Wayland had seen her invalid mother seated, she turned her bright young face away, and retracing her steps noiselessly, ascended to the gallery. She was a lovely creature, with the delicate flush of girlhood upon her cheek, and the unclouded light of innocence and joy upon her meek brow; and as she took her seat by the church organ, which had been the gift of her departed father to the people he loved, and bent her fair, young face over the keys, with that look of deep devotion and reverential love, we all thought she had never looked more

beautiful. The low, deep tones of the tolling bell died tremblingly upon the air, and then notes of richer, sweeter melody filled the old church, and every heart went out with the music-strains that seemed leaving the soul on its quivering wings to heaven. Then amid the deep hush that followed those melting strains, arose low, clear and tuneful, the young pastor's voice in humble supplication.

Those rich tones sent a thrill through every heart; and none in that broad old church on that pleasant, holy morning but felt subdued and tranquilized by the beautiful words and touching petitions that fell from those parted lips, as the small hands lay clasped upon the ancient Bible, and the calm, pure brow was uplifted in that mellow light to the Hearer of prayer. I said *none*—there was Phebe Smith, the deacon's only daughter, who occupied a conspicuous station at the head of the front singer's seat, and who turned with something, I thought, of scorn upon her curling lip, after regarding for a moment the sweet young face of Kate Wayland, as she sat there, her head slightly bent, and her little white fingers folded gently together in her lap, while her sweet violet eyes, humid with half starting tears, were fixed upon the glowing face of the eloquent petitioner, and a flush of enthusiastic admiration stole all over her lovely face. Phebe Smith's lip *did* curl in scorn, I *know*, and a deeper tinge dyed her cheek, as she turned her deep, dark eyes again upon the preacher; and when we arose soon after to sing the beautiful hymn dear old Father Bernard had just read, I could not help perceiving that her voice was more harsh and sharp than ever. She was a proud, wayward girl—this Phebe—and though some thought her pretty, with her dark eyes and jetty braids, and the rich carnation on her lip and cheek. I always turned from her cold, haughty brow to the meek, pure loveliness of Kate Wayland, with much the same feelings with which I would relinquish a gaudy, full-blown scarlet rose for a snowy lily of the valley. Oh, and did not everybody love dear Kate, for her gentleness, her sweet smiles and loving words, and for the devotion with which she ever hovered over her sick and widowed mother! Though the glittering wealth which had once strwn their pathway had all departed at her noble father's death, and the lordly mansion in which she had been nurtured like a garden flower, been exchanged for an humble, lowly cottage, yet the same smile and cheerful heart were hers; and you could never turn from her presence without a murmured prayer for the beautiful child.

Everybody was in raptures after listening to Mr. Murry's sermon—he was so humble, yet so lofty and noble, so winning in his low, sweet

tones, and so wonderfully eloquent—all Flowerdale was in love with him. After service we young people, with the children, all met in the vestry of the church for religious instruction; and the new minister moved among us with his handsome, pleasant face, and expounded the Scriptures in his clear, musical tones, and spoke a kind word to all, taking us by the hand with the warmth and affection of a brother, and when we parted on that pleasant hill-side at the old door, I am sure we were mutually satisfied with each other. Mr. Murry was installed our pastor, and took up his quarters at the residence of Deacon Smith, much to the satisfaction of Phebe, who was ever ready with her sweetest smiles; and many of the old people soon began to whisper slyly of a *match*, and a future wedding at the deacon's: but we girls were obstinate, and would turn away with a knowing shake of the head. Mr. Murry—the noble, generous, eloquent Murry love Phebe Smith! never! Mr. Murry was very familiar and social, and was soon a frequent and welcome guest beneath every roof, far and near. The children would waddle after him as he slowly crossed the green, with outstretched arms, and were never happier than when grasping the pastor's hand, and lisping their childish replies to his numerous and kind questions; and we girls never thought our party complete when equipped for a stroll over the forest and mountain-side, or down by the winding stream after wild flowers, unless Mr. Murry led the way. He was a *very* pleasant companion; and would ever direct our somewhat giddy thoughts and hearts from the beautiful things about us to the great Source of all that is lovely; and his presence, instead of being a restraint upon the free out gushing of our young spirits, always tended to make us happier and more cheerful. Phebe Smith was always by Mr. Murry's side; not from any particular choice of *his*, as we could ever determine; but somehow she always found some singular flower about which to ask, or was *very* weary with walking so far, and was *so* thankful for Mr. Murry's offered arm. But it was not upon the flushed and upturned face of Phebe that the young pastor's eyes rested with that beautiful smile and expression peculiar to himself; it was not to her ever-ready questions and remarks that he replied in that low, almost tremulous murmur. There was one young face which ever turned blushing from his soul-speaking eyes; and when that face was absent from our little circle, there was always a shadow upon the brow of our leader.

We saw how it was, for we were not blind. And who could help noticing the rich sunlight that gathered in those deep, expressive eyes, and the smile that hovered about the handsome

mouth, who could fail to perceive that the voice grew tremulous with subdued feeling, when Kate Wayland's beautiful brow became flushed beneath his gaze, and her fair hand quivered in his grasp of welcome? She was young—hardly sixteen summers old; but in judgment and intellectual acquirements superior to any of us. She had grown up beneath the watchful eye of a doting father, and it had been his pride to mark her opening mind, and lead her gently up the hill of science; and when at the age of fourteen, the lovely girl found herself alone with her invalid mother, with but a trifle spared them from the immense wealth that had ever been theirs. She proved that her father's instructions and precepts had not been lost upon her young mind. Her piano with a few less costly articles were saved from the wreck; and Kate soon commenced giving instructions in music. A little band gathered about her daily in her humble home, and she was cheerful and happy in her labors. I believe I have said that everybody loved Kate Wayland. I meant everybody but Phebe Smith. I know not why it was—but the proud girl always seemed to spite the meek child, and ever treated her with the utmost coldness and indifference. It might have been envy, and we always called it that, for Judge Wayland was far superior to Deacon Smith in point of wealth and influence; and Kate was his idol, and the idol of the whole village. And then when the dear girl was left fatherless and in poverty, she conducted herself with so much propriety and wisdom, that we all loved her even better than before; and poor Phebe Smith *was* envious, I know. Mr. Murry often called at the cottage of Mrs. Wayland, but no one wondered at that; for the lady was an invalid, and an intelligent and agreeable companion; and then he called *every* where with the same freedom and familiarity; and there were many among us girls with whom the young pastor was much more social and intimate, and Kate was but a child—oh, no! his visits *there* meant nothing.

The pleasant months glided by, and Flowervale was nestled amid the thick foliage in all the quiet beauty of mid-summer, with its abundance of flowers, and verdure, and bloom. People *did* say, and they whispered it *loudly*, too, that Mr. Murry and Deacon Smith's daughter were *engaged*—yes, Phebe Smith, the proud and wilful, they said, was the betrothed of the gentle and eloquent minister. But a few of us girls still stood out manfully, we would not have it so—and we knew it could not be. True, they were often together; but then Phebe was so determined in her way, and would always contrive to attract his notice; and Mr. Murry lived with Deacon Smith, and of course *must* be civil to the spoiled girl.

There was one thing which troubled us a little. Kate Wayland—the dear child, was rarely now one of our company; and rarely did we see that beautiful smile on the lip of our pastor. We attributed Kate's absence to the increasing indisposition of her mother; and we thought also that the paleness of her cheek, and the drooping of her sweet eyes was from watching by the sick couch. Poor Kate! she was an attentive nurse; and at last Mrs. Wayland was able to walk out again, and Kate joined us once more in our rambles. We were all surprised to see how thin her lovely face had grown, and how the flush had entirely left her cheek; and when Mr. Murry took her white hand and looked down upon her beautiful pale brow, there was a mournful look about his dark eyes, and his lips trembled as he opened them to breathe a word of welcome; but he did not utter a sound; for just then Phebe Smith laid her hand upon his arm, and urged us forward toward the grove whither our steps were bound.

We were to have a pic-nic in that noble grove beyond the school-house, and were going now to bind evergreen wreaths about the tall old maples, and gather the wild flowers that peeped from the shadows, to make garlands for our tables and brows. We scattered about the deep woods, and each was busy in plucking the sweet violets and blue-bells from their hiding-places, and weaving the green myrtle and ivy with the delicate buds. Now and then a clear, ringing laugh from some bright lip would fill the air with melody, then a sweet hush would follow, broken perhaps by a low murmur. Minda and I had wandered far from the rest of the party into the deepest part of the forest, and seating ourselves on a patch of tempting velvet, were disengaging the clinging little flowers from their bed of moss in silence, when a slight foot-fall made us look up; and there, at a little distance through the deep shrubbery, was sweet Kate Wayland bending over a bush of wild roses, her white dress caught up from the rude thorns that surrounded her in one hand, and the other reaching down amid the thick leaves for the blushing buds. Her hair was unbound, and hung in wavy masses about her neck, and as she raised her heavy lashes to look at a yellow bird that sang a thrilling strain just over her head, we saw that a tear trembled upon the silken fringe. Dear Kate! how very beautiful she looked then, with that deep, rich shadow on her pale young face, and those pink roses blooming all about her. Another moment, and through the deepening shades, another form approached. There was a bright glow upon Mr. Murry's face as he paused before the blushing, half-frightened girl, that beautiful smile came to his lip; and when Kate dropped the white skirt

from her trembling hand, and dropped the roses too, amid the thick shrubbery, and started from her hiding-place, he bent to disengage the snowy muslin from the thorns that held it fast, and murmured in his own mellow tones, "do not tremble so, Miss Wayland, I would not harm you for the world." Tears rushed to the blue eyes of darling Kate, and she covered them with both her little hands, while her frail form trembled so fearfully that Mr. Murry passed his arm about her slender waist, and drew her tenderly from the thick hedge. What could Minda and I do? We looked vainly for a place to escape, but were hemmed in by close shrubbery, and could not depart without attracting notice; so we nestled close together, and plucked the bright flowers with a sort of nervous tremor of the fingers. I will not tell you what other lovely whispered words fell upon our *unwilling* ears; but when next we raised our eyes to Kate Wayland's lovely face, it was no longer pale and sorrowful; but one of her old smiles, faint and subdued it is true, but more beautiful than ever, dimpled her small mouth, and a glow like that of the restored roses that lay in her white fingers, mingled with the lily fairness of her cheek. One of her little hands lay in both those of the pastor, and his deep, earnest eyes, with an expression far more eloquent than we had ever seen, were fixed upon her half averted face. They turned slowly away, and Minda and I drawing a long breath of relief, took another direction to the far-off group who had nearly collected at the entrance of the grove.

Minda could not help whispering as we saw Phebe Smith peering through the dark grove, with an impatient frown upon her haughty forehead, "I knew it was not so—I knew he could never love that proud girl." Oh, how that frown deepened and darkened, and the glow on her cheek changed to crimson, when a moment after Mr. Murry came slowly around the huge trunk of a maple, his hands full of rose-buds and violets, and his eyes all beaming with joy, and close by his side Kate Wayland, her face no longer pale and sorrowful, but flushed and radiant with the happiness that was making the heart in her bosom bound and thrill almost painfully.

There was a lurking smile in every eye of the joyous party as we wound our way homeward, and every brow but that of Phebe Smith was clear as the rich sunlight that flooded the grove at our backs, and made the waters of the pure lake glow like pearls.

That evening a little note came to Minda and me, written in Kate Wayland's own delicate characters; and in answer to its summons, we joyfully entered the mossy footpath that led across the green to the widow's cottage, and were soon

amid the happy group that with mysterious smiles welcomed us beneath its low roof. Dear old Elder Bernard was there—his white hair falling about his thin temples, and a look of quiet love in his grey eyes. And Mrs. Wayland looked almost beautiful with that expression of untold affection about her meek eyes, and her voice of tremulous tenderness. And Kate—dear little Katy, her hands trembled as she clasped ours, and a deep glow upon her cheeks made the pure whiteness of her brow more striking, and within her sweet blue eyes the tear and smile were most beautifully blended. Murry too, the young minister, stood by, his own peculiar expression of holy happiness flooding his manly brow, and with a tone as rich and musical as a heart brimful of love and tenderness could make it. A favored *few* among the girls besides Minda and I were present on that pleasant and eventful evening; and when, after an hour's interview, and a soft adieu to Kate and Mrs. Wayland, we went hurriedly back to our homes, each felt the importance of the secret entrusted to her care; and I am sure our dreams that night were all happy and blissful.

We could not have wished for a fairer day than that which dawned upon our waiting eyes. Not a cloud dotted the pure blue of heaven, not a whisper rippled the mirror-face of the azure lake. All was calm, bland and beautiful. The low trill of the birds quivered on the fragrant air, and the flowerets, profusely scattered in every nook and crevice throughout Flowervale, raised their meek eyes all wet with dew-drops to the bright King of day. All the long, cool morning we were busy in the maple grove, twining wreaths about the huge old trunks, and festooning the long garlands among the thick boughs. Groups of fair girls might have been seen bending the ear to listen to something spoken in low tones by one of their companions; and always was the information followed by beaming smiles, a soft, joyous laugh, and a clasping together of white hands, while, as they bent over the piles of buds and green leaves, out of which we were forming crowns and wreaths fit for the brow of a queen, a nervous tremor made the frail things shake in the nimble fingers, and many a harmless bud was crushed unwittingly in the joyous excitement.

The afternoon was not less delightful than the morning; and though the sun's bright beams had drank every drop of pearl from grass-blade and open flower, a light, gentle wind, just a delicious breath, had sprung up; and as we wandered among the shady maples, with flushed cheeks and bounding hearts, it crept saucily beneath our curls, and bore them gracefully upon its unseen wing.

You would have thought, kind reader, that the whole of Flowervale had turned out to witness the festivities of that day; and indeed I believe its inhabitants were nearly all present. Old men stood leaning upon their stout staffs for support, while the zephyr stirred the white locks on their wrinkled foreheads, and moved their hearts too with something of the joy of other days; little children frolicked among the shadows, and their long locks streamed out upon the air; and proud mothers, with smiling infants nestled to their bosoms, looked on to witness the sport. Mrs. Wayland, the invalid, whose foot had yet hardly pressed a spring flower since her long illness, was among us. We had drawn an easy-chair with soft cushions close to the moss throne with its arch of fluttering wreaths, and then with her slight hands folded in her lap, and a look of almost tearful happiness, sat the mother of darling Kate. And Elder Bernard, the loved and honored father of that assembled flock—he sat at Mrs. Wayland's right hand, his benevolent face clad in smiles, and his fingers, trembling with age, grasping the tiny ones of childhood and infancy, which were ever ready for his coveted blessing. And we were all there—a company of glad and happy ones—nearly all as happy as the speaking eyes denoted. True, Phebe Smith's dark orbs were glancing through the crowd, and the full red lip seemed crushing between the pressing teeth, while the hand she raised to brush the intruding braid from her burning cheek shook with suppressed emotion. Away through the assembled ones they stood, the objects of her search; Murry with pale, intellectual face beaming in utterable tenderness; and Kate, the loved and lovely, as pale, though a rose tinge seemed slowly creeping to her cheek, and her humid eyes drooped beneath the heavy lashes, like violets in their deep shadows.

Most beautiful and sweetly timid looked our May Queen, as she approached through the parting crowd, leaning upon the arm of the proud and happy pastor; and wherever she moved a blessing seemed to follow her. A white muslin dress, looped gracefully up at the sides with knots of half open rose-buds, and a bunch of violets and moss flowers falling from the fair shoulders, fell about her slight form in light folds; and as she slowly approached the vine-covered throne, a fairy girl came out from the

throng of admirers, and threw over her blushing brow and heavy braids a wreath of exquisite beauty. Then went up a clear and joyous "long live the Queen!" from the merry hearts that loved the gentle creature, and before the surprise of any could find vent in words, Elder Bernard arose, and raising his clasped hands and furrowed brow to heaven, invoked a blessing on the youthful pair about to be wedded.

Every head was bowed in solemn reverence, and when, a moment after, the young pastor took the trembling hand of the blushing, happy girl, and vowed to be her protector through life, to "love and cherish" her till death, a suppressed murmur of satisfaction passed from lip to lip, and many a hand was half extended in blessing. The thin, pale hand of Mrs. Wayland crept to her eyes, and through the slender fingers struggled tears of mingled joy and sorrow; for the past blended with present scenes, and she could not forget the dream of her own bright morning of life, nor the after shadows which had hung darkly on her path. But Kate, her darling child, was so happy, and the young husband looked so tenderly and proudly down upon the Flower-he had taken to his heart, that the sunshine predominated in the mother's eyes, and falteringly she gave them her blessing.

We were a joyous company after the ceremony was over; but one heart among us that did not beat in tumultuous joy. Phebe Smith had nearly fainted from excess of disappointment and envy; but when she perceived that every eye was fixed on the young bride, and that her pale face was all unobserved, she turned her back upon the scene, and unheeded, passed down by the little lake, and through the deserted street to her home. Poor Phebe Smith! her envious, jealous heart would not let her be happy, and she could not bear to see others so.

A few weeks after that WEDDING IN THE GROVE, Mr. Murry and his lovely bride, with the invalid mother, took up their abode in the mansion once owned by Judge Wayland, which had been purchased by the villagers for a parsonage; and the cheerful, ever joyous face of Kate Murry once more gladdened the home of her childhood. Dear, happy Kate! I love to think of thee, and of our days of pleasant intercourse; and to know that no cloud has yet darkened thy azure heaven. Long mayest thou live thus happily and blest.

## LIZZIE LINDEN.

BY FRANK LEE, AUTHOR OF "KATE CLEVELAND," A PRIZE STORY.

THE night wind stirred the thin muslin curtains, and its cool breath was borne in through the open window, as Lizzie Linden rose from the couch where, a full hour before, she had thrown herself in all the forgetfulness of anxious thought. She started as the clock on the mantel chimed the hour of nine.

"How late," she muttered, as she gathered her long hair in one heavy coil at the back of her head, and drew the folds of a dark cloak round her form, for though mid-summer, the air was chill.

She passed out of her chamber and glided softly down the oaken staircase into the darkened hall. Quietly she drew aside the fastenings of the heavy door, and hastened down the stone-steps into the large, old-fashioned garden, from whose depths was borne the scent of fragrant flowers. She glanced quickly up at the vine-wreathed casements, but the lights were all extinguished, and she hurried on through the shadowy paths until she reached a small summer-house standing in a secluded spot, the lattice of which seemed bending beneath its weight of green leaves and pearly blossoms.

But Lizzie Linden heeded not the beauty of the scene around her, and shuddered nervously as the grass rustled beneath her tread, or the wind sighed among the branches of the tall trees.

A stately form met her as she paused at the entrance, a manly arm encircled her slender waist, and drew her toward a seat. But she removed the arm thrown so caressingly round her, and her lips quivered slightly as she bent her gaze full on the face of her companion.

"You sent for me, Lizzie," he said, as his eyes sank beneath her earnest look, "but I began to think you were not coming, it grew so late."

"Yes," she replied, "I sent for you, but I see now that it was needless," she turned away from him as she spoke, to hide the convulsive working of her pallid features.

"What do you mean, Lizzie," returned he, but his tones were faltering and low.

"I mean. Tell me, St. Orne, is it true that you leave here to-morrow?"

"For a time, Lizzie," was the answer; "but I shall return."

The girl rose from her seat; her face was white as the cere-cloth of the dead, and her voice was husky and broken.

"Frederic St. Orne, you will never return! I see it all now! You are going, and forever."

"Indeed, indeed, I am not," replied he. "Why should you think so? I shall come back to claim you, my beautiful, my own one."

"Stop, St. Orne, stop! Do not seek to deceive me longer—why should you? Such words are idle now," and she pressed her hands tightly against her lips to force back the cry of agony which rose from her heart. "You are going away," and her tones that a moment before had been almost fierce, grew lower and more mournful, "to seek pleasure and happiness elsewhere, while I am to be left to struggle on beneath the weight of shame and disgrace, which is to make my very name a by-word for the vile, and me a thing to be shuddered at by the good."

"Lizzie Linden, hearken to me," and St. Orne rose from the rustic bench, and paced to and fro upon the greensward, while every smothered footfall smote like a knell upon the ear of that young being before him. "I am going away, but not of my own free will! Urgent business compel me to leave here for a time, but your memory will always be uppermost in my heart."

"Heart!" Lizzie Linden sprang up and stood beside him. "And this is to repay me for all that I must endure: *you will remember me!* Ay, as a man looks carelessly upon a simple flower his foot has crushed, or on a bauble which pleased for a season, but now is thrown aside as worthless."

"You wrong me, Lizzie——"

"Do not speak, St. Orne, it cannot change any thing now. I care not so much for myself as for my poor father. Oh! St. Orne, St. Orne, think you that all the sin and suffering you have caused, will not recoil on your own head? You came here like a serpent into an Eden, and by your gentle words and protestations of love won my affections, and made me that which I am. You are going away now, but the curse of an injured parent will pursue you, and his prayer *will* be heard!"

No one could have been so utterly hardened as to have listened to those words unmoved, and that proud, dangerous-looking man trembled as he looked upon her. He sat down, and leaning his bowed head on his hand, seemed lost in thought, though his frame shook with emotion while she spoke.



"You have deemed it but a trifling thing to come hither and sully my mind in its most innocent dreams, to tear from my soul all those holy and gentle feelings which belong to woman's nature, to thrust me away from my kind, and put a bar between me and the pure of my sex, but I warn you St. Orne, that the day will come when you must atone for my sin, when you must answer before the face of high heaven the accusation of a bereaved father."

"Your father may be spared much sorrow if you will go where he cannot even hear your name spoken," returned he, at last, though his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and his voice shook in spite of his efforts to appear calm. "I will protect you, and give you a home, more beautiful, Lizzie, than aught you have ever dreamed of. Your every wish shall be gratified, your slightest desire or caprice granted, and——"

"But, Frederic St. Orne, will you take me your wife?" He shrank like a guilty wretch as he was, from beneath the agonizing look bent upon him, but spoke not. "No, you would not! Never will I live on the bounty of my betrayer; I could bear shame—want—the keenest suffering—death itself—anything but that! Go, Frederic St. Orne, it needed but this to set the seal upon your wickedness!"

"Think well upon what I have said, Lizzie! Reflect upon all that is before you if you remain here——"

"I do not need to think! Thought within the last few hours has almost made me mad! Insult me longer by your presence; go!"

St. Orne drew his hat far down over his eyes, and passed out of the little summer-house. With a single bound he cleared the rustic paling of the garden, and was gone.

Lizzie Linden gazed after him until his form was lost to view in the surrounding gloom, then her hands fell slowly to her side, she tottered toward a seat, but fell prostrate upon the grass, though she did not swoon, for there was a keen pang of agony at her heart which still preserved consciousness.

She would have wept, but her eyes seemed burning, and there came no blessed drops to cool their throbbing lids. Hours passed by! The pale stars grew dim, and the misty grey of morning's light tinged the heavens, and Lizzie sprang up, gathered her mantilla round her, and passed up the winding paths that led to the cottage. But her step was feeble and slow, her long hair had become loosened, and fell in dark masses over her neck and shoulders; while her thin garments, damp and soiled with the night dew, clung closely to her limbs. Wearily and painfully she ascended the steps, but with that vivid remembrance of trifles which strong anguish is wont to cause, she

stooped to pick up a snowy ribbon which had fallen from her dress as she went out. Silently she opened the door, then pushed the rusty bolts into their places, and stole up the stairs.

She seated herself by the open window, heedless of the chill air of the morning, for her brow was hot with fever, and the light breeze revived her. Gradually she sank into unconsciousness; it was not slumber, for the memory of her agony was not obliterated; it seemed rather that passive state of body and mind which so often follows a fearful sorrow.

Three long hours after a tap upon her chamber door aroused her, and she rose to change her attire before meeting her old father, who was accustomed to mark every expression of his beloved's face, and grieve at its slightest shadow of sadness. How then was she to conceal from his watchful eyes the fearful misery that preyed upon her?

She started back as her eye fell on her own image reflected in the little mirror, for its almost deathly whiteness was fearful to behold! A great shock seemed to have thrust her forward to maturity, for she actually appeared to have lived years during the past night in which she had endured enough of suffering for a life-time.

Days and weeks passed on, but each one bowed the crushed spirit of that poor girl nearer earth. It was evident to all who looked upon her that a great and fearful sorrow had blighted her heart in its spring time. The sight of her anguish was worse than death to that grey-haired old man who had so idolized her—for Lizzie was his all! The other fair buds that had sprung up around his hearth had early faded, and been borne away to rest in the grassy church-yard with the sharer of his joys and cares—his own wedded wife—and Lizzie was all that the ruthless hand of the spoiler had left him.

She strove to appear as had been her wont, gay and light-hearted, but the sickness of the soul was revealed in the misty depths of her mournful eyes, and the smile with which she sought to wreath her tremulous lip, was but a sad mockery of its former brightness. Of St. Orne Lizzie heard nothing; she learned that he had left the village, but that was all.

When the last days of summer were gone, and the first frosts of autumn had commenced tinging the leaves with their thousand hues, men began to whisper strange tales of the pale and shrinking girl, who was now so seldom seen in the haunts she had loved in her guileless days to frequent. Those whispers came like barbed arrows imbued with poison to the stricken ones within the old deacon's dwelling. And the pale girl grew still paler; the stately form of the aged man bent beneath his load of care, and sorrow imprinted

deeper lines upon his brow than time had been able to do.

But a darker grief was in store for the suffering pilgrim! One morning he rose, and his Lizzie, his darling, still the idol of his soul, was gone, none knew whither. It was only the eve before that she had glided like a sad ghost toward him, as he sat alone after the nightly reading of the Holy Word, and kneeling at his feet, sought forgiveness, and craved his blessing.

Perhaps he did shudder as his hand rested on those soft tresses, but there was no loathing in his bosom. Oh, no! the world might turn scornfully away from the erring one—those that she had loved in the days of her innocence, might neglect her now—heartless men might sneer when her name was spoken—maidens trusting in the strength of their own untried hearts might spurn her—but there was still a resting-place for the wounded dove in the breast of her doting parent.

But she was gone! Perchance she deemed it best to flee far away ere the storm-cloud burst in its fullest might over her childhood's home—to go where, unknown, she could pay the penalty for her sin. Mayhap she could no longer endure the proud, heart-broken expression of that face once so fair to look upon, but now so wrinkled and sorrowful; or it might be the thought that to lose her entirely—though that was terrible—would be better for her old father, than to see her fading away before his eyes, and be no power to assuage her grief, or to breathe new life into her drooping spirit, by shielding her—poor stained, yet beautiful and pure blossom that she was—from shame and dishonor.

She was gone! Months glided by, and the name of Lizzie Linden was almost an unuttered sound in the quiet hamlet where she had grown up “a thing of life and joy.” Feebler waxed the old deacon—paler grew his cheek—dimmer his eye—more heavily rang his tread through the church aisle—and it was apparent to all who looked upon him that he was soon to be freed from his earthly journeyings—freed from aching and sorrow, from trouble and strife.

Carriage after carriage set down its burthen before the entrance of a fashionable theatre in one of our northern cities. Graceful forms and lovely faces pressed through the dense crowd to their seats, and the box-circle was thronged with the fairest and noblest in our land. Brilliant gas-lights made a glowing radiance round, only less clear than the beams of day; glittering gems sparkled on snowy brows whose beauty rendered still more magical the scene; the hum of many voices rose on the air which was fragrant with glowing flowers and rare perfume; and a sea of faces was visible from the parquette to the very dome.

It was near the conclusion of the grand overture, and that vast audience were impatiently awaiting the rising of the green curtain, when a small party of ladies and gentlemen entered and seated themselves in one of the stage-boxes.

There was one face which could not fail to attract attention, for its lineaments were almost perfect. There was a charm in the beaming smile that flitted over her full lip which was irresistible; the crimson drapery cast a softened shadow over her delicate cheek, and lent a deeper hue to her beautiful eyes that were raised to the countenance of the stern-browed man by her side, with an expression which was filled with the sunlight of the heart.

Shouts of impatience and applause broke from that mighty multitude, until they pealed and died upon the air like the roll of heavy thunder, when the grand crash of instruments concluded the melody, and the lights blazed up with renewed brilliancy.

A new actress was to make her first appearance that night, and men were almost wild to see one whose fame had spread so wildly abroad, even during the few months of her preparatory studies, and of whose personal attractions report spoke in such glowing terms.

The hum of conversation was unheard, flowers and fans ceased to wave on the breeze, and every eye was bent, with all the anxiety of suspense, upon the stage, awaiting the withdrawal of the curtain; then the stillness was broken by renewed shouts and movements.

While these varied sounds were ringing through that mighty apartment, their tones were borne faintly in—like the surging of distant waters—to a small room in the most retired part of the building. It was lighted by a single lamp whose flickering rays dimly disclosed a woman's form, whose bowed head was leaning on a table, while her slight frame shook as the stamping of feet was borne more distinctly in.

Her shining robe of snowy satin fell in rich folds round her exquisitely moulded bust. The pearls that gleamed upon her arms were scarce whiter than the wrists they encircled, and the jewels that sparkled amid the dark braids of her hair—like stars in a midnight sky—seemed hardly more bright than her large, mournful eyes.

It would have been a beautiful picture for a skilful painter's hand! That shadowy chamber, and that beautiful woman crouched, like a frightened fawn, in its farthest nook; her crimson shawl forming a strange contrast with her gemmed robes and her starry orbs, whose feverish light told of the heart's unrest.

When the faint tones of the prompter's bell echoed upon her ear, she knew that it summoned her, and rising hastily from her seat, her white

hands fell to her side, disclosing the finely cut features of—Lizzie Linden!

She drew the scarlet wrapery—which lent something gorgeous to her appearance—more closely around her form, and with compressed lips, whose very firmness revealed the struggle of the soul within, and with an unflinching step she left the apartment and threaded her way through that strange world found—“*behind the scenes.*” Murmurs of admiration broke from those grouped round as she walked proudly on, but she heeded them not, and seemed unconscious that a single eye was upon her.

When the moment came for her to go upon the stage before the gaze of that vast crowd her pale lips trembled, she pressed her hand to her heart as if to stay its throbings, and it was not until the word was repeated that she found strength to obey its dictates.

It was one of the most beautiful tragedies in the English tongue that had been selected for the night, abounding in rich and burning language and glowing imagery, that ever harrowed up the feelings of all beholders, and brought tears to the coldest eyes.

The stamping of feet died away, and for a moment the silence was unbroken, as that lovely girl moved with queen-like grace before the sight of all those thousands, but ere she could syllable a word that stillness—which had something almost fearful in it—was succeeded by long and continued acclamations. When there was quiet again, she stood for a moment motionless as a statue; her glorious eyes wandering over that assembly, and her lips quivering as she strove to speak. But her agitation passed quickly away, and her passionate voice rang through the house sweet and yet powerful as the tones of some finely modulated harp.

But there was one heart which gave a single bound and then stood still—one face whose features trembled to the workings of the spirit—as she stood there.

St. Orne had gone to the theatre that night from an irresistible impulse to see the *debutante*, and learn if it was in reality her whose young life he had so darkened in its brightest season, and upon whose name he had cast such fearful clouds of infamy.

At the first lightning glance from her which revealed the scorn and loathing of her heart, he shrank back, and strove to look away, but there was a strange and nameless fascination in her terrible expression that chained him to the spot, and he sat, almost breathlessly, watching her through that scene to whose beauties her wonderful acting lent new charms.

When the curtain fell at the close of the first act, and that majestic form had disappeared from

view, he joined not in the plaudits of those around, and when that fair girl by his side turned toward him with beaming smiles, she started to mark the pallor of his dark cheek, and the strained expression of his dangerous eyes.

When the play was concluded, that mighty multitude would not be satisfied until they obtained another view of that one whose remarkable powers had so interested them. Faint and weary—now that the excitement connected with her task was over—she appeared, endeavoring to reply with smiles to the burst of praise that seemed to shake the building to its very foundations.

The neighboring clock had tolled the hour of midnight, and their chime came faintly into a dimly lighted apartment on a retired and unfrequented street. The room was plainly yet tastefully furnished, and seemed to be the abode of refinement.

At the farther end sat a female form holding in her arms a tiny infant, whose feeble wail rose on the air, mingled with her passionate caresses and terms of endearment. She seemed attired for a festival, but her pale cheek and contracted brow bore evidence of the sad thoughts that filled her mind.

To look upon her now, as she leaned back in her seat feeble and dispirited, few would have supposed that this was the brilliant woman who, an hour before, had riveted the attention of so many hundreds by her surpassing beauty and the deep pathos of her tones: yet that was Lizzie Linden.

“Has he slept?” she inquired, in a tremulous voice of a woman who entered from an adjoining apartment, bearing some nourishing cordial for the child.

“Some,” she replied.

“But he seems very ill now.”

The girl made no answer, but bent over the babe, and her hot tears fell on the upturned face of the little sufferer.

It was almost morning ere the low moans of the infant ceased, and he sank into an uneasy slumber. The hireling had long been sleeping on a low couch near by, but the young mother stirred not from her post the live-long night. The child was not quiet save when pillowed on her knee, and for hours she sat motionless, almost hushing her breath lest she should disturb his sleep. When the light of day broke in through the closed curtains, the golden beams of the sun faintly tinged the cheek of the watcher, though it brought no relief to her anxious heart.

The child awoke with the hot fever burning his little frame, and his lips dry and parched with heat. And when the medical attendant arrived

he gave her no hope, and a tear moistened his eye as he marked the agony which she could not wholly conceal.

But the mother could linger by the couch of her little one no longer! Twice had she been summoned to rehearsal ere she placed the babe in the arms of her companion, and prepared to go out. She left that chamber of death to repeat the sad spectres—to join in the mingled sorrow and glee—of a play!

"How does he seem, nurse?" she asked, in a voice almost choked with anguish, as she entered the room two long hours after—two long hours that had seemed almost an eternity to her.

"No, better, ma'am," and the faithful creature turned away her head to hide the tears that were coursing down her withered cheeks, for she had learned to love her young mistress and her beautiful infant.

The day wore on, and every hour it grew worse, and oh! it was a sight to make the most careless weep or the most hardened shudder—that parent watching her dying child, and at the same time committing to memory the pages of a tragedy. Yet such is life!

Man, man, what hast thou not to answer for! Oh, world, guilty world, these are thy doings!

When evening came again, Lizzie began to prepare to go to the theatre. It was horrible to behold the contrast between the rich robes she wore, and the fearful whiteness of her features, so corrugated with the impress of misery.

But *rouge* would hide the pallor of her cheek, jewels would add brightness to their eyes, whose sadness was frightful to look upon, and the assembled crowds would not gaze beyond the glittering vortex. They would go to be amused! What cared the wealthy, the proud, the gay, the young, if woe—such as their frivolous natures might never know—were rending the very soul of her whose *surprising talent* they came to wonder at! They could weep at the imaginary sorrows of the heroine so faithfully represented, but if told the real history of that half-maddened girl, they would have been shocked to hear the tale of her wickedness, and beg to learn nothing more of so terrible a creature.

But he who had made her what she was, who one day would have her sins to answer for and atone, was courted by the pure and noble, the rich and great, and was soon to wed a lovely girl whose very soul was bound up in his slightest glance. Yet again I say—such is life!

Why is it thus? Why should erring woman be driven from society, why should she be considered as utterly lost and irreclaimable, while the man whose serpent fascination had charmed her into casting aside all that made her what she ought to be, is received into the houses of the

talented and fashionable, and his terrible crime passed lightly over, or regarded only as a venial error which must be forgotten?

Thanks be to God there cometh an hour when all shall be judged by that judgment "which swerveth not a hair, and knows not a shadow of twining." At that time shall restitution be made, and all will know which was the wronger and which the wronged.

But why dwell upon such thoughts or linger over such a scene?

Lizzie Linden hurried to her home that night from the vast audience, who seemed loath to lose sight of her, to see her child die.

The wretched woman clasped the babe to her bosom, praying for one more glance from those eyes whose light had been her life—begging for one more smile from those delicately chiseled lips on which the red still lingered, as if in mockery—but all in vain! Another angel had been added to the myriad hosts of heaven, and the erring Lizzie was alone in the wide world.

It was long ere she could believe that the boy was dead, and when the nurse strove to take him from her embrace, she clasped her arms still tighter round his cold form, and cast upon the affrighted woman a glance that drove her away, for she feared that her mistress had gone mad.

With her own hands the mother prepared her dead for the grave; with her own hands severed a single curl that rested upon his marble forehead; and when all was over, seated herself in silence by his side. She heeded nought that her attendant uttered; and when the sombre-clad man whom the woman had summoned, came to take the measurement of that little corse, he shook his head as he looked upon her death-like face. But she spoke not, and looked not up; so he completed his task in silence, and in silence passed out of that darkened chamber.

The bereaved mother stirred not during the long hours of the day, and uttered no word save once, and that was to bid the nurse defer the burial of the child until the morrow.

When night came, she rose from her seat, and wrapping a dark mantle round her, prepared to go out, but her terror-stricken attendant stayed her, for she deemed her wholly crazed. At first she would hardly be detained, but at length she suffered the woman to go instead of herself.

Few were the directions she gave in a low, hurried tone, for the hireling quickly understood what was required of her, as the past months had taught her something of that sad creature's history.

When she had gone, the mother resumed her lone watch by her dead babe. Once or twice she glanced impatiently around, but rose not until the sound of carriage-wheels pausing before the

house, aroused her. She started up, and stood with her face turned toward the entrance as steps ascended the stairs. The door was flung open, and the old nurse entered, followed by two muffled forms.

The lady threw off her cloak and hood, disclosing the features of the young girl whom we last saw within the walls of the theatre, and as then, her companion was the betrayer of Lizzie Linden.

He started back when he saw who it was that stood, like some creation of the sculptor's hand, before him, and would have rushed from the apartment, but the attendant stayed his progress, while the female sank breathless and terrified into a chair, gazing in silence upon that strange and fearful scene.

"You have come, St. Orne," and Lizzie Linden fixed her eyes full upon the face of the wretched man, with an expression that went to the very depths of his hardened spirit.

She stepped forward; seized his hand and that of the girl, and drew them toward the couch; threw down the folds of the winding sheet, and laid bare the features of the dead.

"It is your child," she said, in a low, clear tone, while the lady shrank back with a shriek that rang far through the still air.

"Why look you thus?" she exclaimed. "What do you mean? Speak, St. Orne, and tell me what means this?" But he shrank cowering away, and answered not.

Alice Maynard fell forward upon the floor with a shudder, and when they raised her, the whiteness of her cheek was like that of the corpse by her side. Moments passed before she recovered, and during that time the silence was unbroken.

The countenance of that wretched man was convulsed by the scorpion-lashings of that terrible monitor who had wakened to life within his bosom, and his frame trembled to its revivings, and shook beneath the fearful passions that were warring within his soul.

The reproaches of conscience were attended by the demons of disappointed desire and baffled ambition, for all the hopes which he had so fondly nursed were now scattered like bubbles from his grasp.

The victim of his wiles sat gazing like one in a dream upon the face of that unfortunate being who lay still and motionless near by; her raven hair drawn tightly back from her brow, its very darkness rendering her pallor still more perceptible. She would hardly have been taken for a breathing form, had it not been for those mournful eyes, in whose depths there was an expression which revealed all those withering feelings and blighting thoughts that belong to life alone.

When that poor creature was restored to con-

sciousness, she clasped her hands over her cold forehead, and shrieked rather than spoke, in a tone that seemed to come from a heart breaking beneath its weight of agony.

"Is this reality, or am I mad? Woman, who are you?"

"Lizzie Linden, the actress; and yonder man was my betrayer! There lies the body of his child."

It was a fearful picture of human passion and human grief! That gloomy chamber—that guilty man shuddering in a distant corner—that couch of death—and those two heart-broken women—yet so unlike in their misery.

"This is true; I feel it!" and Alice Maynard rose and approached St. Orne. "Go!" she said; and without a word he rushed from the apartment.

Alice drew near the actress, who seemed unconscious of her presence, and of all that was passing round her, twined her soft arms around the neck of the stricken woman, and over that couch of death they bowed themselves together.

And the babe was borne away to rest within the walls of a neighboring church-yard, and Alice Maynard returned to her stately home to hide from the world the sight of her woe; to fade away like a beautiful flower blighted by an untimely frost.

This then is woman's lot—  
To love—to suffer—to be forgot!

St. Orne had fled—none knew whither! Gone to fill his cup of crime and sin to overflowing, then to die—and after that?

Saith not the Holy Writ—"First death, and then the judgment!"

The pale moonbeams were streaming in through the muslin curtains of a muffled window in Deacon Linden's dwelling, and resting like the hand of some holy spirit upon the still form of the old man who lay there—sleeping perchance, for there was no movement. Ay, *sleeping*; but who should wake the dead?

It was early spring, and the room was perfumed by the breath of the buds and the leaves of the vine that clambered so luxuriantly over the unclosed casement.

All was still, for the watchers had fallen asleep in the adjoining apartment, as a light step sounded on the moss-grown stoop, and glided noiselessly in.

Wearily and faintly that slender woman knelt beside the couch, and kissed the cold hand that lay outside the thin covering. As if a sudden thought struck her, she rose and gazed long upon those calm, still features.

"He had forgiven me! He had forgiven me!"  
A smile, heart-broken but very sweet, that had

something of the grave in its meaning, stole over her face, and a flood of tears, the first she had shed for months, burst from her eyes.

Suddenly she fell forward, the red blood stained the snowy sheet, her head bowed itself upon the withered hand—and all was over!

When day dawned, those who had watched

without, entered with gentle tread, but paused in awe upon the threshold, for the waning moonlight, mingled with the misty breath of morning, disclosed a solemn scene. They drew nigh, and with tearful eyes and mournful looks, stood round the still form of the once loved and innocent Lizzie Linden.

# KATIE YALE'S MARRIAGE; OR, LOVE AND LUXURY.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"If ever I marry," Katie Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest—"if ever I marry, the happy man—or the *unhappy* one, if you please—ha! ha!—shall be a person possessing these three qualifications:

"First, a fortune.

"Second, good looks.

"And thirdly, common sense.

"I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three. Although I could never think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I could be ashamed of; still I think to talk sense for the one and shine for the other, with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscurely with a handsome, intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Katie's heart. She undoubtedly indulged lofty ideas of station and style—for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings none doubted, who had ever obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived, at length, when Katie was to take that all-important step of which she had often spoken so lightly; when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors; but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and discarding all except those favored ones, consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between these two favored individuals. If I could have my way, one should be a poor genius, and somewhat of a hero; the other a wealthy fool, and somewhat of a knave.

But the truth is—

Our poor genius was not much of a genius, nor very poor, either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably in exercise thereof—without the most distant hope, however, of ever attaining to wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent

qualities, which entitled him to be called by discreet elderly people a "fine character;" by his companions a "noble, good fellow;" and by the ladies generally, a "*darling*."

Katie could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of *rival*.

This Mr. Wellington (his companions called him the "duke,") was no idiot or hump-back, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of sense, education, good looks, and fine manners; and there was nothing of the knave about him, as I could ever ascertain.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot.

Therefore the only thing on which Frank had to depend, was the power he possessed over Katie's sympathies and affections. The "duke"—although just the man for her in every other sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks, and common sense—had never been able to draw these out; and the amiably conceited Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldly considerations to control the aspirations of her heart.

However, she said to him, one day, when he pressed her to decide his fate—she said to him with a sigh—

"Oh, Frank! I am sorry that we have ever met!"

"Sorry?"

"Yes—for we must part now——"

"Part?" repeated Frank, turning pale.

It was evident he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Katie, casting down her eyes with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she—the proud Katie—wept—wept bitterly.

"Katie," said he, then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me! But you are proud—ambitious—selfish! Now if you would have me leave you, say the word—and I go!"

"Go!" murmured Katie, very feebly—"go!"

"You have decided?" whispered Frank.

"I have!"

"Then, love, farewell!"

He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully upon her beautiful, tearful face; then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse of the instant, and twined her arms about his neck. But in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

"*Shall I go?*" he articulated.

A feeble *yes* fell from her quivering lips.

And an instant later, she was lying upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately—alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart, had cost her more than she could have anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, I say, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself: Her breathing became more regular and calm. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of beautiful curls.

The struggle was over. The agony was passed. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and arose cheerfully to receive him. His manners pleased her; his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his hand. She accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could not repress a sigh!

There was a magnificent wedding. Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with her beauty thus adorned, with everything around her swimming in the charmed atmosphere of fairy-land, Katie gave her hand to the man her ambition—not her love—had chosen!

But certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admired queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her; she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting, in the whole circle of her outward existence, to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness.

But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting within her own breast!

Her friends were numerous; her husband tender, kind, and loving; but all the attentions and affections she enjoyed could not fill her heart.

She had once felt its chords of sympathy moved

VOL. XXI.—17

by a skilful touch; she had known the heavenly charm of their deep, delicious harmony; and now they were silent—motionless—muffled, so to speak, in silks and satins. These chords still and soundless, her heart was dead; now the less so because it had been killed by a golden shaft. Having known and felt the life of sympathy in love, she could not but mourn for it, and sigh for it, unconsolated by the life of luxury. In short, Katie in time became magnificently miserable, splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent in her husband. He could not long remain blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gayety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. This shallow joy was unsatisfactory, however; and impelled by powerful longings for love, he went astray to warm his heart by a strange fire.

Katie saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst unquenchable by golden streams that flowed around her; panting with a hunger not all the food of flattery and admiration could appease.

She reproached her husband for deserting her thus; and he answered with angry and desperate taunts, of deception, and a total lack of love, which smote her conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he cried—"then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affections you have met with coldness?"

"But it is wrong—sinful," Katie remonstrated.

"Yes; I know it!" said her husband, fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart—who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in sympathy—who devoted me to the fate of a loving, unloved husband? Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh and sob with such desperation of impatience—for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Katie, calming herself; "I will not complain. I will not say your reproaches are undeserved. But granting that I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me—you know this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes, I know it."

"Well?"

Mr. Wellington's brows gathered darkly; his eyes flashed with determination; his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"But the world!" shrieked Katie, trembling.

"The world will admire *you* the same—and



what more do you desire?" asked her husband, bitterly. "This marriage of hands, and not of hearts, is mockery. We have played the farce long enough. Few know the conventional meaning of the term *husband and wife*; but do you know what it *should* mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then enough of this mummerly! Farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of a separation. Nay, do not tremble, and cry, and cling to me now—for I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish, she shrieked aloud—

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why did I sacrifice love and happiness to such fate as this? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry. Her head lay peacefully upon her arm, over which swept her disheveled tresses—until with a start she cried—

"Frank! oh, Frank, come back!"

"Here I am!" said a soft voice by her side.

She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her!

"You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly.

"Asleep?"

"And dreaming, too, I should say—not pleasantly, either."

"Dreaming?" murmured Katie; "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "You could not mean to send me from you so cruelly, I know! So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause once more—and found you here where I left you—asleep."

"Oh, what a horrid dream!" murmured Katie, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality that I shudder now to think of it! I thought I was married!"

"And would *that* be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope then you did not dream you were married to *me*!"

"No—I thought I gave my hand without my heart."

"Then if you gave *me* your hand, it would not be without your heart?"

"No, Frank," said Katie, her bright eyes beaming happily through tears—"and here it is."

She placed her fair hand in his—he kissed it in transport.

And soon after there was a *real* marriage; not a splendid, but a happy one; not followed by a life of luxury, but by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Katie Yale.

## THE SECOND LOVE.

A SEQUEL TO "CAROLINE BRADSHAW."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L.—'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 220.

*Saturday, December 1st.*

I FEAR my face expressed the repining in my heart; for although Augustus' eyes had a beaming, happy look, as he fastened the horse at the gate, and when I first caught sight of him in the parlor door, they fell at sight of mine, and a sort of languor diffused itself through his frame, and was in his voice when he spoke to me.

"You will miss your sister, I fear?" said he, looking inquiringly in my face.

"Yes, but I shall see her often," replied I, hardly knowing what I said, she had been so far from my thoughts; and I was perplexed, too, at the sudden alteration in him. I did not look up, but I heard him sigh, and felt my own heart ache at the sound.

"Would you like to ride a little toward the setting sun? It is very splendid in the west," said he, after a few moments silence—save the sigh.

Glad to hear of the splendid sunseting, glad to go and ride toward it, glad to be with him in the open, free air, where we always get along with less reserve than in the close rooms, I started with alacrity to my feet, and thanking him, now with a pleased face, I know, I would have gone to the hall to bring my shawl and bonnet; but he stopped me gently, and went himself to bring them. When I was seated in the carriage, he became fearful that the shawl was not enough for so chilly an evening; he would bring my cloak. He wrapped it round me; he made it sure that I was not cold, that I was comfortable, every way: he looked a little anxious at sight of the tears in my eyes—I am always most inclined to weep when he is kindest, because there always comes the yearning with, that he might love me as well as show kindness to me. But when I took the good hand that was busied with my cloak, and carried it half way to my lips, but letting it drop immediately, the thoughtful look vanished; and he looked happy and good as an angel. We had so much to say! I found such delight in the golden clouds, the many colored woods, the narrow river with rich reflections stretching away across it, in short, with every thing I saw, that Augustus was fain to give up

the talking and the rapture to me—and not the rapture, either; for I never saw so much in any eyes as there was in his. Tears were there, too; not the large globules that come to mine. His eyes just swam in them, and were made more radiant, whereas mine are usually quite overwhelmed. He carried my hand quite to his lips, as he helped me alight; for we had rode round a large square, and returned to our own door. So large is the square, that, beside many farms, large and small, and beautiful residences, it has, on nearly opposite sides, two pretty villages, the one where our church stands, and another where the Follens are engaged in manufacturing, and where other branches of thriving trade are carried on.

A neighbor's daughter came in to spend the evening with our little maid, Sophia; and, as they remained in the dining-room, Augustus and I had our first long evening alone. I dreaded it, in the beginning, as I fancy he also did. At any rate we both took heed at first that there should be no awkward pauses in which restraint and coldness should come in and take the place between us, as they had already done several times, when we were left suddenly alone, face to face. But, somehow, the effort passed, and the need of it. The good, cordial words came as fast as we could speak them; and it was the happiest, dearest evening I have ever known. It was more over a happy evening to Augustus, if his gentle, kind face revealed the things that were in his heart—as I believe it always does.

The little back parlor is his study. He writes there now, finishing his preparations for the Sabbath. Heaven bless him.

He—Augustus, of course; for of whom beside can I write or think this morning?—came to the right vocation when he came to the ministry. His piety is so child-like in its earnestness and cheerful trust! his mind so highly refined and educated; his whole bearing so polished, so noble, and, at the same time, so humble and kind, so full of tender and loving sympathy for every one on whom his eye falls! When I can become quite worthy of him, or when he can see how truly I love and admire him, and strive to approach him

in usefulness and excellence, then—Mrs. Follen comes! Heaven bless the cheerful, good face! *The 3rd.*

Mrs. Follen is a dear, thoughtful angel. She is very noble; one never sees her bustling, as if her hands were so full of one thing and another, that she never can have breathing time. Neither her feet, her hands, or her beautiful, soft eyes ever perform a hurried movement; yet no one accomplishes so many beneficial deeds, at home and abroad, as she. No one sees so quickly, so instinctively what must be the will and pleasure of others, or moves so effectively, and at the same time so softly, toward their accomplishment. For myself, I seldom name a wish, or a regret to her; nor need I, for they have hardly assumed definite shapes, and made me fully aware of their pressing nature, before the one is removed, in some way—the best, the proper way always—and the other, gratified. *Vide*, the full pantry, the warm rooms, the ready tea-table, and the welcoming voices when we came; a quarter's salary in advance to Augustus—paid upon her suggestion, as we learned from one of the committee—when I was distressing myself with weighing the different expedients of getting a purse into his hands; showing her friendly face in our door just at the time when Augustus is engaged in his study, or making visits when I am feeling lonely; sending a delicious roast, close-covered, steaming, ready for the table, or a piece of salmon, or halibut, when I, at least, have a flagging appetite which is calling for something, in the preparation of which my hand and palate have had no share. It is to her, and *not* long, at any one time, to my husband, as I feel more and more—that I turn with the longing and the assurance of perfect sympathy. I always see, by her expressive face, that she knows whether I am cheerful or sad. She oftenest sees that I am sad, I fear, after the joy of meeting her is over. She makes no remarks upon it, however; asks no questions. But she addresses kind and cheerful words to me, relates amusing experiences from the first year of her married life, and tells me how much more trouble she had in that period, than in any subsequent year, since then she understood her husband imperfectly; and he her; since they were both wedded then to their own habitual ways, and could not so readily yield them to the preferences of each other, even when these preferences were discovered, as they can now that they understand each other, and have moulded themselves in part anew. She has assured me, on her own experience, as well as that of others, that “the first year is not the honey year, if the first month is the *honey month*.” And thus I am comforted—in a degree. I look forward, however, with more fear than hope. I hope less and less, for I see

that my faithfulness, my efforts to promote his comfort, my love, which he must see, although I never confess it with my lips, all fail to remove the barrier between us. And as the hope recedes, the barrier seems to me to widen and darken, and become gloomier, more insuperable. I am aware that this is not because he is less kind; but because my fortitude is leaving me, with the hope that love, perfect oneness would come, when we knew each other better.

Yet let me not brood over it, or allow it to take hold of me more and more, as it is inclined to do. I often find myself, now, lost to everything else, while I think of it. I forget to read, or to sew; I forget that Augustus is present, if he sits still, reading; and dream, and sigh. I have done this already several times, in the last two days; and then, on looking up, I saw that Augustus observed me, and looked sad and anxious. I blushed, aroused myself and tried to talk; but I was all confusion; he all—I know not what. I do not comprehend him; and would I could cease trying.

He has proposed that we go into Boston, to spend two or three days with Augusta, and in calling on other friends there, and out in Cambridge. We shall go to-morrow. Mrs. Follen has proposed taking Sophia and kit to their house, for the time; and both of our good neighbors have called, with offers of taking care of the stable.

*Morning, Thursday, the 6th.*

Augusta was wild with her joy at seeing us come. Otway was more quiet, but never was a more cordial greeting than his; while Freddy, when once we were seated, covered us both with the toys, the one thing and another, that he wished us to see. Abby was less jubilant. The toothache and ague, which kept from our wedding, still linger, although much less severe. The disappointment occasioned by them, she says she will never be reconciled to; still, she hopes this, also, will be less severe when she has made up in part her loss of the wedding, by a visit at our house, which she means to pay at an early day. We are to have, soon, other and more desirable visitors from Boston and Cambridge. Would that my heart were warmer. It gives me no pleasure now that they will come. It gives me positive pain, that the grand-parents, accompanied by the doctor and Laura, will come down to spend Christmas with us; for, strive as I will after a concealment of my trouble, grandmamma's love and the doctor's friendly officiousness will detect it, I fear.

If Henry were on earth, and if he might come, I feel that I should let him see just what I suffer; it seems to me that his loving and straightforward energy would make all right. Oh, my God, that he must die when there are so few on earth

like him! I feel his loss more and more; I am more and more unreconciled to it. But let me not write of these things; let me rather pray. Let me pray to be reconciled to this and to every affliction, which neither my strength, nor my wisdom can avert. Let me remember his last words to me—"sit not down discouraged by the way, because directly before you a heavy cross lies in your path. Strive not to go around it; for this will take you out of the straight, narrow way; but lift the cross, go on with it; for the crown is just beyond. Remember, the cross and the crown were united in Christ, and can never be sundered in us, his followers."

The dear one could not have spoken more appropriately, if he had been gifted with the prophetic eye that could survey my destiny. A heavy cross lies now in my path. If I might lift it as he counseled!

*Evening.*

A piece of good fortune has come into our laps. Good fortune, people call it; and I, in one sense. It will make Augustus independent of my fortune; and I think we shall both be happier for this, as it is between us. It will enable us to accomplish more good, also, among the poor.

It happens in this wise. A will, dated August third, one month before Mr. Alfred Cummings' decease, came forth yesterday. The attorney by whom it was drawn up, and by whose son and servant it was attested—for the sake of the secrecy in which the old gentleman took pleasure—has been with his family to England. They sailed a fortnight before Mr. Cummings' decease, returned yesterday; and in considerable excitement the attorney wrote last evening to Augustus. He "saw that new signs were up," he said, "as they rode home from the landing; and he felt sure then that he was needed on the spot."

He presumed it would be unnecessary to urge the principal legatee of such an estate as Mr. Cummings' was well known to be, to hasten directly to the city.

Augustus will go to-morrow morning. He was excited by the intelligence; but he evinced little pleasure—if any, at all—and, I thought, watched me narrowly, to see what effect it had on me; and when I thought of the independence and means of doing good secured to him, and turned to him what must have been a well pleased face, he sighed, and walking away to a window, stood there looking out, without speaking, until Sophia came in to tell me that Mrs. Follen was coming on horseback, as she had proposed, to ride with me round the square.

"I will get the horse ready, immediately," said he, leaving the room without looking at me.

One instant I stood motionless, straining every

faculty in the effort to understand him. Then, at the sound of Mrs. Follen's voice at the door, I swallowed a succession of convulsive sighs; and hastened to my chamber by a back way, to put on my riding-dress. I dressed mechanically; but as I was doing it, I prayed with a heart that *could not* let the Saviour go until he had granted the blessing. It was not for the love of my husband, his sympathy. I despaired of those; and prayed in an humbled spirit for resignation and peace in God. Henry's words came to me, and gave me strength. I met Mrs. Follen with a smile; but still, as I fear, with a sad face; for she looked earnestly at me, in the moment that I was engaged drawing on my gloves. Augustus, too, looked in my face many times, while he was adjusting the stirrup and my dress, as I felt, although I hardly looked at him. He detained me for one little preparation after another, when Mrs. Follen's horse was already arching his neck, and pawing the turf in his impatience to be away. He seemed unwilling to part, and spoke often in the kindest of tones. At length all was ready; and Mrs. Follen had already allowed her horse to canter a few rods away, when she wheeled him around to wait for me.

"There," said he, signifying that now all was right; but he again lay his hand on my skirt, and looking searchingly in my face, he added—"but are you well, this afternoon, Caroline? Are you well enough to ride?—you are so pale!"

"But I am perfectly well, I thank you," I replied, smiling on his good, upturned face. "I must go now. See! Mrs. Follen waits. Good-bye—good-bye."

"Good-bye, my Caroline," holding out his hand. "Don't ride far, if it tires you! don't be gone long."

I promised, with my reins drawn and my horse taking preliminary steps. He bore me onward like a bird; and now I could meet Mrs. Follen's smile with another nearly as cheerful. I could exult with her in the exhilarating motion, the bracing winter wind, and the bland sunshine; for the little parting scene with Augustus had brought back the warm life-blood to my heart. It is thus that he holds me vibrating between love and distrust, hope and fear. He was in his study, engaged with one of the committees of his society, when I returned after leaving Mrs. Follen at her own door. Now he is at liberty; for he is conducting Mr. Briggs to the door.

*The 7th.*

He has started for Boston. Sophia is at school; it rains, it is a most uncomfortable, gloomy day. I shudder and am sick at heart, it is so gloomy—everywhere!

I was cheerful when I returned from the ride. I was glad to hear Augustus' step at the door,

when Mr. Briggs left, and he looked animated at sight of me. I described the pleasure we had found in our ride; the cordial greetings we met by the way; the call on the Scotts, the refreshments taken, standing and chatting all the while; and lastly, the joy of the little Freddy and Horace Follen, and their eager embraces when they saw their mamma come. Meantime I had kept my seat at the table where I had been writing. Augustus stood by my chair, as I talked, smiling at my eager story, passing one hand over my head, and in the other holding one of my own, pressing it now and then, and kissing my forehead.

"It gives me pleasure that you have Mrs. Follen so near," said he, still caressing my hand.

"Yes; she is so good, and so intelligent!" said I, looking up in his face.

He smiled. "And another thing I am glad of," pursued he, after a short pause, "and this is, the new proof that my uncle's last thoughts of me were friendly. His memory is dearer to me, now that I know his resentment toward me was appeased by my explanations, as he assured me at the time; but as the second will led me to doubt."

"Was he so very odd and passionate as I have heard?"

"His resentments were quick—and so were his conceptions, if he was met with gentleness. Action followed quickly upon all his impulses; so that, unless his good-nature came back speedily, through some means, upon the resentment, its object was sure to suffer. But he was an old man. He had few to love him; and little to love beside his wealth. I have always pitied him—I have always loved him, as I have had abundant reason."

We had considerable more conversation about him, and about Augustus' youth, concerning which, heretofore, I had heard few particulars from himself. He let me see that he had trials in his loneliness, and on account of his uncle's unsteady and arbitrary will; and I felt him every moment becoming dearer to me. He had drawn his large arm-chair to my side, and taken me to his arms, as he talked. My tears fell at some portions of his story; at others I kissed his cheek, again and again, he was so dear to me! so good, and so very noble in his words and in the expression of his face! But when he came to talk of going to Boston to-day he spoiled it all. After a pause, in which the cloud I have seen so often, came back to his features, he said something about his satisfaction that my original expectations with regard to fortune, would now be equalled. I don't know distinctly what he said; for he hesitated a good deal; and the words, together with the look of pain which accompanied them, bewildered me, and brought back

the old, sick, faint feeling. I remember he said, in conclusion, that he hoped it would help him to make me happy. How sorely was I puzzled! I thought at last—"perhaps my letter didn't express all I meant it should;" and I said, in low, choking tones—"I have never regretted the supposed loss of fortune on my own account; if——" The quick look of mingled surprise and pain, that he turned to me, stopped me. "He don't believe me?" thought I, longing to die.

"Not at first?" asked he, with the searching look on my face. "It must be—you did regret it, when you first heard of it, didn't you, Caroline?"

"Not a moment, on my own account, as you——" I spoke with considerable firmness; for I felt hurt and insulted. I would have mentioned my letter to him, and perhaps something would have come of it, although I cannot, for my life, see how. I cannot see how there can be any misunderstanding, my letter was so clearly expressed! I cannot possibly be under a mistake with regard to its character; it has haunted me since, so that, this morning, I recalled nearly every word.

We were interrupted by our nearest neighbors', the good, old Mr. Crosby and his wife, knocking at the parlor door. I was glad that it was not the Follens, instead, or any one acute enough to detect our agitation. They came to spend the evening. A violent headache came on; I was, a part of the time, ready to faint; but I compelled myself to keep my seat, and to avoid complaining; for I wished to keep them. Sick as I was, I dreaded another word from Augustus, touching our late conversation; I kept them, therefore, until a late hour; and, the moment that they left, took a lamp to go to our chamber.

"Will you go now?" asked Augustus.

"Yes; my head is ready to burst."

He looked alarmed; he proposed my having it bathed; he would bring some water, he said, and and bathe it.

"No," I replied, "I would sleep. Sleeping will cure it."

"Would I not take something," he asked, looking infinitely distressed.

"Not anything, I thank you." And seeing that he was preparing to accompany me, I added—"no, Augustus; come up when you are ready—don't let me hurry you." I didn't look at him. He said something that I did not understand, as he reopened the grate he had began, in such haste, to close for the night. He no longer opposed my going alone, and without remedies. I believed that I had offended him; but my headache by this time was so bad that I had no lamentations for anything else. I clasped that tightly the moment it was on the pillow; I hoped

it would not ache all night, like that; I hoped I might, by-and-bye, sleep; but of its cause I was nearly as oblivious as if the scene had never occurred. I know that Augustus stole softly into the chamber twice before he came for the night; and came to the bed, and seemed listening to my breathing. But I had too great pain and weakness to appreciate his concern, or to make the slightest effort for its removal. I lay still when he came, and afterward; but it must have been near morning when the pain lulled away so that I slept.

"Please, Mrs. Cummings—" I heard Sophia say, when the morning was far advanced. The voice and the gentle land on my shoulder awoke me.

"Is it very late?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; almost nine o'clock; and Mr. Cummings has been up so many times, to see if you were awake! and is so worried! and he hain't been to breakfast; and he must soon start for the cars, too, you know."

"Yes; I am sorry you didn't wake me; I am sorry he waited. Go, Sophia, and ask him not to wait. Tell him I will be down in a few minutes."

I was ashamed of my tardiness, of the hasty toilet, the uncombed hair; and blushed deeply as he opened the door for me, on hearing me descend the stairs.

"You are better this morning!" said he.

"Yes; but I am sorry I have made you wait."

"I, on the other hand, am glad that you slept—you were so pale last night! But now let me—" he put out his hand to lead me to the table, pressing it a little as he did so, and sighing audibly.

I could not congratulate him upon his improved looks. He was wretchedly pale, and swallowed nothing but a bit of bread and one cup of chocolate. I made no comments on his paleness, or his want of appetite; but I pitied him, myself, and all that are in this weary world. The sad lines of "Tam" kept running through my head; and neither could I swallow.

"The twig may thrive alone when severed from the tree,  
But joy flies far away when severed far from thee."

The good "Tam" thought of God; I, only of Augustus.

Young Crosby, who was to take Augustus to the depot, was at the gate with the carriage before we left the table.

Again I saw him linger as if pained to leave me thus, but this time it did not soften me much; I made no attempt to fathom the cause of his various moods. Nor do I now. I am, as it were, half stupified. In part, this is the effect of my miserable night, and in part, it may be, of "the

iron entering my soul." Heaven knows how it will end; I certainly do not.

The 8th.

Augustus did not return last evening. He said it was doubtful about his coming. He will come to-day.

The sun shines this morning; but it is cold, and this distresses the birds. They flit with rapid motions from spot to spot, uttering harsh cries; and then, in flocks, teem up into the air, to settle back immediately on the ground.

My head is clear this morning. I have looked backward and forward; and thus I have seen that I am not the only one in the world who is tried, sometimes; for, while I only lack one thing, there are such multitudes in the world who lack all things! I have resolved to wear myself no more with bewildering suspicions and conjectures. I will wait. Augustus is good, I am trying to be good; and it must be that we shall comprehend each other, some time; and that, then, no two will be happier than we.

Meantime that he is gone, I put everything in order through the house, set stitches here and there, and net him a splendid watch-case of German wools, which he is not to see until Christmas. I shall carry it over and sit with Mrs. Follen this afternoon; for she, too, is busy preparing gifts.

The 15th.

I have been quite ill; and, indeed, I am now; but I would come down to-day, I was so tired of being shut up in my chamber with Abby Rogers, myself-installed, my disagreeably officious nurse; trying to make me believe myself ten times as sick as I was, plying me with drinks, and liniments, and lotions; impressing it upon me, and Augustus, and Mrs. Follen, that I was nervous, threatened with fever, and hence must be kept quiet, must be tended only by her, who loved me so much, who would be so careful! Threatened with fever I was, for a few days; and this is all the truth I am able to gather out of her representations. I was tired of her; I pined for Augustus and Mrs. Follen, which Abby qualified thus—"ah, she is so nervous, Mr. Cummings! You never saw one so exquisitely sensitive and nervous as Mrs. Cummings is, Mrs. Follen! never!"

Yesterday I was stronger, the fever was quite gone; and I would keep them both with me a long time, as long as I pleased; and this was what I needed far more than medicinal drink or lotion.

Abby finds herself very languid from her confinement to my chamber; accordingly she has gone out for a long walk. She came up with Augusta; and meditates a long visit, I fear; as she brought a very large portmanteau, and makes no intimations of leaving us at all. Heaven grant that I may not conceive a settled dislike of the

girl! I would be kept from all inhospitality, from all unkindness, even of heart, for the sake of my own comfort as well as hers. If another deserves severity at my hands, I can never be done reproaching myself, if I inflict it on her.

*Later.*

Mrs. Crosby has just left me. She is a very cordial, plain old lady. She was telling me how "not at all like himself Mr. Cummings appeared, he was so concerned!" while I was in the worst stage of my attack, when he came in from his study, where he is so hurried now, with his retarded preparations for the Sabbath.

"I've been telling your wife she must be pretty careful how she steps on the ground with thin shoes on, if she takes cold so easy as this; and if you are so concerned about her."

"Yes, she must, Mrs. Crosby," replied he, meeting my smile with another; and coming to see if my head was hot.

"Yes, I will be careful, Augustus," said I, with the feeling of a penitent taking his hand to my lips an instant.

Abby came in; Mrs. Crosby took leave, and Augustus returned to his study, after having satisfied himself that I was not sitting up too long.

I believe now that he loves me; and yet I know there is something wrong. He misunderstands me, in some way; and as soon as I am stronger, I will appeal to him directly about the meaning of the remarks he made the evening before he went to Boston. But now I must rest.

*The 17th.*

I never get an opportunity of having Augustus a minute to myself, exclusively, except after we retire, when it is too late to broach an agitating subject, if I would have any good sleep for the night. I am not yet strong enough to venture. Abby is at my side constantly by day; and at night she never leaves the parlor until after we have retired.

I went to church yesterday. Abby opposed "the imprudent, dangerous measure," as she called it; but Augustus seconded my inclinations by the opinion that there could be no danger for half of the day, if I was well protected against the cold. The mother never wrapped her babe more carefully than he did me. I hindered him, catching his hand twice to kiss it; but I don't think it annoyed him at all, although Abby, who sat beside me, said something each time about my being "such an impulsive, nervous thing!" We neither of us replied to the remark.

"The truth shall make you free" was Augustus' text. It was for me, the greater part of it, as I felt all the time; for he was pale; at times greatly agitated. His voice had the pleading kindness that it has for no one but me; especially

when he described the beauty and necessity of truth, in "the nearest and dearest relation of life." With a face as if he were lifted to heaven by his theme, and with a glowing tongue he touched upon the life and death of the martyrs; and dwelt at considerable length upon the life and the death of Christ. Ah! he did not know that he was describing that which is the life and strength of my own soul. "But he will know it!" thought I, and no misgivings came over me. I was happy! I was ready to live or die! It was glorious to live; it would be glorious to die! "God be praised!" thought I, in the sermon time; in the vestibule where so many kind ones thronged around us, and during the ride home in the genial mid-day sun.

"God be praised!" I said, softly; but so that Augustus, who was relieving me of my cloak and shawl, heard me.

He looked at me, as he had done already many times on the way home, with a pleased, and yet somewhat puzzled expression. But Abby came in from the hall, and there was no more said.

*The 19th.*

Abby has just left our door for home. She wished to be in the city at Christmas, and during preparations for Christmas.

I am thankful that I was not once outwardly ungracious to the poor child, selfish and whimsical as she was in nearly all her words and ways, tiresome as she was a guest. She was so restless! The most entertaining book I could find for her, she grew tired of in an hour; although few things could equal the zest, the lively expectation with which she began it. She was wild at the mention of a ride, and during preparations; but, as we rode, she looked one way and another way, as if searching for some object of greater interest than any she saw; and soon she became listless; and returned more languid than she went, unless some stirring incident occurred. If I left her long for the sake of my household concerns, on my return I found her blue, sometimes peevish, and evidently resenting my absence. At such times she would say—"you must be thankful enough for the new will! Now you can have an older servant, two or three servants you can have, if Mr. Cummings is the indulgent man to you that he ought to be, considering how much property you brought with you!" or something of this sort. She hated the piano when alone, she never played unless Augustus or visitors were present. The child reached after Augustus—as Augusta would say—to the last. But, although to her, he bore himself so loftily, that she could not once grasp him. She often complained, therefore, of his coldness; of his being one of those men who forget that there is any other person in the world, because they

happen to have a wife. Yet, now that I write these things of her, I pity more than I reproach her; for she has her father's strong restless passions. She dislikes her home; so that the affections, the sympathies that should be centered there to make her happy, wander here and there like the poor dove of Noah. One must pity her. One must long that she may find the olive-branch somewhere, and rest in peace and love in a home of her own.

Christmas! it comes apace; and then I shall look on those dear ones! I can well conceive how dear grandmother will send her soft glance to this corner and that corner, through the pantry and cellar; how she will look for the pores in my white bread, and break her slice slowly studying it the while. She will look a little anxious sometimes, when she begins a new scrutiny; but I shall have the satisfaction of seeing the face clear, and the eyes turn to me expressing pleasure and approbation.

Grandfather will find all the fault he can, and perpetrate numberless jokes at my expense; but looks and words of hearty praise will not be wanting; and I shall love his jokes, because he finds such pleasure in them.

How lively the doctor will be, now his good heart is made at rest in his pecuniary concerns! And I foresee that Laura and I will sit and talk upon the best ways of doing one thing and another connected with housekeeping, as gravely as if we were matrons of fifty.

It takes Augustus a long while going to the depot. I want him to come. I must put some questions to him, now that we are by ourselves; and I am in haste. Sure now of his love, loving him so completely that I am not afraid to show him everything that is in my heart, I can speak so as to satisfy him—he comes!

*The 21st.*

We sent kisses through the window, as he rode by to the stable. When he came in, I took his hands in mine to warm them; but he soon gathered my hands and myself, too, into his arms, and sat down with me near the fire that sent its genial glow out into the gathering twilight. I played with his hair. We chatted—no two people ever had so many little things to say to each other, surely; but at length there was a pause; and, twining both arms around his neck, I said—“and the truth shall make you free.”

He took me closer to him, looked me endearingly in the face, repeating the words—“and the truth shall make you free! Let the truth make us free, dear Caroline. Let me confess you first; and now tell me whether you—in short, isn't there one thing you would find it better to confess to me?” He hesitated, at a loss how to proceed with the delicate subject.

“Yes, one.”

“What is it?”

“That I love you better than you can ever know.”

“Thanks!” After a pause he added, smiling—“you have confessed one darling quality; now tell me one—error; or, at least, one thing that is amiss.”

I began to feel a little alarmed; still I laughed, and told him that I didn't know—I was unconscious of having any wicked thing whatever to confess.

He still smiled, but, withal, looked as if he thought me a little incorrigible.

I thought of my letter, of what he had said of my regretting his loss of fortune; and felt that my turn for confessing him had come. I think my looks must have evinced something of conscious innocence and power, as I said—“now, Augustus, let me confess you. What did you mean by the questions you put to me the day before you went to Boston? You must remember them.”

“Yes, I do.”

“You must think them a little ungracious, when you recollect my answer to your letter which informed me of your loss.”

“This is it!” said he, with a look of great pleasure. “This is just what I wanted to come to—that letter, and——”

“Surely you could get nothing really wrong from that,” interrupted I, eagerly. “I was ashamed of it, when I was writing it, and afterward, it expressed so much—it said so plainly that I loved you better than all the rest of the world, and could be happy with you anywhere, in poverty or wealth! These are the very words; don't you remember?”

No lamp had been brought; the flame had died away in the grate, so that I could not see the expression of his face. He just said—putting me gently from him—“let me bring the letter. We will read it together.”

I had lamps ready and our chair wheeled to the table when he returned.

“I am not ashamed of it now,” said I, as we were seating ourselves; “for I don't care how well you think I love you. But then I blushed over it, although I would speak it, because it was the truth. And when your next came, it was so cold, your manner was so cold when you came to New London—ah! I tell you, Augustus, you grieved me half to death; and made me determine that, in future, I would express myself as reservedly as even you could wish.”

“What you say astonishes me,” replied he, opening the letter with a most bewildered look. And certainly I was not far behind him when I saw that the letter was not mine. The characters



were very like mine; still I could detect strange features; and the letter was much shorter than mine; and stiffer and colder than the mountains. A formal resignation to the loss was, indeed, expressed, here and there, and regard for him! like unseemly patches stuck on to hide unseemly tatters; but a whining discontent ran through it all.

"Oh!" exclaimed I, shuddering, and ready to tear the scrawl to atoms. "I never wrote the miserable thing!"

"Never wrote it?"

"Never!"

"Then I will show you another that pained me still more than this."

He returned in a minute bringing one still shorter than the other, and bearing a later date. It was addressed inside to "My dear E——," was subscribed, "Yours in affliction, Caroline Bradshaw;" and, like the other, bore the New London post-mark. It was meant by the fabricator to appear that it was sent to Augustus instead of "My dear E——," through mistake of mine, as it was said in the course of the letter—"I am writing to Augustus by this same mail. I must try and not betray by letter, or when he comes, *all* the disappointment I feel about the loss. It is too late now to take back what has passed between us—perhaps. Just ready to be married, you know! And I hope we can be happy on love." This is all, excepting the little stroke of business which called for the letter—begging "My dear E—— not to appear at the wedding, as, after the great misfortune, it must be so dull and common-place!"

Augustus thought as I did, that the letters were fabricated by Boynton, or his sister.

"And you have loved me all this time, my Caroline—my beloved?" said he, after a momentary pause. He was greatly agitated, and held me close to his heart.

"All this time—unspeakably! But you, dear Augustus, how you must have despised me!"

"I have loved you, dearest! I could have died for you, at any time. But I was shocked. I would have given a thousand worlds that no such letters had been written. They perplexed me; they were so unlike what I expected from one so noble and considerate as yourself! I could only comfort myself by trying to believe that your words were careless, rather than deliberately unfeeling; that you were ill when you wrote, or in haste, or that something or somebody was more at fault than your own heart. I trusted to the good I was sure I saw in you; and hoped that you would be won by the great love I had for you, by the great tenderness I would show you. But all the while, as you yourself have said, I felt that it was not clear between us. I sometimes feared it never would be; but that no means might be left untried, I sought an explanation, one time, as you remember."

"Yes; you must have been bitterly disappointed."

"I was; and puzzled to distraction almost. Your affirmation, although so contradictory to your letters, was still so firm. I was, however; all the time sustained by a feeling, that, dark as the subject was, you were yet true and good. Your beloved face, your words, the tones of your voice, your earnest, child-like ways—I believed in these oftenest. Yet there were moments, hours, when I doubted all; then I suffered unspeakably."

My tears ran; but he kissed them away; and, with his lips on my cheek, he blessed me with the dearest words, in the dearest tones. He called me his beloved, his wife, the dearest treasure that heaven could send him.

"But, dearest," added he, "we must not forget God, now in our great earthly comfort."

"No, indeed! no, indeed!" said I, again in tears. "For, dear as you are to me, my husband, beautiful as is our home, I can conceive of no high, abiding comfort if He is not with us."

## MY WIFE'S BARGAINS.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

My wife has a great notion of making bargains. She occasionally spends a whole day in shopping; when, to accommodate her, we have no dinner at home, I dining down town, and the children being put off with a cold bit.

The other day, when I returned to supper, after one of these excursions, almost the first words Mrs. Jones said, were,

"Such luck as I've had to-day, Smith. Do hurry and eat supper, that I may show you my bargains."

Accordingly the purchases were produced, when the meal had been despatched, and the children put to bed. This last procedure was not effected, however, without some difficulty, for the little ones had heard their mother talking so much of their new spring dresses, that their curiosity was all alive, and they were eager to sit up; but the laws of the Medes and Persians were not more inflexible than Mrs. Jones; and when from pleading the children proceeded to crying, she whipped them all round, and then had them carried struggling to bed.

"Here's some wonderfully cheap chintz," she said, producing a bit of calico, "its worth a shilling, every cent of it, and I've known the day when I could not have bought it for less than a quarter of a dollar:—what do you think I paid for that?"

I was incapable of answering, my business not lying in that line, and I confessed as much.

"Oh! you men never know anything," she said. "Well, I paid eight cents for it, only think of it, and isn't it pretty." As she spoke, she held the pattern before her, smoothing it carefully down with her hand.

Next she exhibited some cashmere for the boys' jackets, and drilling for their pantaloons, all purchased marvellously cheap: and finally took up a piece of de laine, as she called it.

"There, now there's a bargain," she said, proudly, unrolling the fabric. "I never, in my life, saw anything as cheap as this. Seventy-five cents is what it cost to import this article, so the storekeeper said, yet I got it for—what do you think?—now just guess for once, Jones."

"A dollar a yard, I suppose," I answered, "for that's about a fair profit."

Mrs. Jones laughed outright. At last she spoke.

"No, I bought that for thirty-seven and a half

cents a yard, and, as it was so cheap, I took enough for myself as well as for the children."

"But I thought," I interposed, meekly, "that you had already bought your own dresses."

"So I had," she replied, "but this was so cheap, you know: and then a de laine dress is always useful."

"I don't think there's much saved then," said I, bluntly. "By next spring your dress will be out of fashion, so that it will be a complete loss. I suppose it takes as much stuff for you as for both the girls."

"Exactly."

She spoke shortly; but I went on.

"Then you might just as well have bought de laine at seventy-five cents a yard. Are you sure this is good? It looks rotten."

"Do you think I don't know bad de laine?" she said, and she jerked the goods out of my hand, as if I was unworthy to look upon it. "But its no use talking to you, or showing you my bargains: you always make fun of them, or find fault."

I saw that the patience of Mrs. Jones was giving way, and on reflection concluded that I had been too severe for her, so I said no more. But I thought of the miserable dinner I had been forced to partake of, down town, at a cheap eating-house; and of the children who had gone crying to bed.

The next morning, Mrs. Jones had a fever, caused by over-exertion the day before. She had walked too far, the doctor said, and neglected to eat anything; a delicate woman, he added, ought never to do either, much less both together.

Mrs. Jones was ill for a fortnight, and the doctor's bill was twenty dollars, so that her great bargains did not amount to much, especially as a seamstress had to be hired, while my wife was still sick, to take her part in making up the children's clothes.

Nor was this all. The boasted de laine proved, as I had feared, rotten. The first dress that gave way was one of the children's, for which the little creature received a severe admonition, and subsequently a whipping, when she ventured to lay the accident on the flimsy character of the stuff itself. But a few days after Mrs. Jones tore her own dress, while engaged in smoothing it down in front, so miserable was the material.

The colors of the cheap calico proved bad, and

the drilling turned out to be half cotton. Of all her purchases, the cashmere was the only article in which she was not cheated, and the reason was, I suppose, that it was a remnant.

Before summer came, new dresses had to be purchased for both the girls, and a new pair of pantaloons a piece for the boys, the other ones not being fit for Sunday wear.

I calculated, when all was over, that I had lost about thirty-five dollars, by that one day's shopping. Mrs. Jones will not, however, admit this: her sickness, she says, would have happened anyhow.

So that my wife is incorrigible, I fear, on the subject of BARGAINS.

# THE HOPEFUL HEIR.

BY MRS. PETER PERIWINKLE.

*Peterson's Magazine* (1849-1892); Jun 1852; VOL. XXI., No. 6.; American Periodicals  
pg. 0\_001



THE HOPEFUL HEIR.

# THE HOPEFUL HEIR.

BY MRS. PETER PERIWINKLE.

MR. PERIWINKLE fancied that he knows how to manage children; but, like all the men, he only spoils them. Says he to me, as we were waiting for breakfast lately, "you are ruining those girls. If I was to pet Harry half as much—"

"I pet the girls as you pet Harry," I said, interrupting him, "now that's good."

Harry, I must tell the reader, is our only son, and his father believes there never was a child like him, though, for my part, I think either Jane or Helen are better behaved. That child had a pair of boots, almost before he left off long clothes, though to this day Periwinkle has never given the girls the first scrap of a present. Harry's last gift was a whip, which was the terror of his sisters, for if either refuses to do just as master tyrant wishes, they get a blow; and though I reasoned with Periwinkle again and again, he objected to my punishing the boy, because he said it would break his spirit.

"I pet the girls as you pet Harry," I said, "now that's good. I tell you, Periwinkle, you will be the ruin of the boy. Why, the lad hasn't come to table for a month, without having a cry about something."

"That's not my fault," said Periwinkle, a little staggered. "Jane or Helen are forever teasing him."

"I'm sure its not mine," I retorted sharply. "If I had the management of him for awhile, I'd make him behave himself."

Periwinkle smiled incredulously.

"I tell you what, Periwinkle," I said, losing patience. "The very next time he undertakes to make a noise at dinner, I'll take him in hand, for then you'll not be by for him to appeal to; and I'll bring him down, I assure you."

Periwinkle winced a little. He would have liked to object, but he knew I was right, and he did not dare to. So he only said,

"Well, well, have your way; you always will: only don't lose your temper, Jane."

I lost my temper at this, as the reader may suppose, and gave Periwinkle in consequence a piece of my mind. I had a good deal still to say, when suddenly he seized his hat and left the house, nor did I see him again till evening. He did not even wait for breakfast.

I was in no humor, therefore, for Master Harry's tricks. He began as usual, almost before he was seated.

"I won't have a cup without a handle," were his first words.

"You'll have whatever I choose to give you," I said. But as all the cups, that morning, had handles, no difficulty arose on this point.

"Mother, Jane's making faces at me," Harry cried, directly.

I looked at Jane. "He was winking at me," she said, "and I'll make faces at him if he does it again."

"No you won't."

"Yes, I will. There, and there, and there."

"Silence, both of you," I said. "Take that," and I boxed Jane's ears. "And you, that," and I boxed Master Harry's.

He threw himself back in his chair, kicking the table till cups and plates danced, and the urn itself was almost overturned.

"Stop that," I cried, across the table, for I had returned to my place. "If you don't be quiet, this instant, I'll send you away, and you shan't have a mouthful till supper."

"No you won't. I'll tell father," he roared, and leaning back still further in his chair, he elevated his feet on the table, on which he hammered with his heels, staining the clean damask cloth with mud, for he had been running in the garden already that morning, instead of learning his lessons like Jane and Helen.

I rang the bell, and summoned a servant.

"Take him out, lock him up in the empty room up stairs, and let me know when he is ready to ask my forgiveness," I said. "He is to have nothing to eat till I say so."

He screamed, he kicked, he tried to bite, he nearly upset the table; but it was in vain: for the servant finally succeeded in carrying him up stairs, the last words of the young tyrant being that he would tell his papa.

The girls sat thunder-struck, their milk and water untasted. "You see," I said, resolved to improve the occasion for their benefit also, "what comes of being naughty. I hope never, to have to punish either of you in the same way."

They both looked down, but tears were in Helen's eyes; and, after awhile, she said, "oh! mamma, brother will be better if you let him come back; hear how he cries: he must be so hungry."

He could, indeed, be heard over the whole house. But I answered. "No, my dear, your brother must stay there till he asks my forgiveness. Eat your breakfast now, and then hurry off to school. I want still to see my little Helen a nice, intelligent girl, and not a tom-boy." And I glanced at Jane, who was fonder of play than of books, and who hung her head, at these words, with shame.

All that morning, Harry held out. He kicked against the door, screaming at the top of his lungs: then, when physically exhausted, he would be quiet for awhile; but if I knocked to know if he was ready to submit, he was sure to begin again, kicking and screaming louder than ever. At last, toward noon, he fell asleep, I suppose; for I heard no more of him.

When it came dark I went up and opened the door. He had just woke up. I asked him if he

would be a good boy, but he only pouted, and turned pettishly away: however as he did not say no, and as I disliked to leave him in the dark, lest he should go into fits, I took him down stairs, and gave him some bread and milk, after which I put him to bed. If it had not been for fear of having him sick, he should not have had a morsel till he yielded entirely.

When Periwinkle came home, I told him of my success.

"Why, Jane," was his reply, "it seems a drawn battle, even on your own showing. But since you have begun, go on in your own way; for there's nothing worse than having one parent interfering with another."

"Nothing will do for him," I said, decidedly, "but conquering by main force: and I intend to do it."

Periwinkle meekly went to look for his slippers. Since that day he has not interfered openly between me and Harry, but he continues to pet the child himself: so what success can I expect? However, whether he is present or not, I make Master Harry obey me. The child has ceased to threaten appealing to his father, and does not make a noise at table half as frequently as he used to. I have burnt his whip, and given his boots to the sweep, in both cases to punish him for insolence to his sisters; and have got him, at last, so improved that he trembles if I only speak to him.

He always runs to his father, as soon as the latter comes in; and then there is noise and romping enough, to be sure. As I can't box Periwinkle's ears, I am forced to let Master Harry alone, though often my head aches as if it would split. And so, in spite of all I can do, as I often tell Periwinkle, the boy is being spoilt. But what do men know about children?

## MY RETURN FROM CALIFORNIA.

BY A. L. OTIS.

I WAS returning from California rich in gold, but a poor, miserable, rheumatic invalid. At my age, I should have been a lusty fellow, doing justice to the fine constitution nature had bestowed upon me, and able to do any work among men, like a man. As the ship neared New York, as we passed Governor's Island, and I could almost distinguish my own home, I began to think, not without remorse, of a meeting with my father. Headlong and obstinate, I had run off seven years before to be a sailor, without his consent, against his will. I left a most delectable epistle upon my table, saying that I found myself miserable at the prospect of entering college, and leading a sedentary life for some years. That as I knew if my father wrote to me it would be to command my return, and as I was sure my sisters would fill their letters with entreaties to the same effect, I should not inform them where I was going, nor what I meant to do, lest I should be moved from my mighty purpose, or ignominiously captured.

I went out in a South Sea whaler, before the mast, and while she was at California was taken suddenly ill, and left there. No one dreamed then of the hidden treasure, the mighty load-stone which has since drawn nations to it. I found the country pleasant, and considered it my home, though my time was spent cruising about the delightful islands of the Pacific, generally as a common sailor. After the discovery of the gold, and when untold multitudes, like the herrings in spring, were flocking to the shore, I went to the mines and completed the ruin of my health, by washing the glittering gold in unimagined quantities from the river bed—sleeping in the cold nights exposed upon the ground, only too happy to be the much-envied possessor of one thick blanket—which was often lent, however, to some over-persuasive wretch of a companion—and living upon, a sailor's fare is a feast to it. But enough of these times that have little to do with my story.

With my eyes fixed upon the nearing city, I was dreaming of my reception at home, of how I should be received as one from the dead. I knew that I should be welcomed, forgiven, and loved more than ever—that my father would do, as did the father of the prodigal son. My sisters had always been so indulgent to their little, troublesome, meddling brother, that again

and again in my absence, had I longed to write but the words "forgive me," to them. I remembered that on leaving home, I had not even left them an adieu in my father's note, and that now for years they had borne a heavy sorrow on my account. I could not bear to think of the kind of welcome I should receive, so much would it condemn me, yet memory would place each sister before me, with some familiar words of kind greeting, some remembered flash of joy at my return. Strange that I never thought to find them changed, though I had grown from boyhood to manhood.

On landing I went immediately home, and I am sure there was in my face but one color—whitey brown—as I stood on our doorsteps. I did not immediately ring, but when I raised my hand to the bell, I missed my father's name, which had been engraved below it. The natural ruddiness rushed suddenly back to my countenance as I hastily rang. They did not even know where my father lived.

The disappointment was too bitter, and I was walking moodily down street, not caring where I went, when a hearty clap on the shoulder made my heart jump with the hope that it was my father. No, it was but Charles Weston, a friend I had met in California, and who had returned a short time before me.

"You here already?" he asked, giving me a hearty welcome. "You haven't been to the old house! ha! ha!"

"Where do they live?" I asked, anxiously.

"Out of town, at Yonkers, and they are not at home now. I saw them off for St. Anthony's Falls, last week. Why didn't you let them know you were coming, Ned? They assail me with such minute inquiries concerning you, that I positively don't know what to say. Miss Sarah won't forgive me if I can't tell her how many times you have been in a gambling-house; Miss Jessie is indignation itself, because I own I did not nurse you through your last illness; and Cherry, charming Cherry, pouts because I cannot for the life of me remember exactly how you look when you are not before my eyes. Do satisfy them all, for pity's sake. I expect to find your tongue worn to a fine thread the next time I see you. But, my dear fellow, you can't go after them now, so you must come with me to the sea-shore, and recruit a little before they

come home. I go to Rockaway to-morrow. What do you say to it?"

I was too much disappointed to care where I went, as I was not well enough to travel rapidly and overtake my father's party. I let my friend arrange all matters for me, and we went to Rockaway together.

On the evening of our arrival I was too ill to leave my room, and I lay upon my bed enjoying the cooling breeze which blew from the ocean, amazed by the buzz of human life in the populous hotel, or amused by the remarks of passers by, as they walked on the balcony before my window. Suddenly I felt a quick emotion at my heart, caused by a new delicious music in my ears. It was the laughing and chatting of a party of girls, silver voiced angels they seemed to me. I was entranced, and dared not stir lest the heavenly sounds should take flight and ascend beyond my hearing. Probably not one of you, dear readers, can begin to imagine my exquisite sense of enjoyment, but should you go several long voyages without a single woman on board, should you spend years in the company of men almost exclusively as I had at the mines, should you be absent so long as to have the charm and mystery of civilized woman a novelty to you, you will feel what I felt when I heard the gentle rustle, the sweet words in my own tongue, and, above all, the light-hearted, merry laugh. They passed on, and left me dreaming deliciously.

I remembered how before I left home I was the most arrant beau in our circle of acquaintance—how brought forward by my sisters, and courted by my cousins, I was audaciously free with all ladies. Now—I felt convinced that if one of the divine creatures should speak to me, I should reply with my forehead in the dust. I arose and looked out in ambush as I heard the voices again approaching. The glare from the drawing-room windows showed me their slender forms, their graceful heads, and their delicate vapor-like dresses. As they entered a window, leaving the balcony silent, I threw myself again upon my bed in delight and slept, dreaming of being surrounded by airy creatures, beautiful as angels, but wicked and teasing as demons.

The next day my friend informed me I was to take possession of a larger, and more convenient apartment, which he had secured for me as an invalid. I could not bear to leave this room lest the other should not look upon the balcony, and I professed myself perfectly contented with this little ten feet square oven, until I heard some of my friend's reasons for wishing to remove me.

"These rooms," he said, "are generally taken by single gentlemen, a noisy, frolicsome set. Now, Ned, I want you to be in that part of the house where ladies 'most do congregate,' and silence

(comparative) reigns supreme. The room next to yours is occupied by three charming girls, and the one on the other side by two old maids. There are no children at present in the whole gallery—in short, it is the very place for you."

I consented to go immediately.

A severe attack of rheumatism confined me to my room for two weeks, and during this time the only thing which kept me from despondency, which cheered many a lonely hour, and made music in many a solitary night, was the hum of gentle, or it might be merry voices, next door. The walls were so thin that at first I could hear every word they said. In order to give them warning I frequently coughed, and I soon heard a dear voice say, with nervous solitude,

"Who is that coughing so?"

"Some one next door," was the reply, and in another voice,

"I don't know; suppose you ask."

The chambermaid was summoned.

"Who occupies the next room to this, Biddy?"

"A sick gentleman from California, Miss."

"What is his name?"

"Mr. Clinton."

"Hem! Is he an old man, Biddy?"

"Oh, no, Miss—he's young, but quite broken down, and awfully tamed. His sufferings is dreadful."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Rheumatiz—very acute, the doctor says."

"He must be rather old then, Biddy."

"Oh, no, Miss—not at all. He got it scraping gold out of the minds in that awful wearsome country."

"What did you say he looked like?"

"Why, tall-like, and sunburned."

"You didn't say handsome, then?"

"Oh, Miss, he's handsome, to be sure, but broken-like. He don't look made to be sick, neither, &c."

After Biddy was dismissed I gave an admonitory hem, which one of the ladies said frightened her horribly, whereat I felt due regret. They conversed in whispers for some time, but I distinctly heard the words "Cherry's guardian." So they knew my little playmate, and perhaps my sisters. They were tolerably guarded after this, not, I do believe, from a wish not to be heard, but in the feminine mercy of their hearts that they might not disturb the invalid. Several times when noisy companions entered their rooms I heard them say, "hush, hush, some one is sick next door," or "you will disturb the sick gentleman from California." Heaven bless woman!

I had not thought of asking my incommunicative friend about Cherry Ashton. She was a little girl when I left home, and often came to spend a week or so at our house. She and her



fine tall brothers were my father's wards, and they resided not far from us, with their mother. I asked about them the next time I saw Charles Weston, and learned that Mrs. Ashton, having been dead four years, Cherry now resided with my father. To my astonishment, I heard that she was a young lady introduced into society, and quite a belle. Charles said everything in her praise he knew how—that she was charming, fascinating, bewitching, pretty, engaging, &c.

I was so impatient to be at home, that I resolved to go there and await the return of my friends. Upon arriving at Yonkers I engaged a horse, as I had still a ride of six miles before me, and though the evening was darkening I set out, riding leisurely along at a pace befitting a rheumatic. It was very late when I reached my father's house, and I rode round to the stable in order to give directions about returning the horse. Then I approached the house through a little copse of woods, which led quite to the windows of a brightly lighted room. I dreaded to enter and receive no welcome but that of servants, so I approached slowly. I saw from some distance that the lighted room was not the kitchen, for rich curtains shaded the windows, and as they were not lowered, I saw the gleaming of the picture-frames and the glass drops to the mantel-lamps. It seemed like fairy land to me, like the enchanted palace of the White Cat. I went quite close to the windows, and looked in. They were all there! I saw my father's head leaned back in his easy-chair, his eyes closed from excess of comfort; while one of my sisters, whom I supposed the oldest, Sarah, combed his white locks soothingly. Three other sisters were gathered round a table; and there were several gentlemen in the room, not one of whom I recognized. I stood in a dazzled, delicious confusion for some time, and then with a violent prompting of love for them all, ran round to find the door. As I emerged from the wood, a little white cloud seemed to float before me, but suddenly out started a pair of arms like white wings, the cloud fell from a fairy-like head and shoulder, and I saw my father's ward, who had drawn the skirt of her muslin dress over her head as a pretence of shelter from the rain-drops. The light of a window flashed full upon her as she glided swiftly along, and I stood with my hands clasped looking like some fanatic enthusiast after her. She was gone in a minute, vanishing in the woods, and I again sought the entrance, which finding, I was soon standing in the midst of my dear friends, receiving those civilities which would be offered to a stranger.

I could not find words to make myself known. I feared the suddenness of the shock, and I was about to offer some apology for intrusion at that

hour, and invent some business to talk about with my father, when the little white cloud floated into the room, and actually advanced timidly to me, smiling and blushing. I took her proffered hand in amazement.

"Don't you know me, Edward?" she said, and added, a little pettishly, "do introduce me then, Sarah, for I want to be as good friends as ever, and see I must begin at the beginning." All stared at us in silent wonder a moment, and then Sarah suddenly cried, doubtfully, "Ned—is it Ned?"

I spare the reader further. Miss Cherry had supposed the recognition, and salutations over. She was shocked and provoked by finding out that she was the first to recognize me. She said they were all very dull not to have been expecting me, not to have guessed who I was by my untimely arrival, and not to have seen enough of my original lineaments to have known me at once. She knew me when she first saw me looking, with such a tender countenance, in at the window. I had almost touched her as she stood behind the lilac bush at the very window I approached, bent upon the naughty trick of acting the ghost which was said to haunt the wood.

I could not be brought to believe that my youngest sister Jessie was not my eldest. The other two were married; and I was introduced to two new brothers, their husbands. My noble, generous father did not even speak of forgiveness, only of joy at my return; and I had no words, nor was it a time to tell him of my repentance.

Home was heaven to me. It was even unimaginable delight to be the companion of my father; the patient of Sarah and Jessie, the object of Miss Cherry's playful solicitude. A heart so full of perfect contentment as mine must reanimate the sinking body. I grew rapidly well, yet did not strive to emancipate myself from my imperative nurses. It was too new and delightful a feeling—that of being so cared for—is soon tired of. So I was coaxed to submit to the most delicate nursing, thereby delighting the "women-kind" as much as I pleased myself. But alas! I grew saucy, and by too much self-conceit deprived myself of my pet nurse. My arm, which was the part most affected with rheumatism, generally reposed quietly in a sling, but twice a day my sisters attacked it furiously. I dreaded rubbing time. I was not spared—the pain was necessary to a cure, and with wise promptness they acted. But one day my sisters went to the city, and left particular directions with Cherry not to forget one of the usual remedies. She appeared before me, therefore, and desired me to prepare for a rubbing, with as much coolness

as if she had done it every day of her life. I thought of refusing, not caring to have her white hands oiled with liniment, and reddened with hard rubbing; but when I saw a pertinacious little blush struggling with real solicitude I could not resist. I began hastily to unroll the long flannel bandage. She helped me and was rather clumsy.

"There, take care, Miss Cherry," I cried, with prompt fretfulness.

"Ah, I hurt you," she said, leaning suddenly toward me most pityingly.

"Hem—not the least consequence," I said, still more sullenly.

"I am sorry," she replied, humbly.

And when the rubbing came—ah, how different from the practical Sarah's energetic movements! Her hands glided as gently over my rough skin as if she were caressing a butterfly.

"Ah," I said, crossly, "I see I shall have to rub myself, my kind creature. You are rather more afraid of hurting than you were just now."

Instantly she rubbed with zeal. I made a very face. Her under lip was drawn in with a little shiver as if she felt a sharp pain herself, and she rubbed softly, but hurriedly.

"Oh," I said, withdrawing my arm, "I see I have made you so nervous—pray, forgive me, I should not have permitted you——"

"Now, Edward," she said, most persuasively—"do let me."

"Well," I answered, with pretended reluctance, and she proceeded to replace the bandage with a fresh one. In drawing it tightly round my arm, by a really nervous movement that I could not control, she saw that she had again given me pain. Excited and troubled before, this was too much. She burst into tears. All my pretended ill-nature vanished. By way of making amends for cruelly playing with tender feelings that I could not understand, I threw my arm round her! my lame one entirely forgetting itself, and poured forth a torrent of gratitude and self-reproach. My heart did not stop there, though my words did, unluckily. She sprang from me with a laugh.

"Pshaw!" she said, "your arm is well enough, and now I shall do it properly; I have not hurt you a bit, but I intend to."

So saying, she took off the bandage again, rubbed somewhat more like my sister, and notwithstanding my exclamations, proceeded to bind it up with energy.

"Now I have done my duty properly, Mr. Edward," she said, as she hastened away. Somehow after that I never dared to do again as I had done. I saw she would suffer no nonsense. How much that act cost me! The little lady

was upon her dignity, and all her playful, almost child-like attentions were at an end.

I grew moody, rebellious, and soon found myself free from my sisters' authority. Cherry's coolness made me despair. A thousand times I wished I had dared to say I loved her, when I held her so closely pressed to my bosom. Then I thought she might have given me hope of a return of the affection I avowed, but by speaking only of gratitude *then*, I had given her to understand I did not love her, and now she was unapproachable. In vain I tried to meet her in the woods or garden, or even to speak a word with her alone in the parlor. She was a most artful little witch and eluded me skillfully, till I found home so intolerable that I determined to leave it. I announced my intention, and behold that very evening chance favored me, for I saw the same little white cloud floating about under the trees just after tea. I immediately pursued it, but it fled no further than the summer-house under the pines, and there I overtook it. It might have been invisible air, however, for all the notice I took of it. I seated myself in the full moonlight, and placed my long limbs across the doorway. Then began a play of patience. I could hear the restless and frightened little being trying to stifle every sigh—but I appeared unconscious. Why a teasing spirit so possessed me I do not know. Perhaps I wanted to enjoy having at last captured the little wild bird—perhaps I wanted to punish it. Sooner than I expected Cherry came forward, and said, "please let me out." I started as if terrified.

"Are you the ghost that haunts this wood? Avaunt! Out through the lattice whence you came, perturbed spirit!"

"No nonsense, Edward—please let me out."

"Ha, it knows my name! It may be no good spirit. It may work me ill. It is in woman's beautiful form, and one shaped like it has already given me sorrow. Had I better let it pass, and not provoke it? No—I scorn the action. Too long has it haunted these forests. I will try to daunt it. Pertinacious spirit, *avert*—nor trouble more these beautiful shadows!"

"Oh, Edward, do let me go. I hear them calling me."

"Hem! Who! Ugh. Am I a man and tremble so? No—I am a very coward and superstitious fool—ghosts do not speak till questioned. This can be no ghost. Now I know it is some mischievous person who takes advantage of the old superstition. I would have you know, whoever you are, that such audacity must be punished. Therefore I shall proceed to catch you, and take summary vengeance."

A merry laugh was the reply. My long limbs were drawn back, and I was about to rise, seize

the fair intruder, when by a swift flight she had nearly escaped me. I caught her hand just as she cleared the door.

"Flesh and blood!" I cried, "I thought so; but did I expect to find such a tender, soft hand as this? Oh, you cunning, malicious ghost, where did you find this graceful, charming body to inhabit? Stay—I have you fast—if hands cannot detain you, arms *will*—you must answer me. You have committed a theft, wicked ghost! When I came here, I found so lovely a spirit in just such a form, that after bending to worship it I looked up and loved it. But one day suddenly the lovely spirit fled, and another entered the dear form, which I now perceive to have been you by your

wildness, your coldness, your coyness—I recognize you, ghost. Heaven help me to exorcise you.

"Oh, hard and cruel spirit fly, and let soft, tender, lovely Cherry re-enter—I conjure you fly!

"Cherry, Cherry I love you, if you are yourself do not deny my most earnest, most passionate, and last appeal. If you refuse me now, I shall never dare to ask again. I love you—I entreat your love."

The spirit was quelled by my conjuration, and I was enabled to draw the beloved form where it had rested once before. Words of love did not fail me then.

## ROSE MORRISON.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

It was the bridal night of Rose Morrison; the pride and toast of Oakdale—the life of its social circles—the sunbeam of a happy cottage home—the darling idol of her aged grand-parents, to whom, by her artless, untiring affection, she supplied the place of the dear departed ones who slept peacefully beneath the drooping willows of the neighboring church-yard.

Sweet Rose! How beautiful she looked in her simple white dress, her bright hair smoothly braided, and twined with a garland of pure, white blossoms, as she stood beside the handsome youth who had won her girlish heart; the blush of beauty deepening into a richer shade as she felt that all eyes were turned upon her—a bright though subdued glance sometimes stealing from beneath the long-fringed lids, full of hope and love. Oakdale had sent forth its inhabitants, the old and the young, the grave and the gay, to witness this important scene in the life of one who was known and loved by all; and a larger crowd had never assembled in the village than was now gathered beneath old Mr. Morrison's roof.

What is it that makes the bridal hour one of such deep and touching interest? Why does a sad emotion sometimes steal across the mind, and cause the eyes to fill with unbidden tears; as the few, simple words are spoken that bind two young and trusting hearts, through weal and woe, through joy and sorrow, for all future time? Is it that doubts of that future—that fears for the final happiness of those to whom life is all so bright and joyous now, flit like shadows across the mental vision, scarcely perceptible as they pass, yet leaving a momentary darkness in their train? Ah! it is a solemn scene—the plighting of heart and hand—the union of two loving natures, over whose sunny pathway no shadow has yet lingered; who fondly dream of unalloyed felicity—recking not of the storms and tempests they may have to encounter as they journey onward. Yet few such thoughts were indulged at Rose Morrison's wedding. To the young, who formed the greater number present, this was but one of the joyous hours of which they imagined life composed; and as they congratulated the fair bride, they dreamed of nought but happiness in her future career. And even the older portion of the company, to whom experience had taught that there do exist such things as care and sorrow,

and trial, and affliction in this world of ours, perhaps never gave them less thought than on this occasion. They looked from the sweet, blushing face of Rose to the bright, animated features of young Lindsay, and the smile that had half vanished again illumined each countenance: for all knew his worth; and there was none who did not acknowledge that he was worthy to wear their brightest jewels in his bosom. The merry laugh and cheerful song went round; and when at length the happy crowd dispersed, all pursued the way to their respective homes, forming the brightest anticipations of the future life of the young pair at whose union they had just assisted. And these prognostications were as well grounded as they were pleasing.

Alfred Lindsay, who had resided in Oakdale several years, was a young man of rare intelligence and considerable personal attractions: uniting to a manly independence of character such unalterable good-humor, and frank, pleasing manners as soon made him a general favorite. Many prudent mothers wished to secure such a partner for their daughters; and many fair ones turned their fascinating glances upon him: but he had from the first been captivated by the “belle” of the village, and to her his heart obstinately persisted in rendering its homage; notwithstanding the deep-laid schemes to divert its fealty. And Rose—the merry, light-hearted, bewitching Rose—whose loveliness rivaled the fair flowers that adorned her home—whose voice was joyous as that of the feathered minstrels who trilled their matin song beneath her window—yet whose careless mirth concealed a nature of the deepest affection and purest devotedness; what was more natural than that she should lend a willing ear to his fond vows, and ere long yield her young heart to one so worthy of its affection?

Rose remained with her grand-parents after her marriage; for the old people could not bear the thought of her leaving them: and Rose gladly joined in their entreaties to her husband, that one house should be the home of all. Alfred consented the more readily as he had no intention of settling permanently in Oakdale; and was yet undecided as to his future plans. While in this state of uncertainty an opportunity offered of buying a small, but productive farm at a mere nominal price; the present owner being anxious

to leave that part of the country. This was an opportunity which Lindsay had long desired. He repaired at once to the farm, and finding it exactly suited to his wishes, immediately became the owner.

Rose found it a hard trial to leave the happy home of her childhood, a home endeared to her by every scene of her innocent, joyous life; and above all the kind, old people who had been to her as father and mother from her earliest years; and whose feeble age she longed still to enliven and render happy by the kind offices of affection and gratitude. Yet this trial it was hers to endure. She had given her future in keeping to him on whom she leaned with confiding, devoted love; and five or six months after her marriage she set out for her new home, which was more than a day's journey from Oakdale. Hope and love were her companions on the way; and when she reached the farm and surveyed the beautiful scenery around, and turning to the dear one beside her met his fond, admiring gaze, she prepared for her new duties with alacrity and cheerfulness, interrupted only by an occasional feeling of regret as memory pictured the old homestead which she saw no more. Time passed on, and seemed in its rapid course only to strengthen the love and sympathy that existed between her and her husband. A fair, fragile bud had also blossomed beneath their roof tree; and when Alfred sat within their neat parlor, holding the prattling babe on his knee, or watching its merry gambols on the floor, while his fair wife sat beside him livelier and more blooming than ever, he felt a thrill of happiness and delight which he would not have exchanged for worlds of wealth, or ages of fame.

Three years had passed since her removal from Oakdale, and Rose, joyfully embracing the first opportunity of returning thither, was busily making preparations to leave home for a brief period, when a letter arrived from the old physician of Oakdale, kindly but hurriedly written, informing her of the serious illness of Mr. Morrison, and urging her to come immediately if she wished to give him the only comfort he seemed to desire, that of beholding her once more and blessing her infant boy ere he died. This was a terrible shock to Rose: but she did not allow her grief to delay her return to her early home, where with her husband and little one she arrived in time to see her venerated grandfather—to hear his last feeble words of kindness and affection—and behold the little Morrison clasped in his arms for the first and last time, ere the spirit left its earthly tenement.

Bitter were the tears shed by Rose over the lifeless remains of him whose paternal love and solicitude for her had never known a change;

but she was soon recalled from the indulgence of her own grief to the remembrance of her duty to the aged mourner, thus deprived of one who had been her partner and companion—the sharer of her joys, and the soother of her sorrows for more than half a century. Truly did Rose feel how insignificant was her sorrow compared to this; and zealously and untiringly did she devote herself to the pious task of soothing and comforting her bereaved grandmother. She had the satisfaction of finding her affectionate cares appreciated; but they were not long needed. The feeble constitution of old Mrs. Morrison could not bear up against the anguish of this bereavement; and ere many weeks had passed the grave was reopened to receive the form of the lonely widowed one: and the spirits of these, who, for so many years had lived and loved together, were reunited in the better land.

The old homestead (little Morrison's legacy) was left in charge of the old housekeeper till he should be of age to claim it; and Lindsay led his weeping and spirit-saddened wife homeward from the scene of her first sorrow.

"Well, I declare, this is a surprise," exclaimed Lindsay, going to the window as he saw the stage stop at the door. "Rose, come here, quick!" Rose sprang eagerly toward the window, and the next moment stood on the porch, folding in a long and warm embrace the favorite companion of her childhood—Alice Green. Mr. and Mrs. Green had been induced by the repeated solicitations of their only son to remove to Albany, where he was engaged in a prosperous business; and were now on their way thither.

"But I could not go so far," continued Alice, "without seeing you once more, for I may not have the opportunity again: so I left father and mother and all the rest to pursue their journey, while I came in the stage, to spend a few weeks with my dear friend."

Rose welcomed her guest with mingled smiles and tears: for at the same time that she rejoiced to receive one of her early companions, her presence brought back more vividly and distinctly the remembrance of her loss. But she did not allow herself to indulge these gloomy feelings; but exerted herself to make her friend's visit an agreeable one. Miss Green was delighted with all she saw. Lindsay was gay, frank, and pleasant, and as attentive to his pretty wife as in the days of courtship—little Morrison, now in his fifth year, was a beautiful, gentle child, whom it was impossible not to love—and everything within and without the house was neat, handsome and comfortable.

Yet, after a few days it seemed to Alice that the expressive countenance of her hostess wore an aspect of uneasiness, for which she could in

no way account. She thought there must be some secret cause of sorrow thus to cloud the brow that had always been clear and joyous: then she would laugh at her foolish thoughts, for she felt convinced that Rose had everything calculated to ensure happiness. But still something would cause a recurrence of her fears, and whisper that they were not altogether imaginary. Sometimes if her husband remained out longer than was usual, the agitation and uneasiness of Rose were not to be mistaken; and though when rallied on her anxiety regarding him, she would try to turn it off with a laugh, yet the starting tear, and then the look of relief when he appeared, told how deep was the source whence that anxiety flowed. But the day of Alice's departure drew near without anything recurring to warrant her friend's feelings, and she concluded that it was but the consequence of her deep, devoted affection, rendered probably more fearful for its object since the grave had closed over the last of her kindred.

One beautiful evening Rose and her guest sat on the step of the little porch, their arms fondly twined round each other's waist; while Morrison, at some little distance, amused himself by throwing his ball along the road, after which a little, mischievous pup regularly bounded and returned with it to his master.

The night was one of the loveliest of the golden month of June. The moon and stars gleamed with soft, mild brilliancy from the clear blue sky; bright flowers bent their dew-spangled heads, gently waving on their fragile stems; the fresh, balmy air stole softly among the clustering vines that entirely covered the front of the house; while the lofty trees around seemed fairly dancing beneath the silvery moonbeams.

"Oh, what a sweet, lovely home is yours, dear Rose!" said Alice, as she looked admiringly round. "How often shall I think of you with envy when dwelling amid the confusion and excitement of a large city. If you love the country as I do how happy you must be here—how highly you must value your privilege in calling this sweet spot your home."

Alice thought that Rose sighed slightly as she replied,

"You are right, Ally; the country is by far a happier dwelling-place than the town; and I can only wonder how your parents could be induced to give up their pretty cottage in Oakdale—they will never be so happy elsewhere."

"I fear not; and indeed when the time came for leaving it, I think they would rather by far have remained; but it was then too late."

"And you leave us to-morrow, dear Ally? Oh, how I shall miss you!—and then if you had a more pleasant prospect in view; but perhaps

you may like Albany better than you anticipate."

"Never will I be as happy as I have been; never. But I must be contented, I suppose, as the evil cannot be remedied, yet I shall feel very sad and lonely; and I know I shall often weep over the remembrance of the happy days I have passed here with you—oh, I wonder if we shall ever meet again, dear Rose!" and the gentle girl pressed her lips fondly to the cheek of her friend; but how was she shocked and bewildered by the wild burst of agony with which Rose returned her embrace; while her whole frame trembled as if with overpowering sorrow. Alice, though almost speechless with surprise, strove not to notice her friend's emotion; but went on talking of her brother's plans for the future: and after a little time Rose became more composed, and entered with friendly interest into the subject.

They were suddenly startled by loud talking and laughing, which though at a distance, sounded distinctly on the quiet, evening air. Morrison stole quietly to his mother's side, and nestling his little head close to her bosom, looked up anxiously in her face. "Why, Morrison, are you afraid? Oh, you little coward," said Alice, laughingly, "it is only some poor drunken man returning home after a frolic; even here there is vice and folly."

"Come, Morrison, dear, you must be sleepy," said his mother. "It is past your usual bedtime." They re-entered the house, and she asked Alice if she thought of retiring, with, as the latter thought, a seeming desire that she should do so. She therefore replied in the affirmative, saying that she believed she would pack her trunk that night; and was just taking a light to retire to her room, when she heard some one enter, and turning beheld Alfred Lindsay.

But in what a state! She stood bewildered like one in a dream, scarcely believing the testimony of her eyes. Alas! she was soon convinced of its truth; for, after the first vacant stare about him, as he sank into a seat near the door, Alfred perceiving her, addressed to her a few stammering, incoherent words; and the voice, even had she not beheld his face, would have told her that he was deeply intoxicated.

Rousing herself from her momentary stupor, Alice looked around and beheld the tearful eyes of Rose fixed upon her—the deathly pallor of her face was succeeded by a burning blush of mortification as their eyes met; and Alice, with trembling steps hurried from the room, regardless of the loud voice of Lindsay, who continued to call after her as well as he could utter the words, "to come back and have a talk about old times!"

"Old times, alas! old times!" repeated Alice,

as she reached her room, and setting the lamp upon the little stand, sat down to ponder over the strange scene of the last few moments, almost persuading herself that it was a dream. But the sounds which ever and anon reached her ears told that it was a sad reality; and long and bitterly the warm-hearted girl wept over the trials and sorrows of her early friend. This then was the cause of the uneasiness and anxiety of Rose—this was the solution of the strange mystery of her demeanor.

"Oh, how my thoughtless words to the child must have pained her," murmured Alice, through her tears, with a sensation of half-reproach and sorrow.

It was late that night ere Alice sought her couch; and her slumbers were so broken and disturbed, that in the morning she found herself unable to rise. This she scarcely regretted, for she preferred the violent headache which she now suffered to another meeting with Lindsay; and she felt much relieved, when in the course of the morning she was informed that he had gone out. That afternoon she took her seat in the stage which was to convey her some miles on her journey homeward. Rose had told her all—how happily the first years of her married life had passed—how one by one other farm-houses had sprung up about their once lonely home—how at length a tavern—that bane of society—had been opened a few miles distant—and how, little by little, it succeeded in luring Alfred from his own fire-side, while each visit lessened his power to resist the temptation. Oh, with what different feelings did Alice now turn from the place which she had fancied the abode of pure, unalloyed happiness! How often, when enjoying the pleasures of her own quiet home, would the tears start to her eyes as she thought of the sad, lonely hours her friend might then be enduring.

Two years passed away—two weary years to our poor Rose, who saw her husband yielding more and more to the terrible demon who was fast banishing happiness and content from her home. Many were the resolutions made by Lindsay during this period to turn aside from the downward course he was pursuing; but, alas! these resolves were never followed by corresponding actions: and the poor wife, sometimes buoyed up by a gleam of reawakened hope, sees herself cast down to a darker depth of despair, till at length hope comes no more to cheer her sinking heart.

But now a sadder trial awaited her. She sat beside the bed of little Morrison, watching him day by day slowly passing away from earth, while she was forced to repress every accent or look of the agony which was wringing her heart,

in pity to the gentle child whose tears ever flowed with hers. One morning the physician's grave look and solemn shake of the head as he gazed on the suffering child, told the disconsolate mother all that her fond heart had dreaded, yet strove to disbelieve. There was then no longer room for hope that her only child, her only source of comfort and consolation would be spared to her. Oh, what intense agony was in that thought! The doctor did not attempt to deceive her with false hopes: but he left a prescription to allay the child's sufferings, with which Lindsay immediately started to the apothecary's, which was in one compartment of the country store.

Since the commencement of his son's illness, he had left home as rarely as possible; and now happening to meet one of his boon companions, he was hailed with many exclamations of surprise and delight, and pressed to come and spend an hour with his friends. He endeavored to excuse himself on the plea of his little boy's illness, and the anxiety and loneliness of his wife.

"Oh, nonsense—she won't miss your company for an hour, I promise you not to keep you longer—some of the neighbors will be at your house, so come along, Alf, don't be so obstinate—come."

Alfred hesitated; he knew that his wife would miss his presence, that none of her neighbors would be with her, for she held no intercourse with them beyond what mere civility required: but the persuasions of his friend had their customary effect: and the apothecary's boy was despatched with the medicine, and a message that Mr. Lindsay would be home in an hour.

The sad features of Rose became more gloomy as Bridget repeated the words to her; but her every care was needful to little Morrison, and she had no time to indulge the fears that at once rushed through her mind. The hour passed—another—and yet another—but he came not.

Twilight spread its sombre mantle around the sick chamber, but the tearful watcher was still a *lonely* one. When Bridget appeared with the light, she asked if Mr. Lindsay had not yet come; and the whispered "no, ma'am," sounded dismal as a funeral knell. With a sigh she turned again to the crib, and resumed her efforts to relieve the scarcely conscious sufferer. At length the fever seemed to abate, and he sank into a dreamy stupor, from which he only aroused at intervals when she moistened his parched lips, and then the gentle child would strive to look up smilingly to the beloved face that bent over him, ere he relapsed into his previous insensibility.

No longer constantly engaged with her child, her thoughts reverted to the absent father, and well she knew that no cause save that she most dreaded would detain him; yet could it be—oh,

so? But she was not to be left long in doubt. At a late hour in the evening he returned, and oh! how she shuddered as she listened to the echo of his unsteady steps through the house over which death was even then hovering! Staggering to the bed of the child, he bent over him a moment, and then told the now sobbing Rose that the little fellow *was* in a fine sleep, and would be well as ever in a few days—what was she crying for? “Yes, he will be *well* indeed, in a few days,” she murmured, as her husband with some difficulty gained his couch, and throwing himself upon it, was soon wrapt in heavy slumbers, and the disconsolate mother was left alone to watch beside the dying object of her fond affection. Wearily passed the moments. Morrison no longer understood the words of endearment she whispered to him; a short, gasping moan was the only token that he yet lived; and Rose crouched timidly to the crib, afraid to cast a look around the darkened, dreary-looking room. She would not (had her neighbors offered to remain with her) have accepted their kindness; for her sensitive feelings revolted at the thought that they should know in what state her husband lay even while his child was dying; and Bridget had retired to rest by her positive command; for Rose, always thoughtful and self-denying, remembered how many new duties devolved upon the faithful creature, during this season of affliction, and she would not deprive her of her needful repose. And thus she spent the long night alone; while wearied and worn out by long watchings and her many sorrows, she started nervously at every sound, and the spring rain that pattered heavily against the windows and upon the rustling trees, sent a shudder through her exhausted frame.

Who is so happy as not to have known that mysterious awe which creeps slowly over the night-watcher beside the fluttering spirit lingering upon the threshold of another world?—the icy chill that seems reflected from the wing of the death angel as it hovers over the object of fond, undying love—the strange aspect of even the inanimate things around, as if even they took a semblance of gloom from the hearts that sorrow there—the deep, solemn silence—the holy quiet of the death chamber, so beautifully expressed by the poet:

“We watch’d her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.  
So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.”

But a night watch such as Rose Lindsay kept—with no one near to whom her fainting spirit

might turn for a look of sympathy—what but a mother’s unconquerable, devoted love could have supported her through its terrors?

When the first faint gleam of another day illumed the eastern horizon, Morrison suddenly looked up with a bright smile into his mother’s face, and throwing his little arm around her, murmured her name in sweet, thrilling tones. “My own darling,” said Rose, in her loving accents, as she bent closer to him listening for other words from those dear lips; but with that last fond effort of childish love the spirit had taken its flight to the bright regions of immortality.

The wild shriek of long-suppressed agony awoke the wretched father, and oh! how bitter was his remorse as he stood beside the beautiful corpse of the child he had idolized, deprived, through his own means, of the consolation of receiving his last sigh.

Once more did Rose Lindsay’s former friends circle around her in the little church-yard of Oakdale—once more was the grave of her family opened, and the precious remains of her dearest earthly treasure deposited with their kindred dust; and then the stricken mourner turned sadly from the grave-yard without one ray of light amid the dense clouds that shrouded the horizon of life that had erst beamed so cloudlessly and joyously above her. She listened without reply to the fervent promises of reform which her husband poured into her ear; and when he spoke of the contentment and tranquillity that might yet be theirs, though the sunbeam of their home had departed, she shook her head mournfully as if she trusted not to his words. Alas! she knew too well his weakness to credit the protestations and promises wrung from his awakened conscience; and not all the tender attentions that he lavished upon her could bring back the light of former days to her sunken eyes, from which the tears constantly flowed as they journeyed slowly to their now desolate home. And yet, though she knew it not, perhaps they were not without some effect on her crushed spirit; perhaps they awoke unconsciously some faint hope—else how could one of her tender and affectionate nature bear up against her many and bitter trials?

The bright summer and golden autumn have gone by, and it is now cold, bleak, stormy winter. The bitter blast is howling over the snow-covered earth, and large feathery flakes are still falling thick and fast upon the shrinking forms of the few persons who are abroad. In the room where we beheld her lonely vigil beside her dying child, Rose Lindsay is sitting, alone—paler and more wasted than ever, with a look of such hopeless misery as makes the heart sick to witness. Hath



then the glimmering ray of hope that rose amid her night of sorrow set again in darkness and in gloom?

Alas for those whose happiness depends on the promises of the inebriate!

Poor Rose! The glowing fire-light reveals with startling distinctness her attenuated form, and the death-like pallor of her hollow cheeks as she turns her glassy eyes around, until they rest with a long, sad gaze upon the vacant crib. Mechanically she opens a work-box near by, and takes therefrom a little ringlet of soft, glossy hair. And now the expression of cold despair has passed away, and gushing tears fall from the mourner's eyes as she presses the sunny curl to her quivering lips. "My child—my child—would I were laid beside thee now." Long and fearful was that wild burst of convulsive sorrow; but at length she became more calm; and taking up a carefully folded letter on which had rested the precious relic, she proceeded to read its contents. It was from Alice Green, written on hearing of little Morrison's death, and breathing in every line the warm sympathy and tender friendship so dear to the gentle mourner. Often had she perused it, and never without tears—but soft, soothing tears that relieved her bursting heart.

She now dwelt on the concluding paragraph, which reiterated the oft-made request that she should visit her friends at Albany. "Come at once, dear Rose; leave for a little while the home that is now desolate and lonely—every part of which can but remind you of the dear lost one. Come and spend at least, a few weeks, with the friends of your childhood: you will find all sympathizing in your bereavement. Years of separation have not chilled the love which we ever shared with our dearest Rose; and now, when the destroyer has entered your little household, and taken away its sweet blossom of beauty and innocence—oh, how our hearts long to weep with you, to comfort you—to soothe you! Do come! We will talk together of your angel boy—you shall tell me about his sad illness—and perhaps we may plan a visit to his dear resting-place, when the flowers of spring will bloom above it. Ah! when I think of the dear child—his angelic beauty, his winning ways, his gentle disposition, I wonder not that God saw fit to transplant so sweet a flower to His own bright bowers; but I sorrow the more for your bereavement, and beseech Him that afflicted, to comfort you in your loneliness. If we could but mingle our tears—I know your aching heart is pining for friendly sympathy, for those around you are not congenial spirits—but were they even so—were they kind and cherished friends. I would still say come—for none can feel for you—none can love you as does your own unalterable Alice."

"And I have never answered this letter," said Rose, in a tone of self-reproach, and making a resolute effort to control her feelings, she hastily took her pen and began:—"Do not ask me to come to you, dearest Alice—do not wish for my presence within your peaceful, happy home. You would not find in me now the Rose you once knew and loved—but a moving, breathing statue—a heartless, selfish thing, incapable of anything but the remembrance of my own sorrows. Dear to my heart is still the voice of friendship, but I have no power to respond to its tenderness—no interest in the present, no thought or care for the future—the last gleam of hope faded from my darkened spirit beside the death-bed of my heart's treasure. Yet I do not mourn that he is gone, nor would I ask his presence here again could the boon be granted—for ere long I also shall pass away, and then how could I leave him here? No! there is sweet comfort in the thought that my precious angel will soon welcome me to the abode of peace and tranquillity. Could I but see you once again before I die, my own Alice, could I but embrace for a moment my early and dearest friend, my every wish would be gratified. No, I seek no sympathy with these people—my heart is not of them—yet they were kind to me in my trouble and I should not be ungrateful, but I know they look on me as a hardened, selfish creature, on whom their kindness is but thrown away—when they stand beside my cold, unconscious corpse, perhaps they will pity and forgive the errors of a broken heart, which refused to twine its shattered chords around new associations. To you my kind and true-hearted friend, the recollection of whose love will be grateful to my spirit even in its parting moment, I send a precious token of remembrance, the dearest legacy I can bequeath. This little curl! When I took from my darling's head one little tress to lay upon my bleeding bosom I thought of you who so loved my sweet Morrison, and severed this ringlet for you. Accept it as a proof that even in that trying hour you were not forgotten—it is the last gift you will receive from your poor friend, and will, I know, be regarded as of some value by one who knows how my heart esteems this relic of one who has passed to a happier home. Farewell, dear Alice! playmate of my infancy—companion of my girlhood's years, farewell, forever! I know that ere this shall reach you I shall be numbered with the silent dead, for my business with this world is finished. To-night, for the first time I could nerve myself to write to you, strange that affection should make me neglect its object, yet to all the world could I write more easily than to one who is dearer to me—"

A sudden bustle in the house caused Rose to

turn from her writing-desk. She listened with an undefinable dread which chilled her heart; and cold and motionless as marble she sat with her glassy eyes fixed upon the door, which the next instant was opened by Bridget, who cast a terrified glance around the room. Several men with cautious steps followed. Rose tottered to her feet, and advancing a few paces, beheld them bearing in the lifeless body of her husband! With a low moan, as if the last chord of existence had snapped asunder, she sunk senseless on the floor.

When the stricken one awoke from that death-like swoon, she found herself on a bed in the room adjoining her own, with the weeping Bridget eagerly watching her return to consciousness; the lingering beams of day were reflected from the surrounding snow with dazzling splendor. Hours had passed in that suspension of life's faculties, but with the first return of consciousness, Rose remembered the awful scene which had deprived her of it: and in spite of the exhortations of her terrified attendant, immediately rose, and with a strength that seemed supernatural, went into her own apartment. Mrs. Ainsley (the physician's wife) and five or six neighbors stood around the bed, in which lay the inanimate form of Alfred Lindsay, now arrayed in the snowy garb of the grave. One of the women stepped forward to prevent her entrance, but Rose calmly motioned her to stand aside; and the doctor, who at that moment entered, took her hand, and led her forward with an expression of deep sympathy. A shudder passed through her frame, and a low, gasping moan broke forth as she pressed her lips to those which, with all his faults, had never uttered other words than those of kindness to her: but this was all: no tear rose to the glassy eye, no quivering of the pale lip betrayed her feelings; but she quietly took a seat near the corpse, and held one icy hand between her own,

while her eyes never wandered from those marble features. More than once the compassionate Mrs. Ainsley was obliged to urge the necessity of caution to those present who were detailing to each the circumstances of his death; dwelling with minute exactitude on the fracas which had occurred at the tavern, in which Lindsay, while endeavoring to shield one of his companions, was stretched lifeless on the floor by a stone aimed with terrible force at his temple. But their conversation did not reach the ears of the mourner. Hers was the fearful calmness of one accustomed to wrestle in solitude with her anguish, turning to none for sympathy or consolation. And thus, also, she returned from her husband's lonely grave; (for the deep snows which had fallen rendered it impossible to convey his remains to Oakdale) with the same quiet apathy she re-entered her home, and calling Bridget to her room, bade her return thanks in her name to those who had returned with her, and not allow any one to disturb her for the night. Mrs. Ainsley and one or two others remained down stairs, thinking that they might be wanting through the night, but no sound came from the chamber of the lonely widowed one; and in the morning, finding all silent, they softly crept up stairs. The door was fastened within, but Bridget led them through the adjoining room, and finding the door unfastened they entered. The sunbeams rested brightly on the widow's form, as she lay with her head upon the writing-table, the letter for Alice Green, now sealed and directed, in her hand. Mrs. Ainsley moved forward, and gently laid her hand on the sleeper's arm. The sudden start with which she drew back revealed the truth. Rose Lindsay's business with this world was indeed finished; the long-tried and suffering one slept that dreamless slumber which knows no waking, save in *eternity*.

## A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY HELEN FAWCETT.

TOWARD the end of the seventeenth century, when the city of Bonn had just recovered from the effects of a heavy siege, a young locksmith, having just learned his business, was about to settle in the neighboring village of Endenich, where his father held a municipal office. However, the father's house was destroyed by fire in the course of the war. His eldest son lost his life in his endeavors to save the property from the flames, and he was obliged to depend on the exertions of his younger son, the locksmith Conrad. The repairs which were everywhere required after a period of devastation, gave abundant employment to Conrad; but his happiness was embittered by a hopeless love for the daughter of Herr Heribert, another municipal officer of the village, who would not hear of him as a son-in-law. Heribert's property, like that of many others, had been utterly destroyed during the siege; but, to the astonishment of every one, his house rose from its ashes more splendid than before, and he seemed more opulent than ever. The neighbors looked suspiciously at this unaccountable prosperity. Some thought that he had found a treasure—others that he had sold some advantage to the enemy; but most were of opinion that he had made a compact with some fiend, especially a demon named Lapp, who was the terror of the village. The haughtiness of Heribert increased his unpopularity: he despised all his neighbors, and declared that no villager should ever have his daughter's hand, but that he intended to unite her to one of the chief residents of the city.

Gretchen did not share her father's pride, but was deeply attached to young Conrad, with whom she had secret interviews. Heribert surprised the lovers at one of these meetings, and not only felled Conrad to the ground by a sudden blow on the head, but from that moment entertained a grudge against him and his father. At Heribert's instance the old man was persecuted by creditors and brought to the brink of ruin, but still he had not succeeded in preventing the interviews of the lovers, who contrived to meet every midnight. On one occasion when Conrad had climbed up the branches of a vine, and was conversing with Gretchen, who stood at a window, another window suddenly opened, and the angry voice of Heribert ordered him to depart, threatening to fire upon him if he remained any

longer. Conrad sprang from the tree, but still boldly avowing his love for Gretchen as the cause of his intrusion, declared that he as well as others could become rich by a compact with Lapp. A bullet, which missed its aim, was the only answer he received.

The clock struck twelve, when Conrad, on his way home, passed the church-yard. In his despair the thought occurred to him of invoking Lapp, who was supposed to dwell among the graves, and he thrice repeated the dreadful name. A terrific form with fiery eyes at once appeared, and in answer to his demand for wealth, conducted him to a deep forest, where it pointed out a particular spot, placing its finger on its lips to indicate the necessity for silence. Conrad fled the wood in terror, and was for many days confined to his house by a strong fever. However, the first night after his recovery he returned to the spot designated by Lapp, where, after digging for some time, he found an iron chest full of gold and silver coins of various ages and countries. The chest being too heavy to remove, he filled his pockets with as much gold as he could carry, and repeated nightly his visits to the spot, having in the meanwhile purchased a house in the city of Bonn, where he could more conveniently carry on his business. When he had paid his father's debts, redeemed his mortgaged lands, and had generally shown himself equal to Heribert in point of wealth, he renewed his offer for the hand of Gretchen, and shortly afterward married her, for her father would not refuse such a wealthy son-in-law.

One evening when he was at home with his wife totally unsuspecting of danger, his house was suddenly entered by the officers of justice, who threw him into prison, where he was questioned as to the source of his sudden wealth. For awhile he kept silent, but the pains of the rack forced him to confess that he had found a treasure. This answer, given without further circumstance, appeared to satisfy the judges, who left him without troubling him further. However, when his wife visited him, and, in compliance with her entreaties, he told her every particular about the chest, spies were at hand who conveyed all the new information to the judges. Conrad's position did not at first seem dangerous. The elector had indeed a claim to

the chest as *treasure trove*, but it was only a claim to be urged by civil process, and Conrad was not only released, but the elector was generous enough to assert that if the young man would make good his explanation he might retain all the money.

In the meanwhile the Jews of Bonn had raised a great outcry, on account of the supposed murder of Abraham, one of their brethren, who had amassed much wealth, by acting as a spy during the war, and had not been heard of since his departure on a journey. The nocturnal expeditions of Conrad had been watched by the neighbors, and he was suspected of committing the crime, which seemed more probably to account for his wealth than the tale of a discovered treasure. He was again arrested—the rack was again applied, and under the influence of the

torture, he not only confessed his guilt, but on being desired to denounce his accomplices gave up the name of his father-in-law, Heribert. The rack caused the old man to confirm the accusation, and both he and Conrad were condemned to death. However, just as they were about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, the Jew Abraham, whose death had been falsely assumed, made his appearance in the crowd, and as he was at once recognized, the prisoners were immediately released. Nevertheless, the danger which Conrad had passed, made a deep impression on his mind; he ceased to take any interest in his pursuits, and he retired to Endenich, where he led a life of seclusion with his wife, endeavoring to compensate for his dealings with Lapp, by devoting his money to religious institutions.

## THE FRENCH SEAMSTRESS; OR, CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

BY VIRGINIA PEYTON.

"COME, my beautiful pet, my white lily!" exclaimed a young mother, extending her hands for her little one as the child sprang from its nurse's arms. "Only see her! she will fly! what a flutter my little bird is in! But there—mamma has got her baby—mamma has indeed." And then she clasped the baby to her bosom, and almost smothered it with kisses, calling it a thousand pet names that *you* never would have thought of, nor anybody else but a young mother spoiling her first born; looking all the while so delighted, so proud and happy that a stoic might have envied her girlish felicity.

And girlish she was, seeming almost as fresh and child-like with her fair, unshaded brow, her sparkling eyes, her blooming cheeks and round petite form as the very baby that tried to say "mamma" to her! It was laughable any way, to see her important air as she fondled that plump, blue-eyed child now almost a year old, and she herself scarcely eighteen. There she sat, patting the dear little dimpled hands, and counting rhymes on the sweetest little toes that ever baby had; singing occasionally snatches of Tennyson's "Cradle Song," and wishing as she lingered over the line,

"Blow him again to me"—

that the wind, or something else, *would* "blow" that tardy papa of little Carry's home again. It was too bad, certainly it was, for him to stay out so late—now that the dews were so unhealthy; she had laid her commands on him that very morning to return early, and he disregarded them in this manner! How inconsiderate in people to get sick and call the doctor at any and every time—they must think a *doctor* can *never* be ill himself. Besides little Carry and the little wife were both dressed so sweetly just for him:—but really if he did not appear soon, little Carry would be asleep, and she herself very cross, and only in the humor to quarrel roundly with him when he did come. So said the little wife, the spoiled child, shrugging her white shoulders with a graceful petulance, and winding her beautifully uncovered arms round the baby as she whispered mutinous words against papa to it.

It was a very sweet little tableau; so papa thought as he entered the ante-chamber softly,

and peeped in upon them while he listened to his wife's complaints against himself.

It was a summer evening, and the mother sat in the deep window-seat with the casement thrown open, while the light evening air swept back her curls from her fair forehead, and waved them softly as they lay in large, dark ringlets upon her beautiful bare neck: there were her white arms twined around the baby, and she bent over it chattering all sort of nonsense to keep it awake. Both mother and child were clad in robes of snowy white that gleamed lustrous in the darkness. I say the husband thought it was a very sweet picture, and he thought he was the happiest man alive to possess two such treasures as that little wife and that little Carry; but he wished the first greetings were well over, for the good doctor was very tired, and he rather dreaded Maggie's tongue when she opened the full battery upon him. Well he might too, for she had a full right to reproach him when he kept her waiting so, and having so much trouble to prevent Carry from dropping asleep—after all, she did almost go to sleep any how, the sweet, beautiful pet! How he stopped her mouth I won't say; with sugar kisses, perhaps, though baby would have had a right to quarrel in that case.

Next morning he put his hand in his pocket, and found a parcel there which he had bought expressly for Maggie, though like an absent-minded man as he was, he had quite forgotten it the night before. It might have saved him a scolding, too, if he had only thought to present it as a peace-offering. But men are all blunderers, *they* have no tact, and (if I must say it downright) no sense! However, the parcel was just as acceptable to Maggie now as then; and very soon the brown paper covers were rent away, and some of the most beautiful embroidery—two exquisite collars, and the daintiest, sweetest little baby's-cap imaginable, was revealed.

"Oh, that is lovely!" exclaimed Maggie, with childish delight, pushing aside the collars, and holding up the baby's-cap. "My baby's curls will peep out so bewitchingly from this dainty cap," she continued; and then nothing would do but Jenny must bring the child there immediately to have the cap tried on. So Carry was brought, and the delicate texture of lace and French

embroidery was put on over the yellow curls—making the pretty child look very sweet, it must be confessed; though Dr. Emerson declared it was all nonsense, putting caps on children's heads, when it was a thousand times prettier, and as healthy again to leave them uncovered.

They were sitting at the breakfast-table, and the morning papers were scattered around. The doctor had been quietly reading while Maggie was indulging her raptures. Now he said,

"If you have admired that embroidery sufficiently, Maggie, I have something to read you." Maggie sent the embroidery away with Jenny and the baby, and pushing her cup away, she bent forward, listening to a sketch which he read from a newspaper. It was an anecdote of a Parisienne—*une pauvre couturière*—of her sufferings and strivings with hard and gnawing poverty, till she was finally called away in mercy from her life of weary, miserable labor; though her death was none of the easiest, for it was by starvation, simply starvation for want of the commonest food. The anecdote purported to be true, and indeed it bore the air of simple, honest truth, but it presented a miserable picture of the sufferings of that class of females in Paris. This one endeavored to procure subsistence for herself and her old mother by embroidering muslin, and carrying it to one of the great shops for sale. But the pittance which she received for her beautiful work failed to procure bread for her—while the shop-keeper obtained exorbitant prices from his customers for the embroidery. A mournful story of suffering and injustice it was, and Maggie's womanly sympathy was deeply excited. Her husband looked up from his paper and glanced at her as he concluded:

"Now, Maggie!" he exclaimed; and directly the "child-wife" hid her blushing and tearful face in her little hands—ashamed that he had seen her weeping. Maggie's sympathy was easily aroused, a sorrowful story readily excited her pity, and the poor and needy never left her door unrelieved. Yet with all this, Maggie's philanthropy was more theoretical than practical. She knew nothing of actual suffering; all her life she had been lapped in luxury, with every wish of her heart gratified. She had never seen real, gripping, pinching poverty, suffering, and starvation by slow degrees—never looked upon woman's patient, uncomplaining, self-sacrificing toil, and labor wearing life away—never seen the mother disregarding her children's cry for food because she had not wherewith to give them. No, no, in "poor men's houses" had Maggie seldom been found. Though never was the beggar's petition disregarded by her; though she freely subscribed to charitable institutions: yet she herself rarely, if ever, "visited the poor and fatherless in their

affliction," or devoted any time to seeking out worthy objects of charity. Thus while she gave unsparingly to those who asked, her gifts were most frequently undeserved, unneeded, and misapplied, while those who suffered in uncomplaining misery were unrelieved. Moreover, Maggie had a sympathy for foreign objects, which was very useless and unavailing—ending where it began, in tears of pity.

I have said Maggie was a little ashamed of her ready tears, but she soon lifted up her face, now smiling and looking like sunshine through a rain-cloud; and commenced to talk of the poor seamstress, and wish that it had been in her power to relieve the poor girl, or that she might now aid some of the many sufferers who yet wore out life and strength in that great city. Maggie grew earnest and eloquent on the subject of French seamstresses; she could not sufficiently pity the poor *lingère*, sufficiently abhor the unjust *boutiquier*, and she was actually concocting a plan for the relief of others of the class who might be in his employ! Her husband smiled at her excitement, and said simply but significantly,

"Charity begins at home, Maggie."

"What do you mean? Who would have expected such a heartless common-place from you!" and then she sang softly—

"Let more than the domestic mill  
Be turned by feeling's river;  
Let charity begin at home,  
But not stay there forever."

"Oh, you misunderstood me, you have not my meaning," said the doctor.

"Then what is it?" urged Maggie, and he was about to explain to her in his roundabout way—why cannot men remember that woman's perception is quick and intuitive, and speak to her without so much circumlocution?—when the door opened, and Jenny entered with a note for Dr. Emerson, saying that a boy on horseback was waiting in the street for him. He tore away the envelope and read a brief note, purporting that his presence was required at the residence of Isaac Scott, Esq., in the suburbs of the city, where a critical and difficult operation was to be performed; and it was desirable that he should make one of the physicians. So the good doctor ordered his horses, and prepared his case of surgical instruments; then he kissed his little wife and his little Carry, and hurried away.

"Oh, it is too bad!" exclaimed the spoiled child, with a petulant expression, flinging herself into the velvet depths of an easy-chair. "Just whenever I want him to talk to me, then some of these messengers of evil come and drag him away! I wish people would never be sick—I am never sick."

"That's a very charitable wish, Maggie, but one the doctors would not thank you for," said a voice at her elbow, and Maggie sprang up in bewildering surprise at the sound of a voice which she had thought to be many a mile away.

"Where *did* you spring from, Adelaide? When did you return? Who would have thought of seeing you this morning!" exclaimed Maggie, pouring out a shower of questions and exclamations, and eager welcomes upon the lady who stood before her—her cousin, nay, almost sister, Mrs. Maurice. They had grown up together under one roof as dear sisters and constant companions, and the union had remained unbroken until Adelaide's marriage, which took place two or three years before Maggie's. Then they were separated for two years, until Maggie became Mrs. Emerson, and removed to the city where Adelaide resided. Mrs. Maurice had been absent from the city, spending July at Capon Springs, and had returned but the day before.

"You have taken me so by surprise, Addy," said Maggie, as she led the way to her dressing-room. "And it is such a joyful surprise, too, to see you here when I thought you so far away. Oh, I am so glad you have come, for the doctor has gone away, and I had made up my mind to feel very lonely and forsaken; but now you are here you will stay with me all day, and we shall sit and talk together, and it will seem so like old times—won't it, Addy?—old times, 'when you and I were young?' What a pity we are growing old now!" she said, with a gay laugh.

Adelaide laughed too, and then as if in echo of their mirth there came a cheery, gleesome, baby chirrup from within the dressing-room; and when they entered, they saw the little Carry elevated in Jenny's arms to the glass of a dressing-bureau, with the new cap tied over the bright curls, its delicate lace border shading her sweet infantile features—and she laughing with infinite glee at the reflection of herself in the mirror.

"Just look at my baby!" exclaimed the young mother, snatching her child from its nurse, and half smothering it with rapturous kisses. "What a vain little puss! laughing at its own pretty face! Addy, don't you wish you had a little darling like this?" she said, turning to her cousin.

Mrs. Maurice sighed, and her eyes grew heavy with unshed tears; she was thinking how,

"Her life had yielded its dearest part  
With the bud that perished upon her heart,"

and the sad tears welled up for "her baby boy, her beautiful dead." But with a selfish thoughtfulness she checked the feeling of sorrow; and crushed back the tears that Maggie's gaiety might not be clouded by her sadness. She took little Carry in her lap, and kissed her fondly;

then she noticed her new cap, and admired it very much, the embroidery was exquisite, she said, and the soft shading of lace peculiarly becoming to Carrie's delicate features. Then very naturally the conversation turned upon the story of the French seamstress which Maggie had heard that morning; and very much surprised was the little lady when her enthusiastic expressions of sympathy and indignation, and her visionary plans of philanthropy were interrupted by her cousin, with the very same common-place that Dr. Emerson had used on the same subject.

"Charity begins at home, Maggie."

"How provoking you are, and how strange that you and Dr. Emerson should say the same thing," said Maggie. "*He* made use of that trite proverb—of which, in the present instance, I cannot see the aptness. Do explain to me what you mean, for in my home there is no room for charity."

"I mean simply that it is very idle and useless to waste sympathy on foreign objects entirely out of your reach, instead of applying active sympathy and energy to the relief of the thousands of poor and suffering in your own country, your own city, at your very door almost. I mean that the charity which you wish to send to the French seamstress, would be better bestowed upon her sister of America, whose only song is the song of the shirt."

"Certainly, Adelaide, if there *were* such persons in America; but you do not really believe that in our happy country, the land of the free, the asylum for Europe's starving emigrants, that women die of want and starvation, or linger out lives of wretchedness over the needle. You cannot believe it."

"I can, and do believe it, more than that, I *know* it, Maggie. No, you need not look so obstinately incredulous—you know nothing at all about the matter, but I do. I have stood among scenes that made my heart sick and faint at the sight of so much wretchedness—and in particular among the seamstresses of this city has my inclination prompted me to go. I have seen young girls—so pale, so shadowy, so consumptive! bending over the needle, straining the enfeebled eyesight in dark, cheerless dens where it was almost impossible for a ray of sunlight, or a breath of sweet air to steal in—I have seen young mothers, not older than you or I, Maggie, and with children so unlike your little one, starving gradually because even work was denied them—and others, who though not in the lowest depths of poverty, were saved from it only by a deeper degradation, a darker disgrace than ever poverty alone could bring upon them!"

Maggie shuddered with a sickening sensation: "Oh, it is horrible, Adelaide! so dreadful it is

hard to believe even *you*. Indeed, I think you must be mistaken yourself," she said.

"Not at all," was the quiet answer. "I could show you in the space of an hour twenty illustrations of my remarks."

"I challenge you to a proof of your ability," cried the gay Maggie, springing up from her chair. "Come prepare! you shall show me some of your imaginary illustrations immediately."

"With much pleasure," said Mrs. Maurice; and she too arose, and commenced to put on her bonnet and scarf in preparation for the walk.

"But you are not in earnest, Adelaide—I was only jesting," said Maggie, in surprise.

"Entirely in earnest—I wish you to go with me, Maggie, to convince you of the truth of my words. And I feel in the humor of teaching you a practical lesson in charity, my little cousin. Your charity is too much a thing of theory, your sympathy is too passive, Maggie."

Maggie's face flushed with something of indignation, and she exclaimed reproachfully,

"That is very unkind of you, Adelaide, I did not expect such an insinuation from *you*."

Mrs. Maurice put her arm caressingly about her cousin, saying, "do not be angry, *ma chère*—you did not quite understand me, but I think you will before we return. Get your bonnet now, and let us go; we have yet several hours before dinner, and can be back in time to dress, and to meet your good husband."

"Then if we are to stay so long I must take my baby," Maggie replied, her good humor quite restored. "Jenny can draw her in her little carriage. Dress her for a ride, Jenny."

So the little one was dressed in her hat and cloak, and took her seat like a little queen among the crimson silk cushions of her little carriage; and Maggie and Mrs. Maurice walked before. Leaving the fashionable street in which Maggie's home was, and avoiding the crowded thoroughfares of the city, Mrs. Maurice led the way through shabby, dirty-looking streets crowded with mean-looking houses. She seemed to be perfectly acquainted with the locality, and drew Maggie on farther and farther into back streets and lanes each meaner than the other, until the little lady's delicate sensibilities were thoroughly disgusted. She regretted having come herself, and regretted that she had brought Carry with her—"for who knows," she said, "what disease my baby might contract from breathing this pestilential air?" But Adelaide walked on still further down the narrow, dirty street, surrounded with fumes by no means pleasant to nerves olfactory, and upon a *pave* so broken and filthy that one had to look narrowly to find a foothold for French gaiters. Ragged, dirty little children crawled about the doors, or gathered with curious inquisitive eyes

about the little carriage and its occupant, wondering much at both. Maggie sickened with disgust as she looked at the poor little things: "Suppose my baby should ever be like one of these! God in mercy let me die first!" she said, inwardly.

By-and-bye Mrs. Maurice approached the door of a little low house at the end of the street; she told Jenny to remain outside with the baby, then she entered the house without knocking. A door on the left side of the passage was slightly ajar, and within the room a low, sobbing sound was heard like a child crying. Adelaide tapped at the door, and waited a minute, but no one came; then she pushed it open and entered without further ceremony. The room was miserably furnished, the bare necessities of life were wanting—that Maggie saw at a glance, though her eyes were immediately riveted upon another object. In the centre of the small room was a child's coffin upon tressels: of no costly wood was the poor little receptacle formed, no silken cushion pillowed the head of the dead infant, no delicate shroud wrapt its attenuated form. Yet it had been a pretty child, and even now, upon its white and wasted features lingered an expression of infantile loveliness, mingled with a look of patient suffering that was indescribably touching. Maggie looked a moment at the dead child, and turned away with an irrepressible gush of tears. She was affected beyond expression. In a corner of the room was another child, crouching by its mother's side, and wailing sadly to itself. The woman sat with her apron thrown over her head, and wept bitterly. One hand still grasped a half made shirt of delicately fine linen—as though she had little time to spare from her toil even for the indulgence of natural sorrow. She took no notice of her visitors until Adelaide came near and spoke to her. Then she started up, exclaiming with a burst of grief,

"Oh, Mrs. Maurice, you have come at last, but my baby is gone! Oh, my darling, my poor little baby!" She wept bitterly with all the intensity of a mother's sorrow, and Mrs. Maurice with delicate feeling suffered her to weep undisturbed, while she tried to soothe the little girl by her side with gentle words and caresses.

"When did your baby die, Mrs. Hantly?" she asked, when the mother grew more composed.

"Last night," the mother replied, with a trembling voice. "And the man that brought the coffin has but just gone away. They will put her in the ground this evening; and God forgive me! I wish this one and myself were both to lie down with her."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," Adelaide replied, much affected. "Do not despair, but trust in Him who has so kindly encouraged us to



call upon Him in our time of need. Be assured that 'He will not leave you comfortless'—that beyond this dark cloud the sunshine of His love is waiting to be shed upon you."

"Ah, it is easy for you to tell me to hope and trust," exclaimed the poor mother, sorrowfully. "But here I am with one child dead, and the other starving. I have nothing for her, I work my fingers to the bone, but the pitiful pay for such work as this"—and she glanced with ineffable scorn upon the linen shirt—"will not keep us alive. My little one starved for want of the mother's milk—want and care and work has dried it all up!" and the poor woman wept again.

Maggie's tears flowed simultaneously. "Do let us go!" she whispered, convulsively, to her cousin.

"Will you let your little girl go with me for a short distance up the street?" asked Adelaide. "Will you go with me, Sophie, to get some rolls for your mother?"

The child turned to her mother with an eager look; she received a sign of permission, and she left the house gladly with the two ladies. At the corner of the street was a baker's shop, they entered it, and Mrs. Maurice caused a basket as large as Sophie could carry to be filled with rolls of bread. As they left the little shop, Maggie took a half eagle from her purse, and bending over the basket, she made an incision with her pocket pen-knife in the topmost loaf, and slid the piece of gold in. The basket was delivered to Sophie, and she was told to hasten home; while Maggie smiled inwardly as she thought of the poor woman's joyful surprise when she found the money in that place.

"This way, Maggie," said Mrs. Maurice, taking her cousin's hand as she turned around the corner. "In that one house, the central one of the row, four seamstresses live. I have been there more than once, and two of the four are now at work for me. In one of them particularly I think you will be interested, Maggie. She is a young and pretty girl."

They approached the front door which lay open, and several children were playing about it. Mrs. Maurice spoke to one of them, and asked where its mother was: "up stairs," was the answer, and then the ladies went up a flight of crazy old stairs without balustrades to a room on the second floor. Adelaide's knock was answered by a woman very tall and spare in figure, with a thin, sharp face, and very poverty-stricken dress. Her face brightened with a glad smile when she saw Mrs. Maurice, and she welcomed the ladies into her poor apartment with humble courtesy. Maggie looked around her wonderingly—poverty, want, and care seemed written everywhere.

Two half grown girls were sitting by the

window, binding hats, and a little child on the floor was knitting a baby's sock. The bed was in the corner—a simple pallet covered with very old bed-clothes; and some one lay asleep upon it. Adelaide crossed the room to look at the sleeper; bending over the pallet she lifted a thin wasted hand from the cover, and the slight motion awoke the sick boy. Opening his large, melancholy eyes, he fixed them full upon the lady, and when he recognized her they seemed to brighten with joy, and a faint flush as of pleasure stained his wan cheek. She spoke softly to him, and he whispered with an effort—

"I am so glad you have come, mother has been wanting you so much, and I am so sick."

"How long have you been so sick, Harry?"

"I don't know—a long time," answered the boy.

"And have you had no medicine, no doctor?"

"No, ma'am," came from the half closed lips of the boy, and an expression of pain contracted his brow.

"We are not able to have a doctor," said the mother, with a sigh. "Harry must do without one."

"But no, he must not!" exclaimed Maggie, impulsively. "My husband is a doctor, and he shall come to see your son to-morrow. I promise you that he shall indeed."

Eager words of thanks sprang to the mother's lips; and the girls by the window looked up with a smile of pleasure. After giving the woman some directions about work on which she was engaged, and paying her liberally for some already completed, Mrs. Maurice left the room, and crossing a narrow passage, knocked at the door of another apartment. A child came to open it—a squalid, pinched, wretched-looking creature, who stared in extremest astonishment at the two ladies, but uttered not a word. No one else was in the room, except indeed, a dirty little baby.

"Where is your mother?" asked Adelaide.

"I don't know—gone away somewhere," was the sullen answer.

Other questions were asked her, but she was stupid and sullen, and refused to answer, and Adelaide went down stairs again. "Her mother is a drunken and degraded woman, and she knows no father. They are in a state of miserable poverty," explained Mrs. Maurice to Maggie. "The mother knows me, because I have assisted her several times, and I rather think the girl does too, but she is sullen and stupid. The mother works for a tailor, and might command good prices if she were not so idle and drunken."

Reaching again the ground floor of the house, Adelaide tapped for admission at the door of a room next to the street. A remarkably sweet

voice said, "come in," and when they entered, a young girl, certainly not more than seventeen years of age, rose up and welcomed them with a grace of manner above her position. Maggie looked at her with interest: her figure was very slight and graceful, her face was wan and pale certainly, from constant confinement and toil, but the features were small and delicate, the soft blue eyes full of loveliness, and her temples shaded by bands of beautiful hair. Her dress was delicately neat if it was poor, and the room bore an air of refinement rarely discovered in such habitations. Every article of furniture was poor, everything faded and well-worn, but so well kept. Not a speck of dust upon chair or table, or mantel, not a soil upon the simple, snow-white curtain, whose scanty folds protected the inmates from the rude gaze of street idlers. Upon the little table by her side lay her work just laid aside—a beautifully embroidered infant's cap about half completed. On the same table sat a glass of flowers, a few roses mingled with clusters of mignonette, placed where the sunlight could fall upon them—and such a beauty, such a radiance those simple flowers shed through the humble apartment. Nothing else could have so fully attested the innate refinement and purity of that young girl's mind, as the act of purchasing those few flowers to make glad and beautiful her desolate home. Several books lay there too, and when Maggie took them in careless curiosity, she was surprised to find with a few religious tracts, a Bible, a prayer-book, and volumes of poems by Hemans and Sigourney.

The young girl—Mrs. Maurice called her Annie—greeted her visitors with graceful politeness, and Mrs. Maurice, who was well known to her, with grateful and affectionate reverence. There was something very beautiful in her timid, shrinking attitude, and her lowly humility, not unmingled with a certain native dignity, as she placed the best chairs for her guests, and seated herself upon a low stool at a little distance from them. Taking up her work again, she apologized to Mrs. Maurice for it, saying that the lady for whom she was working wished to have the cap to-morrow, and it was as yet but half finished. Maggie admired the beautiful embroidery, and she could not but admire and wonder at the remarkably delicate hand which plied the shining needle so swiftly. So very small and fair was that hand, and so slight and tapering the fingers, that many a lady of fashion might well have envied it. But she in her lowliness seemed all unconscious of possessing any beauty or grace.

Presently Maggie heard the clear, chirruping laugh of her baby, and a moment after the nurse appeared at the door with little Carry in her arms. Maggie took her, and removing the warm

hat and cloak, left her little head uncovered except for the cap Dr. Emerson had bought.

"Lend me your work a moment, Annie," said Mrs. Maurice, to the young seamstress; and then comparing the unfinished cap with the one on Carry's head, she declared them to be exactly alike.

"It is strange," she said, "for Carry's cap is of Parisian manufacture. How very delicately you imitate the French embroidery! I would like to have the skill of your little fingers, Annie."

The girl blushed warmly at this praise, and she smiled with irrepressible mirth as she examined the baby's cap. The smile passed away, and the girl said calmly, "more than one lady has been deceived in the purchase of so called Parisian work. That little cap was the work of American hands, framed and fashioned by the same fingers which are fashioning this"—and she bent over her work again.

Adelaide and Maggie exchanged quick glances of admiration and surprise; and Maggie determined to make a *protegee* of this American seamstress, who was every way so worthy, instead of exhausting her sympathies in favor of the Parisienne. She had fancied in her little romantic heart, that perhaps Carry's cap and her collars had been the work of the poor French girl whose story had affected her so much, and the little romance pleased her, but after all she was better pleased with the affair as it was. That delicate young girl thus exposed to rude poverty and scorn, yet toiling so patiently and cheerfully through all, was a romance in herself; and Maggie was, as Mrs. Maurice had expected she would be, deeply interested in her. They sat talking with her for a long time, so kindly and sympathizingly that they won her to unfold the simple history of her young life—to tell of the many trials, and the abject poverty, and the rude scorn that had been her portion since she was thrown an orphan child upon the cold charity of the world; of her struggles and strivings, and bitter sufferings, until finally she became able to earn a subsistence, and of her thankfulness to God for allowing her a home and protector now when so many poor girls were so very desolate. There was a simple eloquence and pathos in the girl's language that more than once caused sudden tears to spring to Maggie's eyes; and her cheek burned as hotly with indignation as Annie's with shame, when the girl told of the temptation to which she had been exposed, and the insult and persecution she had endured from those around her so steeped in vice and iniquity, because she would not become as vile as they. A fearful ordeal for one so young and delicate! and a marvelous wonder that she continued innocent and pure through all.

They spent more than an hour in talking with Annie, and did not leave until her fellow lodger, a matronly-looking woman who shared her room with her, and acted the part of counsellor and protector to the motherless girl, came in at one o'clock for her dinner. Poor Annie felt from the warm clasp of Maggie's hand, and the look of interest and esteem in her eye, that she had gained a new friend; and a new hope and gladness was springing in her breast as she watched them depart.

"We have left the most respectable lodging-house in the neighborhood, Maggie," said Mrs. Maurice, as they trod the dusty pave once more. "Upon this very street, in houses not twenty yards from us, I have stood among frightful scenes, scenes to fill one with horror and disgust—among women, the very touch of whose garments you would consider pollution. But oh, Maggie, you have to-day learned something—a very little, but still something of what a poor and defenceless girl has to pass through in great cities like this—and all have not the true courage and the moral rectitude and refinement of Annie Gordon."

"Let us go home," said Maggie, sadly. "I cannot go any farther to-day."

And so they went:—but it was not the last time by many that Maggie penetrated through those close and crowded allies, those narrow, dirty streets. She had learned a lesson of infinite importance, she had received a new interest, a new aim, a new purpose, and now she tore away the

veil of selfishness which had been gathering around her heart, making her careless and neglectful to others, because so happy in her own domestic relations, and learned to remember "the poor and needy." She could not now rest contented in her own luxurious home without a thought of those who were starving at her very door; and remembering only that "God loveth a cheerful giver," she went with a gentle heart and a single, earnest desire to do good among the habitations of the desolate; among the hiding-places of want and wretchedness, yielding aid and comfort everywhere, and oft-times reclaiming by her gentle and earnest counsel and direction, many a poor wanderer from the wide path of sin back to peace and virtue. Oh, there were many to "rise up and call her blessed"—many to whom the sight of her young and beautiful face brought a thrill of marvelous joy—many to whose weary hearts her gentle words came like refreshing dew.

Let none think the love and gratitude of a fellow creature, however humble, a worthless thing—God will bend from His high throne to hear the "prayers of the poor" as readily as those of the highest in the land. And oh, if you would win "the blessing of Him that was ready to perish," with a willing heart and a free hand pour forth abundance of the plenty which God has given you, remembering that for all these things you shall have your reward. And be assured that you will learn even upon this earth the truth of God's encouraging assurance—

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

## THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

MARY GORDON was the beauty of Lonsdale—and she knew it! Her whole time was monopolized on herself. Every look and gesture, and even the carriage of her head was a subject of study with her. When she was at a party she was continually thinking of the effect she produced, and when she was at home she was planning some new ornament to wear in public. At church she spent her time in glancing from under her bonnet, to see who was admiring her, and if any one was not.

Of course she had many beaux. She could never walk half the length of the principal street, without being joined by some gentleman; and at a dancing assembly she was sure to be engaged for every set, before she had been in the room ten minutes. In the summer, there was always a brisk competition for the honor of her hand at a pic-nic. In a word, she had five beaux where other young ladies had but one.

And yet, somehow, she was still unmarried. Her school companions, one after another, settled in life, and most of them advantageously; but she was left single, alone of all the number; if we except Esther Raymond, who from shyness and excessive plainness was generally set down as certain to die an old maid.

If truth must be told, Mary was excessively particular. Her notions of herself were so high that she thought but few suitors good enough for her. At last, however, when Horace Delaney returned from Europe, and settled down, in the large old mansion of his family, the village agreed that the beauty had found at last a lover equal to her ideal; for he was both rich and talented, and belonged beside to the most aristocratic set of the county.

Horace seemed to have been conquered, by her charms, the very first night they met. He danced with her as frequently as he dared; and when not dancing stood apart stealing glances at her: he hung over her when she sang, and he accompanied her home. The next day he called at the Gordons as soon as etiquette permitted, and on Sunday appeared with Mary at church. Everybody said it was an engagement, for if he was fascinated, she appeared not less so.

But, all at once, Horace Delaney ceased his attentions to the beauty of the village, and was soon beheld as assiduous in his attentions to Esther Raymond, as he had ever been to her

more beautiful rival. Everybody was astounded, except a few elders of the place, with whom Esther had always been a favorite, who shook their heads, saying it was just what they expected, for that Esther's amiability was a thousand times better than Mary's beauty. Let us look in on Horace, however, as he sits chatting with a confidential friend, and hear the real cause of the change.

"You must know Esther," he said. "She is modesty personified, yet her talents are extraordinary, and her amiability and accomplishments as great. Indeed her modesty, by causing shyness, makes many think her plain; but plain she is not, at least to those who know her; for in familiar conversation, the enthusiasm of her soul kindles her countenance into a spiritual beauty that is indescribable."

"You were soon off with the beautiful Miss Gordon, of whom you wrote so rapturously the first week you spent here."

Horace blushed a little, for he felt how foolish he had been, as he replied,

"Yes! She dazzled me for awhile, but I soon found my error; though I cannot yet forgive myself for being duped, even for a week, by a pair of fine eyes and a coquette's artificial manner."

"Is she a beauty merely?"

"Merely and entirely a beauty, never was woman more so. All she thinks about is how she looks. Her mind is a mere blank. Or rather a shallow stream of which one gets the plummet immediately."

"Yet you seemed so enraptured at first, that I fear she may have begun to like you."

Horace laughed. "No fear of that, my good fellow. She loves herself too intensely ever to love any man. Ah! what a contrast between her and Esther. It is like passing from a crowded, close ball-room, with its glare of gas and its hum of meaningless conversation, to the free air of heaven, with the birds singing, the waters gurgling, and the sunshine sparkling around you."

"You are poetical!"

"And so you will be too, when you know Esther. But come, put on your hat, it is time to go there; and I want you to be quite intimate before you return to be my bridesman."

A month from that time saw Horace Delaney married to Esther Raymond. The bride really

looked beautiful on that auspicious morning; and, what is more, has been growing more lovely ever since. Would you know why? Because an intelligent mind, united to a generous heart is the creator of beauty, even where it does not originally exist.

Miss Gordon is now a faded old maid, with

sunken eyes, a skin like parchment, and the sharpest of sharp shoulder-blades. Her face has a sour and discontented look, which increases with her years. Ever since she lost Horace Delaney she has been, in fact, secretly at war with the world. Which is the better, to be plain and good, or merely a BEAUTY.

Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.